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MEN WHO MAKE YOUR WORLD

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MEN WHO MAKE YOUR WORLD

MEN WHO MAKE YOUR WORLD

By Members of the
OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB OF AMERICA



E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, INC.

New York

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FIRST EDITION

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Dedicated to
the memory of
GEORGE MOORAD and NAT BARROWS
who were killed in the air crash at Bombay, July 12, 1949,
shortly after completing their chapters
for this book



FOREWORD

Who runs your world? "That Man" in the White House? "That Man" in the Kremlin? "Those Characters" out at the United Nations? The ghost of Gandhi? The Pope in the Vatican? Or General MacArthur, the new Mikado, by remote control from Tokyo?

No one of these, to be sure, but all of them and many more have a hand in making your world, whether they are dictators who issue ukases, or Presidents who work with a Congress in a democracy like ours.

The story of twenty-five of these men has been brought together for the first time by a panel of present and past foreign correspondents who are members of the Overseas Press Club of America, the world's largest organized body of foreign correspondents. Each of the writers is an authority in his field — and on his man. You may be certain that what you read in the following pages is no one-sided or biased or bilious account of a world figure.

Nor is this a loose-jointed collection of typewriter-profiles of the big names in the news as we approach the half-way mark in the twentieth century. The editors of this volume have treated their subject from a global angle, as the title suggests. Thus Men Who Make Your World is a comprehensive, rounded picture of men and events today.

FRANK KELLEY

President, Overseas Press Club of America

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INTRODUCTION

IT IS, of course, far easier to describe power than to win or wield it. But even to recognize it is not always as easy as it seems. Although the making of history has never been an overcrowded occupation, it is surprising to note how often its practitioners have had to wait for posthumous acknowledgment.

This fact has not been materially altered by our age of mass communications, which has extended our areas of authority without limiting our fallibility of judgment. It is as hazardous now as it ever was to say who, among living men, can justly be called makers of history.

If anyone ought to know, it should be that prime product of modern communications, the foreign correspondent, whose daily task it is to record the milestones as well as the minutiae of our day. He observes the Great Man not only orating on the podium, but also nursing his lumbago or belching after a too-good dinner. He gets close enough to discern and describe the warts that are erased in official portraits. To repeat, the correspondent ought to know.

Yet when the foreign correspondents who comprise the membership of the Overseas Press Club of America conceived the idea of profiling the score or so of contemporary makers of history, a divergence of view became apparent. The Editorial Committee appointed by the Club (William M. Doerflinger, George Kent, Hester Hensell and this writer) was not able to poll all the club's 700 members (a number of whom are always scattered across the face of the globe), but did consult as many at home and abroad as they could. The nominations and suggestions thus received disclosed wide variations in what constituted contemporary greatness and where it resided.

The Committee eliminated a substantial number of these names by confining its field to persons in public affairs. It freely concedes that a century hence a Prokofiev or a Picasso may be a living cultural influence where a Reuther or a Hoffman may be only a doctoral footnote; but the Committee deemed it wiser to limit its scope to those

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direct instruments of power who normally fall within the purview of the foreign correspondent. Nor was it ever intended to select the men most likely to achieve immortality, an engaging pastime but one best left to posterity. This explains the absence of an Einstein or a Shaw from these chapters. Thus restricted, the Committee sifted, weighed and finally chose its subjects. It is neither accident nor prejudice, but a matter for editorial regret that no woman won inclusion in this book.

That readers will disagree with our choice goes without saying. Our purpose has been to paint a picture of this maladjusted world through the character and achievement of its leaders. There are dictators here and heroes, men of vision and men of the machine, men who have spoken wisdom and inspired hope, and men who have struck terror into every heart.

How have we applied our standards of judgment? For one thing, our editorial criteria have been flexible. The United States, as the leading world power, is represented by six figures, each of whom has already earned a place in history (*e.g.*, President Truman, General MacArthur) or personifies a significant historical event (*e.g.*, atomic scientist Oppenheimer, ECA's Hoffman). The monolith of Soviet Marxism is represented by Stalin, his probable successor, Molotov, and the personal embodiment of the police state, Beria. No Russian satellite leaders have been included, since their policies are made in the Kremlin. Of Western Communists, France's Thorez and Duclos were jointly chosen as Moscow's chief mouthpieces in the West. Tito of Yugoslavia entered as a centrifugal Communist, the first representative of "dominion" status in Soviet imperialism.

Britain's pair are the unquenchable Churchill, who achieved history by successfully defying it, and Prime Minister Attlee, whose Socialist government has written a new chapter in the evolution of Anglo-Saxon democracy. No French or Italian governmental leader dominated the scene at the time of writing. Instead, this book presents Belgium's Premier Spaak, whose labors for European union place him in a direct line with such illustrious forebears as Dante, Grotius, Rousseau and Hugo.

The emergence of the state of Israel in the Near East will almost certainly prove to be the most important event to have occurred in that region for two millennia. The sudden irruption of a vigorous

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European nation in the bosom of the enervated Arab world is bound to have profound repercussions. In all probability those results will first be observed in the Hashimite Jordan kingdom of shrewd, chess-playing Abdullah.

Had this book been written a year ago, China's Chiang Kai-shek would without doubt have appeared in it, beside India's Nehru. Today the march of events has enhanced Nehru's stature but has replaced Chiang with Communist Mao Tse-tung. In South America the turnover in political leaders continues so high that only Argentina's Perón, by dint of policy and personality, earned admission to these pages. It is not necessary to explain how subjects like the Pope and Field Marshal Smuts came to be selected; their names were among those which came closest to winning unanimous nomination.

Some of the men in these pages (*e.g.*, Churchill, de Gaulle, Smuts) are not at this moment in the seat of power, but they have been in the past and may well be again. Nor does inclusion here imply praise or blame. Thus the fact that seven of the twenty-four subjects hail from behind the iron curtain should be taken merely as a reflection of Communism's status as a world force.

In each case the writing was entrusted to a correspondent who knew his or her man thoroughly. Thomas Morgan, for instance, has cracked many a learned quip with His Holiness. Craig Thompson has half a dozen times been close enough to Stalin to see the whites of his eyes. Gerold Frank will tell you instantly who President Weizmann's tailors are (he has one on each continent). Stephen White is almost as much at home in Robert Oppenheimer's Princeton residence as in his own. As for this writer, many is the lecture Smuts has given him on veld grasses — and the ways of men.

Here then, as seen by the men who make your news, are the men who make your world.

JOHN BARKHAM

New York, July 20, 1949

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LITTLE GUY WHO SHOOK THE WORLD:

HARRY S. TRUMAN

By FRANK K. KELLY

FRANK KELLY was a reporter on the Kansas City Star before coming to the Associated Press in New York. Author of a novel on newspaper life, he has also been a Nieman Fellow at Harvard and taught journalism at Boston University. In 1948 he was Assistant Director of the Research Division of the Democratic National Committee.

In a decisive hour of history, while the world swings from crisis to challenge, a plain President from the heart of the United States stands at the head of the dominant nation on earth. He holds the enormous powers of the Presidency in his vigorous hands, and he smiles upon the whole world with a bright look of supreme confidence.

Throughout the earth, the friendly face of the President is now a familiar image. His firm chin, his determined mouth, his heavy glasses which make him seem so mild and humble, are as well known to millions of people in many countries as the features of their neighbors. His countenance is open, his glance is very direct, his brisk appearance declares that here comes a man who is exactly what he seems to be.

Harry Truman is regarded by his fellow Americans as a "little guy," a man easy to measure and easy to describe. He is like the fellow next door, the John Q. Public who keeps the democratic way of life full of sparkle and zest. He is called Mr. America — the genial, jaunty, generous citizen who has the sturdy qualities every American hopes to have. He is admired and respected as the Chief Executive of the United States, and he is cordially greeted as "Harry" by truck drivers and society matrons.

Yet there is a mystery about this man from Missouri, the citizen from the town called Independence, who races through his demanding days and nights while humanity stumbles forward into the glaring dangers of the atomic age. It is the astonishing mystery

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of a man who is always what he seems to be, and often more than he seems.

"There must be at least thirteen men named Truman," one of his associates said, watching him stride along in the morning sun toward the White House. "It would take more than a dozen men to do the things he does."

Where does he get his limitless endurance, the stamina which few men can match? How can he take blow after blow from his political enemies and bounce back, triumphant in the last round of so many struggles? Where does he get the stubborn daring that staggers politicians and delights people in his own country and the world? Where did he get the wisdom which guided him in his big decisions, which have changed the course of history?

Although he knows he has made a good record as President, he is not fully aware of his own stature. After his victory in the election of 1948, he was portrayed by his critics as a cocky and arrogant man. But not long after his re-election, he declared publicly that there were a million Americans who could handle his job as well as he did.

There are many Americans who applaud him when he makes such statements, who praise him for his modesty and his sense of proportion, and have no conception of the real miracle of Truman.

No one has really explained the mystery of this President, who rises and declines rapidly in apparent prestige yet never loses the warm affection of his fellow citizens, the President who admits his mistakes yet has still managed to be right in most of the important actions he has taken in the field of foreign policy.

It is very doubtful whether there are a million men in America or the world who could equal Truman in his achievement as President. It is very doubtful whether any man alive could equal him as a symbol of successful democracy.

"He is a living proof that it's a bad mistake to underrate the plain people of a free country," a foreign correspondent said, after attending a press conference at the White House. "He is a man of quick wit, and he knows where he is going."

The simple facts of the President's background do not explain his achievement as a world leader. He has stunned the skeptics at every stage of his career. His inner growth in knowledge has gone on steadily and quietly through the crowded years of his active existence.

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He has drawn upon the deep reserves of strength which many men possess but few are able to release.

Blithe and beaming, Harry Truman walks in the constant glare of the Presidency, and he grows taller as he moves. The sources of his growth, the silent stretching of a human being under the pounding pressures of his time, are hidden from his friends and his foes.

Most men cease to grow when they are forty or fifty years old. Their resistance to change becomes greater than their desire to take in what is new. Truman has continued to develop, as a man and as a leader, and he shows no signs of stopping. "I've had to work so hard all my life that I've kept out of mischief," the President told the minister at his church, when the clergyman congratulated him on his sixty-fifth birthday anniversary.

He was born in 1884, into a world that appeared to have permanent landmarks and a stable structure, the world of Queen Victoria and Grover Cleveland, the world held together by the British Navy and the gold standard. He worked on a farm, fought in World War I, ran a haberdashery store in Kansas City, served as a county judge and as a United States Senator. He was just folks, a little guy who had made good. Then he was catapulted into the White House. He became in 1945 the man who took the world into a new age, an age of infinite promise and infinite danger. He made the decision to use the atomic bomb, and in so doing he shook the world.

Since that April afternoon in 1945, when death claimed the tired body of Franklin D. Roosevelt in the cottage in Georgia, he has carried on his shoulders the huge weight of responsibility for the fundamental decisions the President must make.

No man in history stepped into the executive office under harder circumstances. Roosevelt had been the President for a whole generation of Americans, the wise father in the White House, the laughing leader who could conquer war and disaster, the man in the wheel chair who had beaten illness and fear. Roosevelt had flouted so many precedents that people had begun to believe F. D. R. could flout the precedent of death.

Millions of families felt as though a father had left them forever. Sailors wept on ships at sea, and soldiers fighting in Europe and the Pacific spoke of Roosevelt as a casualty of war. Colored people walked the streets of Washington, crying and staring at the sky in

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search of him, repeating his name. Even the enemies of Roosevelt acknowledged his magic, and could not believe that F. D. R. was dead.

It was a lonely hour for Harry Truman. He took the oath as Chief Executive in the cabinet room of the White House, surrounded by the mournful faces of the men who had looked to Roosevelt as their leader. He could not tear his glance from the clock above the mantel, and he has never forgotten the moment when his voice ended the recital of the oath and he knew that the time of testing had arrived for him.

He was uprooted from the pleasant, convivial, relaxed life of the Vice-President and thrown straight into the tidal wave of the war then roaring toward a climax. The momentum of world events swept him along successfully in his first months as President. He pledged himself to follow the policies of Roosevelt, and his earnest, folksy voice on the radio reassured the people that Roosevelt had left an heir.

Gradually, a picture formed in the minds of millions of Americans. Here was a plain citizen from the breezy state of Missouri, a blunt American from the Midwest who had been summoned to the White House to carry out the wishes of the departed leader. Here was a modest, mild man, very determined to do his best and well aware of his limitations.

"He's a swell guy and he's in a tough spot," the people said. "He takes advice. He doesn't claim to be another Roosevelt. He deserves a helping hand."

It was a picture which had elements of truth, and yet it became so fixed in the public mind that it obscured the growth of Harry Truman as the new leader of the United States. Truman did not follow the pattern of Roosevelt. Truman became a leader of a different type who gained his goals by a direct approach, who did not use the complex techniques of Roosevelt.

Truman gave the first sign of his development in the White House a few weeks after he took his oath. The conference to create the United Nations, which began in San Francisco on April 25, 1945, bogged down in a disagreement with the Soviet representatives. Truman sent Harry Hopkins to Moscow to find a satisfactory compromise, and Hopkins came to terms with Stalin.

So the United Nations got under way with a minimum of delay,

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thanks to Truman. The man from Missouri was a fervent believer in the principle of a world organization to maintain lasting peace. As a member of the United States Senate before his nomination for the Vice-Presidency, he had been a strong advocate of international cooperation in every field.

One of his associates declares that two of the major influences upon the President seem to be his devotion to the ideals of Woodrow Wilson and his religious convictions as an adherent of the Baptist faith. Wilson made him an internationalist, and the prophetic element in his religion convinced him that there were appointed times for men and nations to fulfill their missions upon the earth.

"He often talks about the tragedy of the League of Nations," this friend said. "He feels that in 1919 and 1920 we had a great responsibility to lead the world into an era of peace. We wouldn't accept it — then. Our failure contributed to the downfall of the League and the eventual outbreak of another war. With the United Nations, we got a second chance to build a solid peace."

His experiences as a front-line fighter in France, as a crusader who enlisted under the banner of Woodrow Wilson to make the world safe for democracy, released the inner power of his strong nature. As an officer, he discovered he could lead men under fire and hold their loyalty, because he had the courage and the endurance he needed in the hours of danger.

Before President Wilson called Americans into World War I in 1917, Harry Truman had spent nine years on his family farm near Independence. He plowed a straight furrow on the broad acres along the western edge of the state that lies close to the center of America. He listened to his mother, a sturdy and sensible woman whose life went back to the pioneer years in the 1850's, and he learned the value of firm honesty. He did his work capably and was well liked, but he was not considered as a man marked for any special role in the records of his country.

As an American soldier overseas, Truman was lifted from the provincialism of the Midwest. He was eager for experience, had a warm sympathy for people of every kind, and began to understand the problems faced by the countries of Europe for centuries. He had been a student of history in his youth, and he fitted his knowledge into the background of history.

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When he came home to America from that war, Truman followed the debates in the Senate over the fate of the League with intense interest. He was one of the millions of Wilsonian Democrats who supported the League, and he knew that the association of nations could not thrive without American participation.

After he entered politics and himself became a member of the Senate, he widened his study of international affairs. In 1938, when it became evident that the League was collapsing after its failure to halt the aggression of Italy in Ethiopia and Japan in Manchuria, Truman assigned a member of his staff to prepare a full report on what had happened.

"He told me to go beyond the League," this man recalls. "He wanted a summary of all the attempts that had been made to create federations of nations, all the ideas and plans put forward by men who had dreamed of world organizations."

So Truman was better equipped to take over the Presidency in the tremendous year of 1945 than many of his fellow Americans realized. He knew that the United States must not shrink from its responsibilities of leadership in the United Nations. He knew that he must secure the advice and consent of the Senate at every stage. He acted with the passionate sincerity of a religious man who felt certain that his country had been given a rare blessing — a second opportunity to join other nations in establishing permanent peace.

The United Nations started in a blaze of hope. The European phase of World War II came swiftly to an end. The popularity of Harry Truman rose to unparalleled heights. He had not aroused the enmity of any large group in his own country, and he had touched the right chords in foreign policy.

He went to Potsdam in July of 1945 as the man who represented the resourceful, optimistic, benign American people. He was welcomed with flowers and cheers in Belgium, storms of oratory and tears of genuine gratitude. He did not receive the frenzied adulation given to Woodrow Wilson in 1919, because Europeans were more exhausted and fearful than they had been in that year, and Harry Truman was not the remote Olympian figure Wilson had been.

At Potsdam, he gained the respect of two fiercely conflicting leaders, Josef Stalin and Winston Churchill. He sat between them during the long arguments over the disposal of defeated Germany. When

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Clement Attlee replaced Churchill after a British election, Truman got along successfully with the new Prime Minister.

In his attempts to find a middle ground between the position taken by Churchill and the position of Stalin, Truman made some concessions at Potsdam. But those were the days when the heads of the Allied Governments still met in mutual cordiality, and adjustments were the order of the day. There was confidence in all camps that there would be a continuous meeting of minds in the postwar years, that the Russians as well as the other Allies had committed themselves to a course of compromise and amicable adjustments.

When Truman rode through the devastated cities of Germany, he saw what modern war had done to a great nation. He remembered the fire power of artillery in World War I, and he recognized the menacing development of the destructive forces available to industrial countries. He surveyed the wreckage of Berlin, walked through the rubble of Hitler's Reichschancellery, turned to an aide and said: "This is what happens when a man overreaches himself."

While the Potsdam conference was in progress, Secretary of War Stimson arrived from America and informed the President that the explosion of an atomic bomb in New Mexico had given the United States a weapon which would rock the world. Grave and solemn, Truman called in his close associates.

"You'd better sit down," the President said, indicating some chairs. "I've got to tell you a terrible secret."

No President before Truman had confronted the decision he had to make, there in the ruins of Germany. He was isolated then upon the pinnacle of Presidential power. He could not share his accountability for the consequences, could not divide it with any friend, any adviser or associate. He knew that the American Constitution named him as the man who had to choose, and all mankind would demand the reasons for his choice.

He did not make that decision lightly. Sometimes he had been condemned by his enemies as a man who spoke too quickly, acted with a rush, shot from the hip. He came from the wide center of the United States, where people believed in being forthright. His conscience pressed him to drive through to the heart of the matter.

He had to decide whether to use this awesome weapon upon populated cities to bring the people of Japan to their knees, or hold it

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in abeyance while Allied divisions fought their way into the Japanese islands in an invasion which might cost a million lives. He could not risk dropping one of the few bombs available into a barren place, where its effectiveness would not be burned home to the Japanese.

"Truman handled it the way he handles all his problems," a man who was there recalls. "He gathered the evidence, he listened to the experts, and he thought about it in terms of people. Every day the war lasted, thousands of good men were dying, families were being wrecked, homes were being blasted. Stimson and the military chiefs estimated we might lose half a million men if we landed in the Japanese islands, and the Japs would lose half a million or more. Nobody could tell how long the fighting might continue."

With hard honesty, Truman faced the truth about total war. Women and children were in it, civilians as well as men in uniform. The evidence indicated that the atomic bomb might shock the Japanese government into surrender and stop the carnage. He made his choice. Two cities with the greatest concentration of war industries in Japan were picked as the targets: Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But before the bombs were hurled upon them, the Japanese were given a drastic warning by the governments of the United States, Great Britain and China, in a declaration as threatening as the diplomats could devise without revealing the existence of the new weapon. Truman offered them a last opportunity to get out of the war.

After he had determined what seemed to him the correct course, the President's conscience was clear. In the years since then, he has not suffered from any pangs of self-condemnation. The blinding flashes of the bombs brought Japanese pleas for peace, and finished the slaughter in the Pacific. That proved to him the wisdom of his decision. "Now I believe we are in a position where we will never have to make that decision again," the President tells his friends. "But if it has to be made for the welfare of the United States, and the democracies of the world are at stake, I wouldn't hesitate to make it again." He feels that the obliterating force of atomic energy has been emphasized too much. From the beginning he has regarded it as a God-given instrument which would bring about gigantic strides in medicine, industry and agriculture, and would eventually transform the world for the benefit of all nations. In 1945, after the collapse of Japan, the President and those around him felt sure that there were

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no large obstacles in the path toward peace. Secretary of State James F. Byrnes was positive that the difficulties with the Russians could be smoothed over, by a policy of patience.

Ten million Americans were discharged from the armed services in the months after the Japanese surrender. Lend-lease was terminated. Truman and his advisers turned their attention to domestic problems, to the maintenance of full production and full employment in America.

The main responsibility for restoration of war-devastated areas was turned over to the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, known as UNRRA. This organization drew heavily upon American supplies, and the United States continued to send a steady stream of goods to stricken countries; but the Truman government concentrated on the vast task of shifting the American economy from the needs of war to the needs of peace.

Then in March of 1946, only a few months after the guns had become silent in the Pacific, a sudden international crisis occurred. Soviet Russia refused to withdraw troops from the northern provinces of Iran, occupied under an Allied agreement of 1942. The agreement called for the removal of all Allied troops six months after the conclusion of hostilities in World War II. British and American units pulled out, but the Russians stayed.

Iran brought the case before the Security Council of the United Nations, with the backing of Secretary Byrnes and President Truman. A man who kept his word and lived up to his obligations, Truman could not understand the behavior of the Soviets. He told Byrnes to take the issue to a showdown.

Millions of people all over the world saw the specter of a third world conflict rising from the Middle East. The Iranian crisis reached its climax shortly after Winston Churchill declared in a speech at Fulton, Missouri, in the presence of President Truman, that the Soviets were ruthlessly seeking domination of the earth.

But the Soviet Union backed away, withdrawing its divisions from Iran, and the nations felt a returning surge of confidence in the establishment of a settled peace. Secretary of State Byrnes altered his policy after a consultation with Truman, changing it from faith in long patience to faith in patience plus firm determination.

Through the clouded year of 1946, the President clung to his

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conviction that the Soviet leaders did not really intend to divide the world and disrupt the progress of the United Nations. He permitted Henry A. Wallace, then Secretary of Commerce, to make a public address which explained away the obstructive tactics of the Soviets. This apologia conflicted with the views of Secretary Byrnes, who asked the President to clarify his stand.

Reluctantly, the President came to the conclusion that the Soviets would not cooperate in strengthening the United Nations and working for world recovery. He dropped Wallace from his cabinet. He began to search for methods of containing the Soviet drive for world control.

"The decision to launch the Truman Doctrine in 1947 was the turning point," one of his friends explained. "The British notified him that they couldn't carry the load of keeping Greece from going Communist. Greek rebels, armed and aided by the Communist governments in Albania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, threatened to turn Greece into a Soviet state."

Truman talked it over with General George C. Marshall, who had succeeded Byrnes as Secretary of State. Marshall pointed out that Communist seizure of Greece would give the Soviets a springboard for domination of the whole Mediterranean area, and would outflank Turkey. At some point, the march of Communism had to be deflected or blocked.

The President delivered his decision at a joint session of both houses of the Congress. He was very serious, his face was lined and drawn, and his infectious grin had vanished.

There were two ways of life contending for the allegiance of men, he said. One was based upon the democratic rule of a majority, with free elections, independent courts, and guaranteed rights for individuals. The other was based upon the dictatorial rule of a minority, with rigged elections, controlled courts, and all individuals dependent upon the State. He promised that the people of America would go to the aid of free people who were threatened by aggression. Greece, torn by civil war, and Turkey, under severe pressure from a Russian government seeking the Dardanelles, were immediately threatened. So he called for assistance to those countries.

His proposal was bitterly attacked by Wallace and some members of Congress as a program which would drag the United States into

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another war. But Truman called it "an investment in world freedom and world peace." He insisted that if the United States faltered in its leadership "we may endanger the peace of the world — and we shall surely endanger the welfare of this nation."

The newspapers gave his program the name of the Truman Doctrine. He did not use that title when he enunciated it, and he never refers to it by any designation except as "the plan to help Greece and Turkey." His "doctrine" is seldom mentioned, and seems to have receded into distant history, and yet it was the forerunner of the European Recovery Program, the North Atlantic Treaty, and "the bold new program" to give American technical knowledge to underdeveloped countries, which the President brought forth when he began his second term.

Development of the "doctrine" astonished the experts in the State Department. These men drew up a memorandum for the President, outlining the conditions in the Mediterranean which made action seem urgent. After discussing this memorandum with Marshall and his advisers, Truman went far beyond the relatively simple issue of aid to two small countries and laid down an unprecedented principle of American foreign policy.

The European Recovery Program of economic cooperation, called the Marshall Plan, was a logical extension of the Truman Doctrine. No one realized more clearly than the President the necessity for a concerted effort by the European nations to speed their own recovery and alleviate the misery that was stirring discontent among the people.

Secretary Marshall gave his invitation to the countries of Europe in June of 1947 to get together on a program for lifting the living standards of the whole continent, after discussing it with the President. The plan captured the imagination of the American people and the non-Soviet world; and the leaders of both major parties, awake to the peril of the rising Communist tide in France and Italy, pushed it through the Congress.

"Some day the historians will paint the picture of what vision and imagination this program required," a friend of the President said, not long ago. "Then the part Truman played in it will be fully understood."

Imposition of a blockade around Berlin by the Russians in the

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spring of 1948 led the President to take another step. He stood firm in a situation full of danger, and approved the daring idea of flying supplies into the beleaguered Western sectors of the German capital. "It was the second hardest decision I've had to make," Truman told a friend. "Some of the military experts felt it involved the risk of immediate war. Even if that risk existed, I knew there was only one decision that could be right."

There were gloomy prophets in 1948, who believed that the air lift was a gamble which might pull the United States into a war which would mean the end of civilization. There had also been gloomy prophets in 1947, who had predicted that the Truman Doctrine spelled disaster and the European Recovery Program could not possibly succeed.

But in 1949, Allied trains again started moving into Berlin. The blockade had been removed, the deep faith of Harry Truman in the strength of free nations had been justified again, and the world looked brighter.

"The world is going to be all right," the President assures his visitors in his executive office. He leads his callers over to the globe given him by General Eisenhower at Potsdam in 1945, and his energetic fingers drum rapidly on the painted sphere.

"We are going through the gateway into a wonderful age," he says, looking back at four years of struggle and progress. "I'd like to be a young man again."

And he nods his head, beaming like a little guy who holds a big secret.

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WITH COURAGE, CAUTION, AND CANDOR:

DEAN ACHESON

By MORGAN BEATTY

MORGAN BEATTY is the news analyst whose voice alternately assaults and soothes millions of NBC listeners every day from Washington. Nowadays he sits behind a desk loaded with telephones, but in his time he has covered spot assignments ranging from floods and hurricanes to the larger disaster of World War II. Beatty is a familiar landmark on Capitol Hill, where doors sometimes open for him that are closed to others. He has covered Secretary Acheson's public career since its inception.

DEAN GOODERHAM ACHESON, whose British-sounding middle name comes from his Canadian mother, is a tall Grenadier Guard of a man who climbed to the Secretary of State's chair on a ladder of his own resignations, and by judicious use of what normally is a woman's prerogative: he knows when to change his mind.

It was not only fashionable, during the war, to say and think that we might, after all, be able to get along with the Russians after it was all over, if we treated them decently. It was government policy. Dean Acheson was an Assistant Secretary of State, and followed it. Perhaps he helped promote it. Who did, and who didn't, is lost in the unkept records of wartime.

But right after the war, still in the atmosphere of cheery good fellowship, Acheson noticed some signs of Russian balkiness — some signs that if we gave them an inch, they might take the yardstick. It was still fashionable to defend the Russians. The National Council for American-Soviet Friendship met in New York to discuss the general thesis, and to hear words of encouragement from the Assistant Secretary of State. It was there that he sounded a warning. The United States was more than willing to cooperate with the Soviet Union — it was anxious; peace was the goal of everyone. The United States even understood the Soviet desire to have friendly governments around her borders — Poland was the object at the time — but, added Acheson, the United States would expect the Russians to leave inviolate the rights of other peoples.

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This was one of the first indications from an official American spokesman that there would be diplomatic squabbles ahead, serious ones, for the two great countries on opposite sides of the earth. Dean Acheson, who had helped President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull carry out the policy of being cordial to the Russians, made it plain that he had changed his mind. He was among the first of our top men to do so.

He did so slowly, acting on the evidence that crossed his desk at the State Department. But when he had made up his mind, this time, he was diplomatically emphatic. His statement in February, 1947, that Russia's foreign policy was an aggressive and expanding one, made every headline in the country. It was the strongest statement of its kind officially made up to that time. Yet, again, Acheson made sure he said only what he wanted to say, and that it corresponded exactly with the evidence before him. The Russians protested the statement, but it was on the record and is there today — the lead card in the new United States policy of calling every Russian spade a spade.

By this time, Acheson had already tried several times to resign from his job in the State Department. Somebody, usually President Truman, had always persuaded him to stay, and later that year, in another move to keep Acheson on the job a while longer, he was made Under-secretary. This meant, actually, that he would be the stay-at-home Secretary of State. Secretary James F. Byrnes was doing a lot of traveling those days, seeing the Foreign Ministers of the other Big Four countries in an almost constant series of meetings. There was the same situation when General George Marshall succeeded Byrnes as Secretary. Acheson was still in a resigning mood, but again Truman, with the help of Marshall, prevailed on him to stay.

Somebody has figured out that Acheson spent nearly forty per cent of his time under Marshall as Acting Secretary — acting for Marshall while Marshall negotiated with the other foreign ministers abroad. This left Acheson as the man members of Congress were accustomed to going to for answers — and he always has them, sometimes phrased so diplomatically and beautifully as to leave the questioner pleased and appeased — until he tried to pass on to somebody else what Acheson had told him.

At one particular hearing, as I remember it, Republican Congress-

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man Walter Judd of Minnesota was questioning Acheson closely about President Truman's proposal to send aid to Greece and Turkey, where Communist guerrilla armies were threatening.

"If we send aid to Greece and Turkey," Judd wanted to know, "won't a lot of other countries hop on the band wagon and want similar aid?"

Acheson wasted no time in thought, and his reply was deftly diplomatic:

"These countries, Congressman, are in difficulty," he said. "I do not think other countries will propel themselves into such difficulties in order to be extricated."

On such answers is his reputation built. Congressmen trust him, but he keeps them on their toes. A Congressional hearing with Acheson on the stand is among the liveliest of Washington shows, and the questioners know it will be no mere inquisition. His brief case is crammed with facts and his mind is full of more of them. A Committee member who tries the belligerent approach is likely to find himself on the losing end of a verbal ping-pong match with the master of them all.

The four Secretaries under whom Acheson served in the State Department — Hull, Stettinius, Byrnes and Marshall — were all willing to turn over to him the job of keeping the Department's Congressional fences mended. It was a job that came naturally to him, and one that equipped him well for the bigger job as Secretary.

He didn't get that bigger job, however — one that he frankly wanted but did not conspire to get — until after he had left the State Department, supposedly for good. He had asked repeatedly that he be permitted to resign and go back to his private law practice. Except for his government service he had been with the dignified and discreet Washington firm of Covington, Burling, and Rublee since 1921, when he was two years out of Harvard Law School. He pleaded that he could no longer afford the financial sacrifice of serving the Government. Living in Washington as a high government official, entertaining as an Undersecretary of State must do, is costly; it takes much more money, some have found, than it is possible to earn at the Government scale. Acheson's law practice had brought him, in a good year, nearly \$70,000. He wanted to go back to it.

But there was one other thing, his friends say. Acheson thought he

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had been on the second team too long. He had served six and a half years under four Secretaries, had served long past his apprenticeship. He felt, perhaps, that he was growing stale on the job because he was not progressing in it. Perhaps he felt he had outlived his usefulness as Undersecretary, and he should either advance or get out.

There is no questioning Harry Truman's respect and liking for this tall, cool diplomat who has served in the hottest spots in Washington for more than ten years without getting into trouble. But Truman had as his Secretary of State the man he admired most in the world, George Marshall. As long as Marshall would hold the position, it was his. When Marshall at last made up his mind to retire, the President called Acheson back from his law offices and "the Dean" went to work again.

His position as advocate for the President in foreign policy is probably unique in the history of American Secretaries of State. Acheson takes literally the "under the direction of the President" clause in the 1789 Act of Congress setting up his Department. He considers the responsibility for setting the course of United States foreign policy as being exclusively that of the President. The Secretary of State, in Acheson's view, is charged with executing that policy set by the President. Since the President has the responsibility to the people, as Acheson sees it, and since it is the President who must answer for any failure, the President should be the big spoke in the foreign policy wheel. It has often been that way in the past, but usually because of the force of the personality of the President, as in the case of Roosevelt. Not often has the arrangement fallen into place on the initiative of the Secretary himself. In Acheson's case it is a definite philosophy of his job.

Even with this limitation, the Secretary of State has one of the most powerful positions in the United States, and one of the most exacting. One of Acheson's first moves on taking over the top job in the State Department was to make sure he would not be required to spend any sizable portion of his time outside of the country, and away from his State Department desk. He created the office of special roving Ambassador for one of the State Department's most quietly efficient workers, Phillip Jessup. Acheson made it plain this was the first of a series of such appointments, the first member of a team of roving Ambassadors who would discuss the affairs of the United

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States with representatives of other countries, at meeting places all over the world. This would give the Secretary an informed crew of able negotiators who could fly to a trouble spot and help solve the problems that arise in international affairs. And, best of all, he could do it from his office in the new State Department Building in Washington.

When Cordell Hull left the State Department in 1944 and was replaced by Edward Stettinius, Jr., the young ex-steel executive started cleaning out the whole top rank of the Department, and reorganizing it. Somebody noticed that everybody seemed to be resigning or shifting jobs, everybody but Acheson. Was he leaving?

"I," said Acheson calmly, "am the little pig who stayed home."

And evidently he intends to stay at home now that he is Secretary of State. He's doing exactly what he wants to do, what he has trained to do, and what he is best suited for. Only a major disagreement with his President or what he considers a failure in his job could wring another resignation from Dean Acheson. But it is a little ironic that he got the top job after so many years of trying to get out of the State Department. And never, indeed, has any man gone so far in government service after being so unceremoniously booted out by Franklin D. Roosevelt.

That incident, which is by now a solidly familiar part of the life history of Dean Acheson, occurred on a mild day in early winter in 1933, when the new President and his new Undersecretary of the Treasury were, like the rest of us, worried about the depression. Prices were down, and Roosevelt wanted to find a way to raise them. He had heard a million ideas, from economists, politicians, from anybody who could get his ear. One plan seemed to interest him particularly. It was a variation of the theory, once advanced by a couple of economists, that an increase in the supply of a country's gold would increase the supply of available money, and because there was more money and no increase in the number of things to buy with it, prices would go up. President Roosevelt seemed to like the idea, and it was feasible. The United States had gone off the gold standard — gold was no longer used as a medium of exchange, but only to back up the supply of paper money. He could buy gold from other countries — say at thirty-five dollars an ounce — and build up the United States' supply. Maybe prices would go up. Should he do it?

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Roosevelt looked to his financial advisers for encouragement. There was, among the young brilliants around him, one he seemed to favor — young Acheson, the boy who had come to him so highly recommended by the famous Supreme Court liberal, Brandeis, and by Felix Frankfurter, the ebullient little intellectual who had sent down so many bright lads from his Harvard Law School. Acheson's background was much like Roosevelt's own — he was a liberal sprung out of a stiffly bluestocking environment. His father had been a strict Middletown, Connecticut, Episcopal Bishop, his mother the daughter of a rich Canadian brewing family. His future looked good.

What did young Acheson think of this new Gold Purchase Plan? The President wanted his opinion, as Undersecretary of the Treasury. He didn't want an off-the-cuff answer, Acheson could give it in a memorandum.

Acheson went back to his office and wrote the memorandum. Plainly, with no evasions, he said he thought it was illegal.

They say that Acheson learned of his resignation the next morning at the same time reporters did, at a Presidential press conference. He had been in government service exactly five months and twenty-six days. Acheson himself is noncommittal on the point of the President's abruptness. He is today, as he was then, a great admirer of Roosevelt and the philosophy of social progress for which Roosevelt planned and fought. Their personality clash, or rather their clash over principles, in the early days of their association strengthened the personal relationship between the two men. It gave Roosevelt a new respect for the independent thought of his trusted young liberal, and it did nothing to detract from Acheson's belief in the broad ideals Roosevelt stood for. At the time, though, it made Roosevelt mighty mad.

Acheson quietly packed his enormous brief case, walked down the steps of the Treasury Building, up 15th Street one block, and back to work at the law offices where he had passed twelve of his first fourteen years in Washington. (He had spent the first two years, after taking a law degree from Harvard in 1919, as secretary to Justice Brandeis.)

He went unnoticed, publicly, for the next seven years, except for occasional speeches and public utterances which stamped him clearly as a confirmed Democrat, a liberal still on the Roosevelt side

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of the idealistic fence. With his private corporate law practice, he was making about the same yearly income as Roosevelt's \$75,000-a-year Presidential salary. He supported Roosevelt, despite their public break, in the elections of 1936 and 1940. He also advocated aid to Britain.

In 1941, on January 31, Roosevelt called him back to public service. He nominated Acheson as Assistant Secretary of State, to serve under Cordell Hull.

There were several reasons why Acheson might not want to take the job. He had security, he was doing well, he had no assurance that he might do as well after an absence in government service. He was happily married to the beautiful and accomplished artist, Alice Stanley, and their three children were almost grown. He had not one, but two of the badges of Washington success — a home in fashionable Georgetown, a week-end farm in Sandy Springs, Maryland, where he could chop wood and dig in the rich soil when he wanted. He had become a partner in his firm, and his name was painted on the door just behind Rublee's. Besides, Roosevelt had rebuffed him once, publicly; a man of vanity might have taken pleasure in turning him down this time. But if Acheson hesitated, it was only for an instant. These were exciting and dangerous times. Roosevelt told him the country needed him, and he took the job.

Hull was involved in finding some way to stall for time, to arm America for the war that seemed sure to come. There was the program of aid for Britain; there were the talks, the interminable talks with the Japanese envoys who would be in his office ten months later, insisting on their country's desire for peace, when Japanese planes bombed Pearl Harbor and killed 3,000 American boys.

In these times Acheson took on, in addition to economic assignments, the task of smoothing relations between White House and Congress. It was a ticklish task, then as now, and Acheson, then as now, often found himself acting as a lightning rod when the sparks began to fly up and down Pennsylvania Avenue. There were some things not even Congress, or not everybody in Congress, could be told; and yet Congressmen argued with justification that they could not be expected to act blindly, without information. How much they were to be told had been a constant argument between Congress and the State Department. The entrance of Acheson into the field of

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feather-smoothing, however, brought some changes; the Congressmen seemed satisfied, on the whole, with the amount of information he supplied. He still has a reputation on "the Hill" for directness as well as diplomacy; for saying as much as he can under the circumstances, but never saying more than he should, and saying it always charmingly.

Here, close to the beginning of World War II, begins the real public service career of Dean Acheson. He had served honorably in World War I as a navy ensign. He had become successful by his own efforts as an attorney, after overcoming the handicap of leading his class at Harvard. The dispute with Roosevelt was behind him, and now Acheson, at the age of 48 (he was born April 11, 1893), began the training that was eventually to land him in what many regard as the second most powerful spot in the United States.

He began right away to do creditably with the job of placating Congress. One of his most important tasks in this respect was selling to Congress the idea of lend-lease agreements with Britain and Russia. Even severe critics of the administration of our war effort admit that lend-lease was the only practical course at the time — without it, the eventual price would have been much higher, both in material and lives. Yet Acheson's detractors have cited his part in it as proof of their charge that he is or was an appeaser of Russia. It was reasoning such as this, charges such as these, that led Acheson to tell a Senate committee when he was up for confirmation in early 1949 as Secretary of State, that not even "disinterested malevolence" could have thought up the charges that he was an appeaser. He had it on the record, in that speech he made before the National Council of Soviet-American Friendship as early as November 11, 1945, that Russia must protect the rights of others if she wanted the friendship of the United States; that "to say that . . . we should be friends is not to say that we are friends."

At any rate, Acheson's task of promoting the cause of lend-lease, and the success he had at it, stamped him as not only a good diplomat and salesman, as well as peacemaker, but as an economist. Economics was beginning to come more and more "within the purview" of the State Department, as diplomatese would phrase it, and Acheson became the Department's financial handler. He was one of the moving powers behind the Bretton Woods financial agreement, the details

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of which were executed by the late Harry White. It was Acheson's persuasiveness in Congressional committees that swung many a Congressman's vote to the State Department's side, and won approval for the idea of an independent world bank to help the world rebuild itself. It was in line with Acheson's own description of his political philosophy as that of a "realistic liberal." It also was in line with the turn in his thinking when he showed himself to be just a little ahead of most men in Washington in his knowledge of what the American public was willing to accept, and do, in the way of internationalism.

Evidence came in his speech at Cleveland, Mississippi, on May 8, 1947, the second anniversary of V-E Day. Secretary of State Marshall was supposed to make the speech, but couldn't be there. Undersecretary Acheson filled in for him in more ways than one. He dropped the first sounding line on the proposal for aid toward the self-reconstruction of Europe, a proposal Marshall would delineate at Harvard, on June 6, and which would become history as the Marshall Plan.

At the time of his Cleveland speech, Acheson was no man with a Santa Claus reputation. At the original conference of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, the United States contribution was set at two and a half billion, but Acheson said no; it would have to be cut at least half a billion. The United States could afford only so much, and its contribution must not exceed its ability. It was Acheson who read UNRRA out of existence in 1946, when he made it known that the United States could no longer continue giving aid as relief alone. It would grant aid only to those countries which had binding, signed and sealed agreements with the United States, providing something, if only the assurance of friendship, in return. This meant no more aid for the Soviet Union.

Against this parsimonious and exacting background, Acheson appeared before the conservative members of the Cotton Council at Cleveland, Mississippi. What did they expect to hear? Perhaps an assurance that the period of American aid to distraught countries all over the world was coming to an end, and that the world would once more be at peace and prosperous and trade could once more be resumed in an atmosphere of something like normalcy? What did they hear?

Europe needed our aid, Acheson said, and we must provide it

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to help Europe reconstruct. An emergency, he called it. "We are going to have to concentrate our emergency assistance in areas where it will be most effective in building world political and economic stability, in promoting human freedoms and democratic institutions."

The speech made few headlines. The idea did, twenty-nine days later, when Secretary of State Marshall, at Harvard, proposed "self-help" for Europe. It was one of the four most important foreign policy concepts of our time, and Dean Acheson played a strong part in the origination and administration of all of them: the United Nations, the Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine, and the North Atlantic Treaty.

On the first, the United Nations, Acheson was in the background. The idea was Cordell Hull's and Franklin Roosevelt's, but in the background there was the unobtrusive Dean, promoting their dream, but tempering their hopes with restraint: the whole is only the sum of the parts, he has kept saying, and we must not expect the United Nations to accomplish more than "the sum total of the contributions." We must not expect a country to turn angel because it has joined an international organization with others.

The Truman Doctrine bears considerably more of the stamp of Dean Acheson. It was he who conceived and recommended to the President the plan to spend \$400,000,000 on aid to Greece and Turkey, to prevent the spread of the Communism which was breathing down their collective neck. The President's words to Congress in his speech recommending the program, on March 12, 1947, also summarize the feeling of Acheson:

The seeds of totalitarianism are nurtured by misery and want. They spread and grow in the evil soil of poverty and strife. They reach their full growth when the hope of a people for a better life has died. We must keep that hope alive. The free peoples of the world look to us for support in maintaining their freedoms. If we falter in our leadership, we may endanger the peace of the world — and we shall surely endanger the welfare of this nation.

The two are inseparable, Acheson feels — the welfare of this nation and the welfare of all others. The programs of aid he has proposed, fought for, and seen through to conclusion are aids in the name of

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humanity, but they are also aids which conform to the best business principles of getting something in return.

The best illustration of this is the North Atlantic Treaty, which Acheson steered from start to finish. It was in 1946 that he began to refer to the possibility of "regional agreements" as the best possible way of forestalling aggression. As early as the UNRRA meeting in Montreal in 1944, he had begun to plant the idea of the Truman "stop-Communism" doctrine. There he had proposed \$50,000,000 in aid to Italy, despite the protests of those who thought of Italy as a loser country and one that should be denied aid because of it. Acheson saw Italy as a mark for Communists — "the seeds of totalitarianism are nurtured by misery and want" — and he saw that aid was provided. Now, he was thinking ahead again — thinking in terms of regional agreements that would protect the equity America had invested in the economic and political future of all Europe.

His idea blossomed into the North Atlantic Treaty signed in Washington April 4, 1949, in a one-day blaze of glory which amounted to no more than passing notice for a document as historic as this one. With the Treaty figuratively tucked in his hip pocket, Dean Acheson plied his way up "the Hill" for another session at his old job of selling; the Treaty had to be ratified.

Once again he handled a delicate job straightforwardly but with finesse. He could be incisively direct when the occasion called for it — as when Senator Arthur Vandenberg, the Republican foreign policy spokesman, asked him point-blank if anything in the North Atlantic Treaty would commit the United States to war. Acheson answered briefly and without diplomatic circumlocution: "No."

Vandenberg had to repeat the answer, so nobody would miss it: of course, he said, the answer is, categorically, no.

To another question, Acheson was less direct, but none the less frank. A questioner at the Committee hearing wanted to know whether Acheson thought that if a Senator voted in favor of ratifying the North Atlantic Treaty — and this was the only question before the Senate then — whether a vote in favor of this defense agreement would obligate a Senator to vote in favor of supplying arms to the European signatories?

This was a tough one. Naturally, to the State Department, there was an inevitable linking of the Treaty with the program which the

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Department was advancing, to supply with arms those members that needed them. The arms program was in the making, and had not been formally presented to Congress. Naturally, the State Department would judge the reception of the arms program by the vote on ratification. But should Acheson say so? Members of Congress are notoriously jealous of their rights, and quick to resist anything that even looks like an attempt to coerce their votes. It would be bad taste for the State Department to appear to be suggesting how a Senator should vote.

This one gave Acheson some pause. But his reply told how he felt and answered the question truthfully, while creating the least amount of ill will.

"That question is one it would be pleasant to answer with a flat yes or no," Acheson said. "There is something in the Treaty, however, which requires each Senator, when he comes to vote on the arms program, after adoption of the Treaty, to exercise his judgment less freely than he would if the Treaty had not been adopted."

Such phrases suit the diplomatic occasion perfectly, and, even more impressive, they stand up under time. Any State Department official today, asked the same question and given a week to think about it, could hardly conjure up a more delicately worded, pithier statement of the case. Acheson's long years of practice before the committees, plus his razor-sharp mind, have made him the most nimble-witted conversation artist in public life today. He makes few mistakes.

In rather direct contrast, his boss, the man who sets the policy Acheson guides, has a knack for saying little things that reverberate. Some of these little offhand remarks by President Truman — such as "I like Old Joe . . . but he's a prisoner of the Politburo" and "There are certain leaders [in Russia] . . . exceedingly anxious to have an understanding with us," sometimes seem to be calculated very coldly, and are expected to have exactly the effect they have. Others send chills down the necks of some State Department officials who see the President's remarks as tearing down their carefully built diplomatic groundwork. But if Dean Acheson ever feels this way, he never shows it. Although he is known to possess at least rudimentary knowledge of some of the world's most profane swearwords, he has never been known to be anything but correct about the boss. Truman is the boss, and Acheson accepts it.

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Conversely, there are few men Truman trusts more implicitly. He has called Acheson a man with "a genius for bold design," and the Dean has borne him out with the bold design of the Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine, the North Atlantic Treaty. Mostly, however, the President's praise of Acheson has been concentrated on the single factor most needed in the top echelons — judgment.

Acheson, too, recognizes his responsibility in that direction and has pointed out that judgment is something those who act for the United States cannot do without — "the type of judgment," as Justice Brandeis used to say, 'which leads a man not to stand in front of a locomotive.'"

But judgment alone would not conduct the foreign policy of such a large country, and this tall New England-raised diplomat sticks to the idea that the basis of real accomplishment is hard work. Again, he quotes a famous old Supreme Court Justice: "As Justice Holmes would say, 'the mode by which the inevitable comes to pass is effort.'"

Those are the methods Dean Acheson took with him to the high office of the Secretary of State — effort, and judgment "based on all the evidence . . . a continuing judgment . . . which, like a compass, has to be corrected against the magnetic effort of our own will to fashion the result."

And the result of the methods, Acheson thinks, should be a "steadiness and continuity" in the conduct of American foreign policy.

What does Acheson think that policy should be? In general, his ideas are reflected in the self-help provisions of the Marshall Plan and the emergency aid of the Truman Doctrine. He thinks it should be the desire as well as the principle of the United States that where help is needed to keep free people free, help should be granted. We should not wait till a neighbor's house catches fire, he thinks, but neither should we send him a hook-and-ladder truck when his beard catches fire. In other words, don't wait for a crisis before acting, but don't take on too many of the world's myriad worries. Says Acheson: "This, as I see it, has been the course of our foreign policy over these past few years. And it is our present course. It has not created the world of our dreams. But that is not our fault. It is the best course I know of, in the world as we find it, to preserve the possibility that a better world may some day eventuate."

The main problem that lies before him today in foreign affairs is,

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of course, the behavior of Russia. More broadly stated, the problem would be that of assuring international cooperation — a long-term program which must be accomplished if the world is kept free and at peace, as Acheson is determined it shall be. What are the chances? Here's how Acheson put it in a speech in 1946, a particularly thoughtful quotation:

It is a long and tough job and one for which we as a people are not particularly suited. We believe that any problem can be solved with a little ingenuity and without inconvenience to the folks at large. We have trouble-shooters to do this. And our name for problems is significant. We call them headaches. You take a powder and they are gone. These pains about which we have been talking are not like that. They are like the pain of earning a living. They will stay with us until death.

We have got to understand that all our lives the danger, the uncertainty, the need for alertness, for effort, for discipline will be upon us. This is new to us. It will be hard for us. But we are in for it and the only real question is whether we shall know it soon enough.

The keystone to Acheson's success in the day-to-day operation of his department lies in steering a course between the opposing factions of Presidential advisers.

Almost every President has had this situation, and probably every Secretary of State has been bothered in one way or another by cracker-barrel advisers who set themselves up as foreign policy experts and sell their ideas to the President. How much of this goes on in the Truman Administration? Perhaps Acheson himself doesn't know. Perhaps Truman doesn't. But there are, within the Truman circle, two different schools of thought separated by disagreement over the principle of foreign aid — how much it should be and to whom it should go. There is also, naturally, disagreement among the President's advisers over the way the United States should deal with Russia. In the main, the difference of opinion revolves around the relative degrees of harshness or softness in each case. Usually, Truman has left this matter almost entirely to Acheson, and Acheson has usually come out on top.

His first big test in dealing with ticklish postwar relations between the United States and the Iron Curtain countries came in the spring of 1946, when Acheson was Acting Secretary while Secretary Byrnes

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was at a foreign ministers' meeting in Paris. The Yugoslavs shot down two American planes. Acheson, after conferring with Byrnes by teletype, let fly with what the papers called an "ultimatum," although it wasn't quite that. He demanded release of the Americans who had been forced down in the two planes, and the payment of damages. He got at least diplomatic satisfaction, with the release of the fliers, but the damages were harder to extract.

Another tense bit of note writing occurred in the summer of that same year. The Russians, who still had plenty of apologists to the right of Henry Wallace, began a little more of an open, or brazen, approach. They demanded a meeting to talk over their demands — for bases on the Dardanelles, on the doorstep of strategic Turkey. There was, as there always is, some discussion about the type of reply the United States should make. Dean Acheson, Undersecretary, wanted to send a note rejecting the whole idea of the meeting and the bases. This was in line with the general policy of Byrnes and the President, a policy of firmness, so Acheson sent his note. It turned down the Russians completely and coldly on their Dardanelles design, and they dropped the matter. It was one of a succession of diplomatic adventures in which Acheson has been involved, which are hardly distinguishable as victories but which at least proved to be effective checkmates.

Another such adventure was the lifting of the Russian blockade in Berlin. Exactly one month after the signing of the North Atlantic Treaty, and just over ten months after the blockade had been imposed, the Russian UN delegate met with the British, French and Americans in New York and announced an agreement to lift the blockade, to be followed by a Paris meeting of the four Foreign Ministers to discuss the Berlin question. The terms were the same as those proposed by the UN months earlier, and bitterly vetoed by the Russians. They had changed their minds, and/or their tactics.

This was a diplomatic victory for the policy of the Western powers, a policy of steadfastly refusing compromise. But it was not treated as such in Washington. Acheson, at his news conference on the morning while the final blockade-lifting talks were going on, chose the occasion to criticize severely the abridgment of human rights in the Iron Curtain countries of the Balkans. Everywhere the watchword was caution. Let us wait, Acheson was all but saying, let us wait and see

whether the Russians mean friendly business, or just mean business. Two days later, the State Department announced that the Russians were still jamming the Voice of America; extra transmitters were added to get across to the Russian people. The battles were not yet won; there was much talk yet to be done, and Dean Acheson was making sure that the hopes Americans had for peace were not raised to unwarranted heights. Thus he had coupled his "genius for bold design" with diplomatic, humane caution. Also, it was a strategic caution. There is known to be a school of Stalin advisers who are touting the Russian leader on to a strategy of kindness. They say relax a little bit, appear to be more friendly, and the United States Congress, believing the danger of war to be minimized, will not vote the full amount of requested aid and arms to the signers of the North Atlantic Treaty. Dean Acheson is making sure no one is fooled by this approach.

To make sure that the intelligence available to the State Department is properly evaluated and understood by members of Congress requires a certain amount of lobbying, although neither the State Department, nor any other Department, is willing to call it that. As President Truman said, when asked how the agents of the Government would be affected by his proposed investigation of lobbyists — we don't call them lobbyists, we call them citizens appearing in the public interest.

Nevertheless, the State Department's most efficient and modest lobbyist is Dean Acheson. His tall, tweedy, six-foot-one-inch presence commands the attention of any gathering he enters, before he says a word. He lends suave dignity to any Congressional hearing, and the suspicion is that he is often asked to appear chiefly to provide prestige for the Committee. Seldom does he beg off, as other Cabinet members sometimes do, and send a lesser official to testify. He realizes how important, even indispensable to his job is the goodwill and sympathy of Congress. He works hard to get it, and he has succeeded. Besides, a witness chair on Capitol Hill is like a second home to him.

In this regard, he credits a story to Vice-President Barkley. It is about a little dog, who, every time his master took him to town, would be chased by little boys and have a can tied to his tail. The dog got so used to this routine, as Barkley relates it, that when he got home and saw a tin can he would just back right up to it.

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Oddly enough, for men of such different backgrounds, there is much in common between the suave, sophisticated Acheson and the folksy, courtly Vice-President Barkley. Each has humor as one of his main weapons of attack and defense. Both have been known to relax a tense moment, or parry a tough question with a sly, wry, humorous comment inserted at an appropriate time. Barkley, beginning his ruling on the filibuster before a tense Senate, cleared the air by saying he felt like the man who was being ridden out of town on a rail: "If it wasn't for the honor, I'd just as soon walk." Acheson, asked a particularly hot and tricky question at a news conference, has been known to cite the case of the old inland farmer who put a red-hot oyster in his mouth, then spat it right out: "A damn fool would have swallowed that," he'll say.

Unlike Barkley, however, Acheson and his wife are not much for party going. They do some entertaining, official and private, in their P Street Washington home, but Acheson likes best of all to spend his week ends doing odd, arduous chores on his Maryland farm. When events of importance occur on Saturday or Sunday, the message usually gets to Acheson while he is chopping wood. The State Department's "Sunday man," for instance, had to wrest Acheson from his woodpile on that January Sunday when International News Service Correspondent Kingsbury Smith got from Stalin the word that the Generalissimo would welcome a meeting with Truman. It did not take too long, however, for Acheson to get back to his job of chopping logs. Here was another time when a world anxious for peace was willing to grab at the slightest straw, but Acheson again was cautious; the State Department made no reply till the next day, when it pointed out, frigidly, that the United States preferred to use the accepted channels of communication for diplomatic exchanges. The State Department had no official word from the Soviet Government. All it knew was what it read in the papers. President Truman, at his next news conference, backed up Acheson's stand fully, and added that he would always be ready to meet Stalin here in the United States. It was Stalin's turn to come to the mountain.

Acheson and his State Department advisers looked over the correspondence between Stalin and reporter Smith, after the hubbub had died down. There was a little something missing. In all previous correspondence and propaganda about the Berlin situation, the

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Russians had insisted on making their brand of the German mark the standard one for Berlin. The Western Powers had never agreed. In this Stalin communication there was no mention of the currency question as one of the provisions for lifting the blockade. Did this mean anything?

Acheson's roving Ambassador and trouble shooter, Phillip Jessup, put the question to Russian UN Delegate Jacob Malik when Malik arrived in New York for the opening of the UN General Assembly in February. Malik said he didn't exactly know, but he would nose around and find out. One month later, to the day, he came back: no, the omission was not accidental. Something was in the air. Malik and Jessup began a series of secret meetings. Tass, the Russian news agency, let the secret out. The State Department quickly said yes, such talks were going on. Although it didn't say so, the State Department was sure now that the Russians were serious about wanting agreement to lift the blockade. They had not tried to make propaganda capital out of the talks going on, and now the official Russian news agency had indicated agreement was near. It was, and the blockade was lifted.

Behind all this painstaking set of maneuvers was the steady, sure hand of Dean Gooderham Acheson. There must be no falling into propaganda traps. We must be sure the Russians are sincere, we must not turn down any reasonable offer which may provide a way to peace. We must not grab at straws. Anyone who did was sure to get slapped by Acheson, who wanted to make sure, before he burned any bridges, that the way ahead was no dead end.

There was another case, not too long ago, when Acheson had to make sure of his work because there was no retreat. He was instrumental in the formation of this government's policy on international control of atomic energy. The basis for that policy, in fact, was a report which has become known as the Acheson — Lilienthal Report, and which outlines the conditions under which this country could agree to the release of atomic secrets. Those conditions called for strict, non-vetoeable international control and inspection of everybody's atomic information and equipment.

The atomic energy assignment was all in a season's work for the versatile Dean. One of his latest, and one he was working on assiduously even during those nineteen months he was out of the Govern-

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ment, was the vice-chairmanship of the Hoover Commission. And on that job, if it weren't for the fact that the other things he did and said overshadowed it, he might have become famous as the Great Dissenter, like the late Justice Holmes he so admires. The Hoover Commission group (on the reorganization of the executive branch of the Government) recommended an overhaul of the Agriculture Department, which it said would save eighty million dollars a year. Acheson and James Rowe dissented, and said some of the estimates were guesses. Acheson and the late Secretary of Defense Forrestal wanted a single Chief of Staff for the Joint Chiefs of Staff, instead of the civilian chairman. They dissented again when the Commission wanted to put Selective Service under the Labor Department. It must remain independent, they said, to stay objective and impartial. Acheson dissented when the Hoover Commission majority wanted a United Medical Administration to take over health agency functions; when it recommended an overhauling of Federal, State and local tax systems to prevent duplication. He objected when the Commission suggested transferring the Interior Department's Commercial Fisheries Division to the Commerce Department.

Out of this it might be possible to draw the picture of a man who is a don't-fence-me-in Jeffersonian Democrat, rebelling at the encroachments of overstreamlining, overmechanization, too much civilization. But the evidence is thin, if the Hoover Commission is all we have to go by, and the man himself is an enigma. He is actually little known outside his own office and his own house. He walks erect, eyes straight forward, down the streets of Washington, the very picture of a diplomat; then, out of character for a diplomat, he turns into a drugstore for lunch. His blue eyes are friendly and direct, but, narrow as they are, and framed in the rich, reddish-brown foliage of his thick eyebrows and mustache, they give an impression of craftiness. You feel that you have to be thinking all the time with Dean Acheson, because he is.

His thoughts are deep, and calculated, and well defined. No man has hung his own character out on the public line more often, or more willingly, than Acheson. "My friendship is not easily given, and it is not easily withdrawn," he told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, January 13, 1949. The subject was the Hiss brothers, Alger and Donald, after witnesses before the House Un-American Activities

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Committee had linked them with Communist activities. It was the most ticklish of all the subjects which might confront a man up for confirmation by the Senate, but Acheson chose to meet the issue directly. Months after the Hiss developments no longer made headlines in Washington, Acheson's own comment on the steadfastness of his friendship was remembered. He had put his character on the witness stand.

One other point brought up during the Acheson confirmation hearing was the previous testimony of former Assistant Secretary of State Adolph Berle, Jr. Berle had said he resigned from the State Department, beaten, when the Department turned down his plea for a "get tough" policy with Russia and chose instead a policy of appeasement sponsored by a group containing Acheson and Hiss.

This Acheson denied. His capsule view of the ideological struggle, as given to the Committee, was: "It is my view that Communism as a doctrine is economically fatal to a free society and to human rights and fundamental freedom. Communism as an aggressive factor in world conquest is fatal to independent governments and free peoples."

Before the Senate Committee voted to confirm Acheson, Berle sent a telegram urging that Acheson be confirmed as Secretary of State.

For a man so busy with other things, Acheson has spent a lot of time in his fifty-six years telling people just where he stood. When he went before the Senate Committee he noted that he'd been looking over his back speeches, utterances he'd made over the years, and his first impression was that he was astounded at the amount of talking he'd done. But the talk is an accurate measure of the man; he is willing to stand judged by it, and was judged by it as the Senate overwhelmingly voted to approve him for the task of running foreign affairs.

Acheson picks out, as illustrative, a speech he made at his alma mater, Yale, two weeks after the outbreak of the war in Europe in 1939, when America was torn between isolationism and internationalism. At the time, Acheson offered: ". . . these three points for the triangulation of an American attitude toward foreign affairs. Make ourselves strong to meet a future which is dark and obscure. Recognize that the further destruction of world order threatens our most vital interests, and use and support the people who must fight those

from whom the offense cometh. Be willing to accept the minor limitations which come from assuming some responsibility for making possible a world of order, to avoid having forced upon us the limitations of a world collapsing about our ears."

So speaks Acheson the internationalist, and so did he speak when others were lagging behind. He likes to point out, discreetly, in his selection of these speeches, that he was ahead, also, in changing from softness to firmness on Russian policy. It hurts him deeply to be linked with the school of appeasers. He is sensitive about criticism — he says he has been "continually criticized" about it — of that speech he made before the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship. Portions of the speech recognized that for the Russian Government "to have friendly governments along her borders is essential."

"I think it should be understood," Acheson says, "that just as an army officer may be criticized for being in Moscow, it ought to be understood that he is there under the orders of the Department of War. I made this speech under the instructions of the Secretary of State [Byrnes]. There has never been any doubt in his mind or the mind of the Department about that . . . I do exactly what I am told to do."

He does, and now he is in a position also to do some telling. It was in other sections of that criticized speech that, as we said before, he showed the unmistakable signs of turning toward irrevocable firmness in dealing with Russia. It was in that speech that he also said: "The interest in security must take into account and respect other basic interests of nations and men. . . . We believe that that adjustment of interests should take place short of the point where persuasion and firmness become coercion, where a knock on the door at night strikes terror into men and women."

And anybody who tries to knock on the door of free American men and women is likely to find a tall, sandy-haired diplomat with cold blue eyes, a diplomat named Acheson, guarding the door.

GENERAL'S GENERAL: DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

By WELDON JAMES

WELDON JAMES, the first foreign correspondent to become a Nieman Fellow at Harvard, knows the Pacific both as Marine captain and as correspondent for Collier's magazine. It was his division which took over Nagasaki after the Japanese surrender. Now an associate editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, he also lectures occasionally on foreign affairs. Since the war he has made two long visits to Japan to observe at firsthand the results of the MacArthur occupation.

GRANDLY susceptible to flattery, Douglas MacArthur is the only American in history to accept the grandiloquent title of Field Marshal. He is, of course, the only American who ever managed to have it offered him — and, quite possibly, the only American who could wear both title and uniform with a dignity Hollywood itself might envy. He is also one of the few generals since Ulysses S. Grant to agree with his admirers that he would, given the chance, make an excellent President of the United States.

Fate has put that particular title beyond his grasp. But it has also made him, in the years since the end of World War II, what Frank Kelley has called a "Star-spangled Mikado," successor to the Emperor of Japan, an American Caesar reigning over eighty million people with a superb confidence that both the ancient Romans and twentieth-century Americans might question, criticize, condemn, or applaud, depending on their orientation in matters military, political, or philosophical. But no Roman and no American could deny MacArthur one thing: that he has carved an impressive niche as soldier-statesman-ruler largely because of a burning sense of destiny, the validity of which he was able to communicate convincingly to millions of people. The historian in years to come may be able to prove

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to the satisfaction of all that MacArthur was pre-eminently a product of his times — a West Pointer son of a tough army man who never had the blessing of the Point, and of a mother who taught him for patient decades that he had been born under a star of military glory, an ambitious, dutiful, and energetic man who embraced the virtues best advertised in his times, and who was honored accordingly. But it is a fairly safe bet that no one could convince MacArthur, much less his most fanatic admirers, that the General achieved his place in the history of the twentieth century for any other reason than that he was indeed a man of destiny and believed that it was so.

Such an invaluable spur to achievement is not altogether unknown in this country, but in a land where ambitious generals have been suspect ever since 1776, any obsession with destiny has been traditionally offensive to millions unconvinced by the doctrine of predestination. Couple the obsession with superior ability or possible genius, as in MacArthur's case, and the popular suspicion is intensified. This accounts, in large part, for the ambivalent attitude of the American public toward one of its greatest war heroes. MacArthur has proved the old saws that mother knows best, that hard work and ambition will get you there, that (particularly after soul-testing setbacks) nothing indeed succeeds like success, especially in creating legend. And a sentimental public has loved him for it.

The opinion polls will no doubt continue to show for years that an impressive number of all Americans regard MacArthur as the greatest man of these troubled days. But the same public, nursing an historic fear of generals who looked and acted like generals before they made the grade, and who subsequently looked and acted like field marshals with an eye on the ballot box, has shown a notable reluctance to consider MacArthur's great gifts as any political asset. That the same public in 1948 was apparently convinced that General Eisenhower, on the other hand, was the stuff of which political angels are made, is a commentary in itself of the kind of soldier MacArthur has always been. Of an older and sterner and more formal school he had since 1918 been a general's general, as many of his GI's in World War II were to lament. And Eisenhower, the product of another age in American history, shedding his colonel's eagles a relative day-before-yesterday, displaying a smiling face unclouded by any suspicion of a personal date with destiny, had in a few brief brilliant

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years become the GI's general, the people's general, as articulately aware as any civilian of the necessary gulf between soldier and civilian in a healthy republic.

That MacArthur has played the role of a general's general with just a shade too much of drama may also account for the fact that he is probably the most controversial hero the republic has ever produced. There is a regrettable tendency in all democratic societies, as historians have observed, to belittle the man of achievement, the man who excels. There is also the more rational tendency to resent any grandeur of manner, particularly if it suggests an abiding awareness of excellence, and MacArthur's closest friends would be the first to admit that, if the General lacks anything, it is assuredly not the grand manner.

These tendencies have combined to produce a minority spate of critical opinions sufficient to submerge a less stalwart character, and some of the most biting stories and wisecracks that GI's, sailors, flyers and Marines could invent. There was, for instance, the Marine on Guadalcanal, convinced, like most leathernecks, that MacArthur did not hold their Corps in proper reverence, who penned the lines sung later by millions in every branch of the service:

And while it may be rumor now,
Some day 'twill be a fact
That the Lord will hear a deep voice say,
"Move over, God; it's Mac!"

There is the apocryphal tale, too, of the great shipwreck that left Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz and General of the Armies Douglas MacArthur the sole survivors on a raft in the Pacific. They were certain of eventual rescue, of course, but in the long days aboard the raft the natural reserve of each melted somewhat until Nimitz finally observed one day that he had a confession to make. "I hope you won't pass it on, Doug," he said, "but you know, for a sailor, I have one awful failing — I never learned to swim." MacArthur was moved by this confidence. "I, too, have a confession to make," he said, "and one I hope will go no further. It isn't really true, Chester, that I can walk on water!"

There are scores of other such stories, many of them reflecting more

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unfairly, if not scurrilously, on a man who was good, who said he was good, who acted as though he were good, and who proved, with an assist from history, that he was great. Their venom differs from the cited wry objections to the great-actor-soldier type, the general who copped the biggest headlines and the lion's share of credit for victory, the martial mystic whose cadenced prose never impressed the earthbound GI or the glory-cheated sailors, flyers, and leather-necks one-half as much as it fired the folks back home. But all of these tales have enlivened many a dull hour in the Pacific during the war, and many a homeside bar-brawl since. For the General has never lacked worshipers, much less impassioned defenders, either in uniform or in mufti. To the observer attempting an objective approach, perhaps the most persuasive line of this school came from an earnest corporal in Japan: "A general, any general, is a kind of a god, see? There may be some higher gods, but not many — and you can't play god for thirty-some years without acting and thinking like the one and only, can you? You gotta expect it."

That MacArthur should acquire some annoyingly godlike attributes even before he became general was almost inevitable from the moment he was born. And after his father's incredibly melodramatic career, nothing in MacArthur's tumultuous years seems surprising, least of all his flair for the grand pose, the thundering word, the Man of Destiny act.

Born January 26, 1880, on his father's post at Little Rock Barracks, Arkansas, he believes to this day that his earliest recollection was the sound of a bugle. He thinks he remembers, too, his mother and a company sergeant protecting him from an Indian bow-and-arrow attack in New Mexico when he was only four — and those familiar with his prodigious memory are inclined to believe that he does. Brought up, at one army post after another, on tales of the Civil War and Injun fightin', he was appointed to West Point in 1899 almost as a matter of course.

This theatrical childhood was as nothing compared with the career of his father, the late Lieutenant General Arthur MacArthur. A Scottish Wisconsinite who emerged from the Civil War with four wounds as "the boy colonel of the West," the elder MacArthur became commander of an army in the Philippines and military governor there, and a lieutenant general when such a title was a rare thing indeed.

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His death in 1912, when Douglas was 32, occurred under remarkable circumstances. He began a speech to the survivors of his Civil War regiment, attending their fiftieth reunion, by saying it was to be his last tribute to his old comrades in arms — and before he had finished, faltered, swayed, and dropped dead. Then, as Clare Boothe recorded several years ago: "His old adjutant, who stood beside him, took the tattered and blood-stained flag of the regiment, cast it over the dead General — and himself fell lifeless over his beloved body."

If his father's career exerted a powerful influence on the young MacArthur, his mother's was even greater. Psychological historians of the future will probably credit her with having given him a confidence and a sense of security more than necessary to compensate for the uncertainties of an itinerant childhood, and, indeed, with having shaped his whole career. A devout and strong-minded woman, she communicated to young Douglas her conviction of his potential greatness, of his ability to excel. And she inspired him to exercise that ability to his utmost, as befitted a man "born beneath a star of military glory." She survived her husband long enough to accompany her son to the Philippines in 1935, when he was 55, and to see him happily married to his second wife, a girl to whom she had introduced him on the voyage to Manila — Jean Faircloth, the Tennessee heiress.

At West Point Douglas MacArthur surprised neither his parents nor himself, if his classmates are to be believed, by his success. He not merely finished at the top of his class, nosing out a bright young competitor named Ulysses S. Grant III, but set a scholastic record the Point had never deemed possible before — a four-year average of 98.14 per cent on the sixteen courses, with perfect marks in three.

It was at this moment, in MacArthur's view, that destiny took a hand. And there are some Americans, many Filipinos, and a multitude of Japanese who share his view. He was assigned to the Philippines on graduation — and his first task there was to make a military survey of the Island of Leyte, on the beaches of which some four decades later he (and the United States Navy) was to land a conquering army. His lifelong ties with the Orient were strengthened almost immediately afterward: he went to the Japanese front as his father's aide to observe the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-05. His conduct in this baptism of fire was prophetic of the rash courage he was to show in later wars: he watched a Japanese detachment fail repeatedly in

its attempts to capture a Russian hill position, then joined the Nipponese in their final — and successful — assault.

Distinguishing himself in behind-the-lines activity at Vera Cruz, the rising MacArthur vaulted to Washington in 1915 as press relations officer of the General Staff. In this conspicuous position, not at all prophetic of his later difficulties with the press, he attracted the admiring attention of Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, and our entry into World War I in 1917 gave him quick opportunity to prove that Baker's judgment in pushing him up the ladder was more than merited.

The conception of the famed Rainbow Division, drawn from all the 48 states, was his. Eventually he commanded it in the field, and returned from France — where, as in World War II, he never deigned to wear a helmet — loaded with medals and a glory record compounded of raiding German trenches (armed with but a riding crop), attacking machine-gun nests at the head of his troops, and citations full of assurance that "on a field where courage was the rule, his courage was the dominant feature."

Along with the foot soldier's glory he had earned a glittering reputation as a commander, and his military rise was rapid. In 1919, at 39, he became the youngest Superintendent in West Point's history. In 1925, at 45, he became the youngest active major general in the Army, and in 1930, at 50, the youngest Chief of Staff in American history and the youngest living four-star general. This was one year after an amicable divorce had ended his seven-year marriage with Louise Cromwell, step-daughter of Edward T. Stotesbury, an archetypical Republican multimillionaire whose opinions may well have colored MacArthur's own political thinking.

Republican President Hoover had appointed him Chief. But Democratic President Roosevelt, a confirmed and impressionable precedent-buster, reappointed him in 1934 for an additional year. This must have been consolation indeed to a man who in 1932 had made a general-on-horseback operation (though without the firing of any shots) in driving the ragged Bonus Army out of Washington, and had borne much resultant ridicule and criticism in silence, though it seemed clear that the frightened Hoover and the excitable Secretary of War Hurley had been responsible for everything but MacArthur's typically dramatic staging of the job.

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F. D. R. had good reason to value MacArthur's talents, then and later. As Chief of Staff MacArthur possessed painfully prophetic vision, and he laid the groundwork for eventual popular acceptance of the necessity of rebuilding and modernizing our almost nonexistent military strength. He foresaw the role that mechanization would play in the next war, and he campaigned persistently and bitterly (though with little success at the time) for tanks, trucks, mobile weapons and troops, and a great air force. And he did achieve creation of the General Headquarters Air Force, the immediate ancestor of the huge Army Air Forces to come.

Stepping down from this American military peak to the relative obscurity of a Field Marshal in the Philippine Commonwealth, MacArthur tackled with all his vigor the formidable task of making the Philippines "impregnable" before they achieved the complete freedom promised them by 1946. In 1935 this seemed to a great many scoffers, including some reputable military experts, an impossible task. Perhaps it was. But the characteristic optimism and vigor of MacArthur, who at 55 was still dashing youthfulness and full of the boneheaded confidence of a crack platoon leader, was to pay huge dividends to the United States and the Philippines alike.

In his relations with the Filipinos MacArthur had the advantage of being the son of a father to whom they owed much. The elder MacArthur had treated the captured rebel leader, Aguinaldo, with magnanimity; as military governor in 1900, he had granted civil rights to the Filipinos, and, advocating military training for the Filipinos as early as 1901, he had lived to see the Philippine Scouts a justly famous branch of the United States Army.

But Douglas MacArthur had far more than his father's history to give to the Filipinos. At a time when most Americans were haughtily condescending in their references to "our little brown brothers," he fired them with his own regard for their dignity as human beings, his own enthusiasm for their courage and soldierly qualities. While his juniors in the American Army scoffed at the "Napoleon of Luzon" and observed to each other that Field Marshal MacArthur was "not even a buck private" in their army, he and his staff worked night and day against the vicissitudes of time, politics, and public apathy to build a Philippine army worthy of the future he saw for it.

His most immediate achievement, and an invaluable one, was to

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sell the Filipinos to themselves, to obviate the possibility that a "defenseless," spiritless, and confidentless country might fall without a struggle into the avaricious hands of the Japanese. His next was to provide excellent training for some 125,000 Filipino troops and officers before the Japanese struck. This was not enough to insure initial victory. But without them the heroic "American" defense of Bataan and Corregidor, of such incalculable importance to the morale of the American public in the dark days of 1942, would never have been possible. Without them, and without the spirit MacArthur had helped to infuse into millions of Filipinos, the triumphant return of the Americans in 1944 and their final victory in 1945 would have been far longer delayed and far more costly in the expenditure of American lives.

In July, 1941, President Roosevelt set the stage for MacArthur's role in World War II by naming the field marshal commanding general of the United States Army Forces in the Far East. "USAFFE" meant little to the public in those twilight months before Pearl Harbor, even with the incorporation of the Filipino forces in our Army. But it soon became a badge of honor, a symbol of heroism in temporary defeat. And it was the forerunner of greater commands for MacArthur, evacuated from Bataan to Australia on Roosevelt's order (along with his wife, small son, and the son's nurse, whose collective presence in war areas then and later led to unending criticism) to plan for the comeback.

MacArthur's great contributions to the winning of the war are too familiar to require detailed mention here. They were not as great, perhaps, as painted by the peculiar zeal of his public relations experts, his censors, and the intent of certain American newspapers which saw in him a potential President.

They consisted, in brief, of masterminding and inspiring the fighting advance of vast American forces from Australia through the southwest Pacific and the Philippines and from there (with considerable assistance from other American commands) into Japan. They were accompanied by oceans of purple prose more effective on the Filipinos, fondly accustomed to the florid phrase, than on Americans; by some of the age's most skillful psychological warfare, effectively designed both to bolster the hope and the resistance of the Filipinos and to confound and depress the Japanese; by some of the most opti-

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mistically inaccurate communiqués produced by any general in any theater of the war; by a minimum of publicity permitted to any generals beneath MacArthur or to any forces other than MacArthur's armies, MacArthur's air forces, and indeed, one might well have believed on occasion, MacArthur's navy.

They were accompanied, too, by a complete freeze-out of anything critical of anything in MacArthur's wartime empire, and, monotonously, by one photograph after another showing MacArthur, resplendent in gold-braided cap and freshly pressed sun tans, landing like Hollywood's idea of a liberating hero on a hostile beach. The fact that most liberating heroes usually landed under hostile fire and with a desperate skill in which dignity or corncob pipe had no place, and that the MacArthur photographs obviously were snapped at the picnic phase of a landing operation, was lost, apparently, on the men around the photogenic MacArthur and on the commander himself. It made a lasting and rankling impression, however, on irreverent GI's, leathernecks, and sailors, and helped to produce a spate of stories belittling MacArthur's courage. These were ridiculous, of course; the fact was that MacArthur, as in his earliest wars, went out of his way to demonstrate that he was absolutely contemptuous of all danger, and exhibited a reckless courage far beyond the dictates of wisdom or the requirements of his position. Cautioned on one occasion by an apprehensive subordinate, he was characteristically capable, like any Old Sergeant, of staring his heckler into silence and sneering: "Do you want to live forever?"

Subordinates, in MacArthur's empire, were made to be seen and to be heard — but not to be heard of. As any victorious general must, he possessed a capable and brilliant staff. But what school child today can tell you anything about Krueger, or Kenney, or Eichelberger, or any of the other stars in the remarkable team (including many a nameless admiral) that helped to build both victory and the MacArthur pedestal? If MacArthur was as responsible as a commander in chief must be for the presence and the wisest utilization of such brilliant aides as he had, he is also responsible for those long in power around him who kept the lights of all others firmly beneath the proverbial bushel, and reserved the spotlight, full time, for the big boss alone. They were the long-time "MacArthur men," like Brigadier General Diller, his public relations chief, who on Leyte could rule off the

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air the recorded remarks of an admiral and ringingly proclaim that "nothing shall be said or done this day to detract from the personal publicity or glorification of the commander in chief!"

MacArthur, of course, had the only speech that the world was to hear of that day — though the Navy, having delivered him and his army on the beach, was then on the verge of the great Battle of the Philippine Sea, the victory that broke the backbone of the Japanese Navy and without which the Army would have found itself shortly in another Bataan. The speech was historic, and it was classical MacArthur. "People of the Philippines," he said, "I have returned. By the grace of Almighty God, our forces stand again on Philippine soil. . . Rally to me. Let the indomitable spirit of Bataan and Corregidor lead on. As the lines of battle roll forward to bring you within the zone of operations, arise and strike! . . . For your homes and hearths, strike! In the name of your sacred dead, strike! Let no heart be faint. Let every arm be steeled. The guidance of Divine God points the way. Follow in His name to the Holy Grail of righteous victory!"

They were the men, too, who could encourage the once all-soldier MacArthur to dally disturbingly, for a general in the field, with the Hearst-McCormick-Patterson lads and other hate-Roosevelt politicians looking so desperately for a hero-candidate to build up for the 1944 election. And they were the men, to the GI's outrage, who could and did assign signal corps intelligence strength to monitoring MacArthur's greatest rival, the United States Navy, as assiduously as they monitored the enemy.

But they were MacArthur's men. And he backed them as loyally and as uncritically as they backed him, so that it was possible, once the big leap to Tokyo had been made, for the same General Diller to say to his staff (as reported by Frank Kelley and Cornelius Ryan): "Thank you for helping me attain my goal of seeing that General MacArthur got credit for everything in the Pacific and making sure that he was appointed Supreme Commander!"

But MacArthur and his team paid off where it counted, on the battlefield. Success followed success, and, after some stubborn jockeying, MacArthur graduated from his limited old Southwest Pacific Command to an equal partnership with Admiral Nimitz in bossing the final year of the Pacific war. The wisdom of fighting for the Philippines instead of by-passing them will be debated by military

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strategists for years, but MacArthur won Roosevelt and the Joint Chiefs of Staff to his way of thinking. The reconquest was certainly a necessity for MacArthur: he had said he would return, and he was going to return. And it was, in much the same sense, something of a moral necessity for the United States. As in other areas, MacArthur (and the Navy) paid off in what the military experts praised as "brilliant campaigns, brilliantly executed" — though the rose-colored communiqués often jumped the geography of a desperately fighting American army by misleading miles and weeks, almost making it appear that only the MacArthurless Marines ever paid for their victories in blood. And it required the end of a campaign before the belatedly larger totals of American losses could be expected. But the intoxication of victory, even when it has been claimed in advance of achievement, is a sure opiate for the question raisers. MacArthur emerged, on the basis of his record, as one of our ablest generals, and, as he and his men had hoped, a natural for accepting the Japanese surrender and taking over Japan.

When MacArthur landed at Atsugi Airport on August 30, 1945, with only a handful of American forces then in Japan, he was taking what Winston Churchill called perhaps the greatest gamble of the war. At that moment in history there were 3,876,085 potentially hostile troops still under arms in the home islands, and there was worldwide fear and suspicion that the Japanese had baited a gigantic trap.

But MacArthur, confident that he knew the Japanese as no other foreigner could, landed with all the assurance of an emperor receiving his most loyal subjects. In amazingly short time the relation between him and the defeated Japanese had assumed that exact appearance, and he literally had the Japanese, as the GI's (and the economists) put it, humbly eating out of his magnanimous hand. He had begun his crowning role on the world stage: soldier turned statesman. Destiny had decreed that his father should play a great role in bringing democratic ideals to the Philippines, and that his son should star in preserving them. Destiny now had decreed (after some effective nudging from MacArthur) that Douglas MacArthur, the harsh warrior turned benevolent statesman, should bring democracy to Japan, nay, perhaps produce a working model of a state that might light the way to peace for all the world.

In short order MacArthur showered down on the stunned Japanese

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an array of glowing directives so liberal that their scholars might well have thought Thomas Jefferson himself had returned to earth. In four months, converting the Japanese War and Navy ministries into demobilization departments, he had disarmed and disbanded the 2,576,085 soldiers and 1,300,000 sailors then in Japanese uniform. And he had his agents systematically and effectively working over the inanimate body of the Japanese war machine, producing an impotence optimistically (but justifiably, with a few "ifs" thrown in) guaranteed to last for a good half century. Another administrative triumph was the spectacular efficiency with which the repatriation of overseas Japanese was organized, with some 6,000,000 having been dumped back into Japan within eighteen months.

MacArthur early took full title to his power as Supreme Commander, Allied Powers, and he has not had to brook any real interference from the eleven-Power Far Eastern Commission in faraway Washington, or the Allied Council, strictly advisory and not much more than a sounding board for Russian propaganda, in Tokyo. This has of course given him an enormous advantage denied to our more harassed viceroys in Germany, and accounts in part for such notable successes of the occupation as the speedy demilitarization, the translation of American reform directives into Japanese law, the embodiment of these reforms into a Japanese Constitution on which MacArthur himself lavished much loving and idealistic care, and the well-nigh perfect maintenance of law and order.

One-power control has been a necessary prop in MacArthur's role of moving like a god-above-it-all from the American Embassy to the marble splendor of his headquarters in the Dai Ichi building, arriving and departing by limousine, grandly impervious to the gapes and stares of worshipful Japanese throngs. It has made easier his statesmanlike design of giving the Japanese the blueprints for civil rights, a labor movement, a liberalized educational system, the abolition of State Shintoism and Emperor worship, agrarian reforms that may well produce hundreds of thousands of small landholders wedded to the democratic way, some lusty blows at the old feudal monopolists, the purges of the more militant militarists and nationalists, and the franchise to women. And it has made easier MacArthur's pushing and prodding and occasional bludgeoning of the Japanese into beginning to practice their blueprinted democracy themselves.

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The direction and some of the achievements of the occupation, in brief, have tended toward the magnificent. The measure of MacArthur's stature as a statesman may be seen in the fact that, in confidently shouldering a task that would blanch lesser men, he has incurred the bitter criticism of both the extreme left and the extreme right. Leftists, blind to the fact that uncontrolled turmoil in a feudal society might well result in fascism instead of democracy, have long been irate because MacArthur insisted on reforming Japan within a rigidly imposed framework of stability. Extreme rightists, concerned only with law and order and low wages and a profitable foreign trade, are positive that both the reforms and the purges went too far, and some businessmen in America also are patriotically indignant because Japan has not yet been opened to them on completely colonial terms. Somewhere in between these views future historians may be able to define more exactly the shortcomings and the achievements of MacArthur in the first four years of his rule in Japan.

But no one need wait for history to put the finger on the most glaring defect of MacArthur's performance in Japan. It is a triangular, interrelated defect. It is readily apparent, it has been apparent from the day the occupation began, and it was foreshadowed in his days as a general in the field: a failure to understand or respect the role of the free reporter in a democratic society, an instinctive conviction that all criticism is either completely unjustified, or, at best, inspired by malice alone, and an innately optimistic tendency, as in his war communiqués, to claim the objective before it has actually been taken. A philosophical student of government and one of the most widely read men ever to wear a uniform, MacArthur does possess a textbook knowledge of, and more than a textbook belief in, the value of a free press to a democratic state. And he has acted promptly to right obvious wrongs when the repercussions were grave enough to bring them to his personal attention.

But the men around him are constantly aware of what one friend has called MacArthur's "sincere inability to understand how anyone could possibly disagree with him," of his loathing of criticism (as powerful and instinctive as that of any prima donna or poet or novelist, reinforced by the steel-and-concrete prejudice of the brass-hat mind), of the deep hurt he sustains from any public suggestion that a MacArthur success might be only partial and not triumphantly

complete. With their eyes on their numbers, in the immemorial way of the Army, these men have invariably acted to "protect" their chief from the slings and arrows of a possibly outrageous press. The battlefield virtues of command, discipline, and death-defying conviction of righteousness are not easily adjustable to even a semicivilian society, and in the civil-military superstate of SCAP there has been no visible effort to adjust them. The unwritten order of the day, from the very beginning, has been that MacArthur's administration of our mission in Japan was an unqualified success; facts indicating something less than that were to remain hidden, if possible, and if some diligent reporter did dig them up and use them, there being no censorship of outgoing dispatches, he was to find his way made difficult by colonels and generals and department heads and clerks retreating behind a blank wall of fictional ignorance or "military security."

MacArthur, on occasion, and Washington, with more lasting effect, has moved to correct the more conspicuous abuses of the rights of a free press. But the background pattern and the commanding personality that inspired the abuses have not changed. The occupation of Japan, of course, has not been a complete and triumphant success; a semifeudal society has not been converted into a democratic state overnight, some of our policies and some of our achievements there are open to critical debate, and a number of able working newspapermen have so reported. This led MacArthur, at one time, into an expressed belief that the correspondents of such newspapers as *The Christian Science Monitor* and *The New York Herald Tribune*, among others, were either Communists or conscious followers of "the party line"! Confronted with a respectable opinion to the contrary, he welcomed it graciously, admitting that he had never read the rationally critical dispatches of the correspondents under discussion, but had derived his opinion from the reports of his subordinates—a capsule commentary in itself on MacArthur and on some of the men with whom he screens the base of his imposing pedestal.

The work of diligent reporters in the field may lift the screen at times, revealing that more than marble meets the eye. But MacArthur has his own ingenious technique for offsetting such revelations and for keeping public attention centered on the pure marble (or the floodlighted illusion thereof) in the superstructure. It is a double-barreled technique: in one barrel, the regular official reports, the

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MacArthur statements, the word from on high; in the other, a flattering variation of the same obtained from the brass hats of the press, editors and publishers brought to Tokyo by invitation and subjected, willingly, to The Treatment. The Treatment, always on the very highest level, involves a few crowded days of conducted sight-seeing, partying, well-staged interviews, bales of glowing reports from which even a publisher can write a string of readable pieces when he returns home, and an off-the-record session with MacArthur himself. The last, of course, is the pay-off.

In war and in peace MacArthur has given evidence that he mortally fears the give-and-take of the press conference, that he has little or no time for the working reporter, that foot soldier of the press. He has rejected, as he did during the war, every suggestion that he subject himself and his stewardship to the democratic rigors of a regularly scheduled press conference, that he let the front-line representatives of the people's right-to-know have at him with their questions and put him on record. And the knowledge of his aversion has led his inferiors to make him all but inaccessible to most of the working press. But he is a different man with the journalistic brass hats, flatteringly honored as the civilian equivalents of generals, or with the rare reporter, so distinguished or so potentially useful or so recordedly sympathetic or so accidentally fortunate that he, too, is accorded the pay-off of The Treatment.

Not the least of MacArthur's great talents is his persuasiveness, and, if it is true that he is one of the greatest actors of our times, his best performances undoubtedly are those reserved for the select few admitted to the splendor of his headquarters office or the coziness of his Embassy library. The props of the gold-braided cap, the corn-cob pipe, and the public aloofness fade into the background. MacArthur the Great remains, with the aggressive chin, the flashing eye, the pounding fist, the readily rolling phrase, the incisive mind. But it is a variable MacArthur — by turns genial, kindly, joking, confidential, judicious, or rhetorically indignant, as the controlled drift of the conversation demands. And it is conversation, not monologue, despite the legend. One gets a clearer picture of the mixture of hauteur, firmness, and condescending kindness with which he has treated the Japanese. Amazingly enough, one also gets an occasional disarming admission (off the record, naturally) of some imperfection

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or other in MacArthur's realm, an admission that might well freeze the blood of some of his loyal subordinates, though neatly placed in favorable perspective. But the over-all picture, of course, is the MacArthur picture, and the impact of MacArthur's personality and skilled performance is so overwhelming that even the most obstreperous publisher is likely to forget the imperfections and return to the United States an influential convert to the legend that MacArthur's in heaven and all's right with the world, or at least with that part of it ruled by the Supreme Commander. And the official picture of our occupation of Japan as a well-nigh perfect success is enlarged and embellished.

All of this is doubly tragic, of course. A public convinced that our billions and MacArthur's genius have already achieved the miracles hoped for in Japan will hardly support the long occupation or costly supervision needed to make our reforms endure, or interest itself in the need for more reform. Such a public, moreover, will not be remotely prepared for the grand failure that still remains a possibility. And all of it tends to reduce the stature of a man who has proved himself a great general, a great administrator, and, it may yet be, a great statesman.

There is one famous American general who said yes, he had served under MacArthur — he had “studied dramatics under him for years.” There is another, a junior to MacArthur in the Pacific campaigns, who explained his own island-hopping successes in these words, and he thought they applied to his GI's too: “To hate the Japanese was enough for the landing, and maybe for the first day or two. But you had to have more than that to keep going. Then you remembered the guys back at the nearest headquarters — and the Japanese paid for that, because then nothing could stop you!” But despite his limitations, his lack of a personality universally endearing, his mania for the happy ending without reading the book, his weakness for sycophants, and his crippling objections to criticism and to the essential role of a free press — despite all these things, his solid achievements suggest that no other general, and certainly no civilian, could have served his country in Japan one-half as well as has Douglas MacArthur.

And MacArthur has promised to see the job through. Still vigorous, erect, and possessed of purposeful ambition as he nears seventy, he has no intention of retiring. His enemies say this is because he prefers

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to remain where he is, the most powerful man in all the vast space between Washington and Moscow, rather than return to the homeland he has not seen in a dozen years and become but one more general on the shelf. His friends, and some of his critics, say it is otherwise: a mystical conviction of destiny, a lifelong devotion to duty, will keep him on the job. Only a destiny stronger than his own conviction will ever move Douglas MacArthur.

THE MAN WHO UNLOCKED THE ATOMIC DOOR:

ROBERT OPPENHEIMER

By STEPHEN WHITE

STEPHEN WHITE, Boston born and Harvard Class of '36, drifted deviously into the newspaper business by way of gold mining, truck driving and play-writing for a marionette theater. He came to the New York Herald Tribune from the Boston Herald in 1944. From 1946 until he joined the Trib's foreign staff in 1948 he specialized in stories interpreting the science front for the lay reader.

IN THE dusty mesa village of Los Alamos, New Mexico, during the war years, were completed two great achievements: the atom bomb and J. Robert Oppenheimer. As operating accomplishments, it is at least questionable whether either could have come into being without the other. This remains true in spite of the fact that Oppenheimer is no great friend to the atom bomb, and it may be that the atom bomb, in its own inanimate way, has no fundamental fondness for Oppenheimer. Yet they are bound together in a sort of hostile symbiosis: each a creature of the other.

This is not to suggest that Oppenheimer was born and grew to his present stringy six feet during those brief months in the desert. But neither did the atom bomb spring into any sudden existence. The idea of the atom bomb, and some general impression of the form it would ultimately take if ever it were achieved, had been growing in the minds of physicists for the better part of a generation. All of them knew, with more or less accuracy, the immense powers lying latent in the nucleus of the atom, and all of them had a fairly accurate idea of how much these latent powers, once released, might achieve.

And these same physicists had an equally accurate foreknowledge of what was lying latent in Oppenheimer. In him, too, they saw immense powers waiting only for the proper assortment of circum-

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stances to call them forth. The difficulty was that nobody, except the physicists, cared much about either the atom or Robert Oppenheimer; a misdirection of attention, the physicists thought, that was not entirely balanced by the fact that they themselves cared very much indeed about both.

It took the urgency of a great war to create the weapon and the public figure. In September, 1939, atomic energy was a theory of the pure scientist, and Oppenheimer was a professor of physics on the West Coast. Six years later, with a month to spare, the atom bomb was a half understood, wholly feared new weapon, and Oppenheimer was being recognized as its creator, its apologist and its enemy, all in one.

Today, a decade has passed since 1939. The bomb is a part of the world we live in. It is a factor in international affairs, a weapon in pressure politics, and a secret terror to the man who dares look nakedly on what it is capable of doing to the world in which we live.

And the decade has been no less eventful for the man than for the theory. Oppenheimer is director of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton — in its way one of the world's great organizations devoted to the pursuit of intellectual achievement. He is chairman of the General Advisory Committee of the Atomic Energy Commission and technical adviser to the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission. Ten years ago he was a contributor to *Physical Review*. Today he writes for *Foreign Affairs Quarterly*.

The titles, in this particular case, measure a real weightiness. Oppenheimer is not merely a decoration for a letterhead or a masthead — he plays an active role wherever he participates. He is, in short, likely to be quite as important to the future of atomic energy as he has been to its past. Inevitably he will be listened to — in technical matters because he is pre-eminently well informed, in political matters because he has proved himself to be both knowing and shrewd.

He has come a long way from the obscurity that necessarily wraps a man engaged in the intricacies of theoretical physics. But he has not yet emerged all the way into the public consciousness — he is known, but he is not yet understood. The chances are that he will never be entirely understood — even by Oppenheimer himself.

It would be difficult to find a more complex subject for a profile.

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Perhaps the only entirely simple thing that Oppenheimer has ever done was to be born. This event took place on April 22, 1904, in New York, where his father was a well-to-do textile importer and a shrewd judge of art. The origins of the family were German-Jewish, but there was no great affection for the matter on either side of the hyphen. Julius Oppenheimer had wasted no time becoming an American citizen, and his children were brought up in that watery dogma, Ethical Culture — the halfway stage between abandoning Judaism and embracing something more convenient.

His childhood, by most standards, came well furnished. The family was an intellectual one, in which a boy who showed a taste for knowledge and culture would be sure of encouragement. It possessed also the funds with which to make the pursuit of culture possible. Young Robert Oppenheimer (the J. stands for nothing) quickly developed into a quiet, studious boy — perhaps even grew to fit his own description of “unctuous and repulsively good.” His contact with books became most of his life, and his contact with other young people fell away to nothing. For what it is worth, he still catches and throws a ball like a schoolgirl.

His education was largely personal, but on the formal side was gathered through the instrumentalities of the Ethical Culture school. By graduation time he had managed to collect a rather intimate knowledge of Greek and Latin, was writing bad sonnets in French, and had begun to find his way through the labyrinths of mathematics and the sciences. He had become a better than average mineralogist and was quite capable of discussing Plato's *Republic*.

His next step was Harvard, where he satisfied all the prodigious legends that preceded him there. He won his degree in three years of “A's,” and left behind him the reputation of once having said: “It was so hot today the only thing I could do was lie on my bed and read Jeans's *Dynamical Theory of Gases*.” This legend may be apocryphal, but it fits the subject too well to be ignored.

From Harvard he went on to Cambridge and finally to Göttingen, where he took his doctor's degree with a brilliant paper on quantum physics. After a brief period of further study in Europe, he returned to the United States, and ultimately to the University of California in Berkeley.

One characteristic of these years should not be omitted. He was,

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from childhood, painfully timid and ill at ease among even intimates. "He was so shy while at Cambridge," a colleague recalls, "that it was almost impossible for him to leave his room." There is a real connection between this huge shyness and the man's attainments, although it is difficult to tell which is the begetter and which the begot. A man whose interests are both deep and widespread is almost necessarily to be found much of the time absorbed within himself. Conversely, the shy man is exactly the man who seeks to compensate by private achievement for lack of outward graces.

It was this excessively shy young man who settled down in Berkeley in 1929 with the reputation of a coming man in physics. Berkeley soon became the home of a new kind of physics, dominated by Ernest Lawrence and his machine shops — a kind of physics in which highly engineered machinery made possible dazzling experiments on the frontiers of physics. There were problems daily that called for a theoretician's hand, and Oppenheimer coped with them with easy competence. There was also the growing complexity of cosmic rays, to the study of which he made frequent contributions.

Above all, there was his work with graduate students. The shy professor lacked no confidence when it came to physics. He understood physics, and he loved physics; it quickly became apparent that he could convey both the understanding and the love. He was exacting, perhaps, and not always tolerant of minds that were slower than his own to grasp an essential, but he was master of his subject, and he was able to transmit the meat of his mastery. His students were the chosen men of an exacting field, who had come to Berkeley for graduate work where the best physics was being done. They found in Oppenheimer a man who knew physics better than they had ever dreamed physics could be known, and who loved it with an intensity that dwarfed even their own great passions. It was only natural that in most cases they should come to confuse Oppenheimer with physics, and adore the two impartially.

As a direct result of these years, the United States today is full of young physicists whose principal goal is mimicry of Oppenheimer. They have adopted his custom of whispering their most precious comments, of pausing for nervous snorts between sentences, of eschewing the simple phrase "That is difficult" in favor of the more roundabout "This is not simple." There are even those among them

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who wear pork-pie hats. But best of all, more than a handful have mimicked some of the master's more solid mannerisms; they have made themselves first-rate physicists and well-rounded men of the world.

Oppenheimer played the rôle of professor and inspiration for ten years, and when the war began he had become an institution. In the world of physics, Oppenheimer was a man of major stature. If he had made, in more familiar fields, the impress he had made upon his science, his name would have been a household word. But in 1939 only physicists knew and cared about Oppenheimer, and physicists were queer men who wrote technical papers with such mystifying titles as "Probability of an $(n, 2n)$ Reaction in Heavy Nuclei." By that year, Oppenheimer had helped to people the United States with good physicists. Even then that appeared an extraordinary pedagogical achievement; today it appears primarily as the preparatory stage of his greater achievement at Los Alamos.

That he should have been chosen for the job is surprising in the first place. Los Alamos, like Oak Ridge, was to be half-factory, half-laboratory. Oppenheimer was neither a factory man nor a laboratory man — he was an ivory-tower theoretician. His eminence in physics was great, but it was the Army that was calling the tune, and in earlier decisions the army had shown a leaning for Nobel Prize winners and others whose achievements were more readily assessable than Oppenheimer's. Further, Oppenheimer was not greatly loved by those members of the scientific fraternity who had access to the important offices in Washington: he was the hero of the younger physicists, but still not the confidant of the older men.

In spite of all this, General Leslie R. Groves chose Oppenheimer to head Los Alamos. General Groves has been much abused, but his country owes him much, and this was not the least of his contributions. If there is one point concerning the atom bomb that goes without contradiction, it is this: without Oppenheimer in charge of Los Alamos, it is probable that there would have been no atom bomb. This is a sweeping statement, but it rests on the unanimous tributes of the men who worked there and the men who sweated it out at other sites in the United States. Oppenheimer's friends always come back to this point; those who are not his friends have never denied it.

Los Alamos, when he went there, was no friendly place. Physically

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it was — and remains — one degree removed from impossible. Neither Oppenheimer nor Groves had any idea of the large force that would be necessary to develop the bomb. Seeking security, they had chosen — largely because of Oppenheimer's old love for the New Mexican desert — a lonely, inaccessible mesa in which perhaps 100 men could have been made quickly comfortable. There was no water on the mesa, and it was fifteen miles to the nearest railroad, over a bad road. Ultimately on this inhospitable site some 10,000 men, women and children were crowded. Today, six years later, attempts are still being made at great expense to make Los Alamos habitable and safe.

Here Oppenheimer was technical director. Under him were hundreds of physicists, ranging from such exceptional men as Enrico Fermi to the rawest graduate student. Primarily an aggregation of individualists, they had to work day in and day out as a team. Hostile from the heart to regimentation, they were reminded at every moment that they were under army control. Brought up with a respect for the amenities of life, and most of them the products of large cities and large university towns, they felt themselves abandoned in the loneliest of deserts. Family life was carried on in substandard shacks and barracks. The outside world was closed to them — even their best friends were not permitted to know where they were. Working and living together daily brought all the momentary exacerbations of enforced association. Potentially Los Alamos was almost as explosive as the bomb to which its efforts were devoted.

But Los Alamos did not explode, and the bomb did. The difference was Oppenheimer, and Oppenheimer almost alone. His title was technical director, and his functions were presumably those of the physicist. Actually, the contributions he made to the bomb itself, as a physical machine, must always be considered secondary to the social function he played at Los Alamos. The true extent of his scientific contribution, in fact, may never be known: science at Los Alamos is something that is discussed only in generalities. I have heard it said that he made one of the really critical suggestions; beyond this rumor I know nothing. In any case, there was a world of physicists at Los Alamos, and if Oppenheimer had not made any given suggestion it is at least highly probable that another man would have done so sooner or later. But no one but Oppenheimer would have been the social philosopher and practitioner who could

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keep the contradictions of Los Alamos from blowing it apart.

To Oppenheimer came all the problems under which men were harassed in that dusty prison. From Oppenheimer came all the solutions, or at least the appearance of a solution, or at the very worst the loan of strength that would permit the man to go on. Was a marriage breaking up? Tell Oppy. Did the project director misunderstand the nature of the delicate problem? Tell Oppy. Was the army interfering in a private life? Tell Oppy.

For more than two years every problem came to Oppy. He worked a long day at physics, a long day at administration, a long day at sociology. His weight fell below 120 pounds and kept falling. The lean face became lined, and the hair began to gray. If Oppenheimer clutched at a post in the Jornada del Muerto that day when the atom bomb first lit the morning sky, it was because a man who has kept himself erect so long fears to fall when the strain is over. Oppenheimer had done a physicist's work because he was a physicist. He had been able to serve as intermediary between the army and his staff because he was a civilian. Finally, he had done the sociologist's work because he was Oppenheimer.

He had kept Los Alamos functioning through sheer strength. When he left it, a few weeks after the end of the war, Los Alamos fell apart. True, the end of the war had stripped the city of its urgency — even with Oppenheimer it might have fallen apart. What we know beyond a doubt is that without him it collapsed — four years later it is still a major job to patch it together again.

During the days at Los Alamos, there was still another activity in progress — one that was perhaps more recreational than the basic business of the city but that was nevertheless of major importance. Unlike most of the men and women working on the atom bomb, the Los Alamos group knew exactly what it was doing. It may have been possible for men to hold high-ranking positions at Oak Ridge and yet know nothing of the bomb that they were helping bring into being — certainly nothing in a quantitative sense. At Los Alamos, the nature of the work made such excessive compartmentation out of the question.

Knowing the momentous program they were carrying to fulfillment, the men at Los Alamos — thoughtful men by nature — gave over much of their leisure to debating, analyzing and planning the

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future. They were building a monster with which the world would have to live, and inevitably they thought constantly of the kind of world it would be, and of the protections it would need.

Here, too, they turned to Oppenheimer for leadership. Under him they constituted an unusual group of social thinkers. They were most of all unusual in that they were grappling with perhaps the greatest social and political problem ever to face civilization — and they were grappling with it quite alone. Of all the world, only they knew what the problem was, and for more than two years it was a problem they were not permitted to share.

Out of their discussions there grew a fairly coherent set of principles. The nature of the problem, the size of the problem, the generalities of domestic control of atomic energy and the necessities of a workable international control — all these were explored and fairly generally met. When the war ended and the Smyth Report set boundaries for a permissible public attention to the matter of the atom bomb, Los Alamos was well equipped to talk about it.

Los Alamos came out of hiding quickly. Less than a month after the bomb became a matter for public discussion, a meeting was arranged for the press at Jornada del Muerto. The men were strange, and they bore inconsequential names. But everyone noticed the tall man in the pork-pie hat, to whom his colleagues turned for all the answers. He was a friendly looking man, who talked and listened with his head tipped slightly to one side, so that nothing might be missed for lack of attention. The face was slim and ascetic, but it lighted up when he smiled. He smoked as he talked, and because he did both at once in his insistence to produce all the necessary words, inevitably he burst into a fit of coughing. Then, for a while, he did all three together.

He has not changed much since then. The hair is grayer, and the face not nearly as youthful as it was four years ago. But the problems he faces are four years older, too, and perhaps not nearly as simple as they seemed when he discussed them that day in the desert.

It might have been better if the accord created at Los Alamos among the scientists by Oppenheimer had survived the war. It soon became clear that it had not. The scientists shared a common awareness and a common hope, but it became quickly evident that they did not share a common program.

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The thesis of the group led by Oppenheimer, although it was never explicitly stated and perhaps has not been entirely understood even by its leaders, envisaged action upon the government by action upon the men who were the government. Just as Oppenheimer had dealt with General Groves and Vannevar Bush during the war, he wished to deal with their successors during the peace. As technical director he had been listened to. Now, as an aware and informed leader of a scientific fraternity, he hoped to be listened to once more.

Against him were quickly ranged the scientists who wished to go directly to the people. They planned — and carried out — an immense campaign of education. They wrote and spoke and drew pictures. They sought to bring pressure upon the government by a public awareness that would end in a public demand. To a limited extent, they became a political party, with all the characteristics of a political splinter group except funds.

It is early yet to say which was right and which wrong. Perhaps both roads were essential ones. The scientists who became so determinedly vocal achieved a purpose — they made the atom bomb known to the country for what it was, and perhaps for something more than it was. In doing so they infuriated most of those who, in the army and the government, were faced with direct responsibility for the atom bomb. This, perhaps, was a price that had to be paid for free untrammelled national discussion of the great problem.

Oppenheimer's own course, it soon became evident, would carry him in a different direction. When the War Department proposed the May-Johnson bill as a program for domestic control of atomic energy, they were able to win Oppenheimer's support. It was only natural: the bill would have continued the hierarchy of the Manhattan District, and Oppenheimer was close to that hierarchy. But the crusading scientists saw in it — rightfully — the threat of continued military domination and leaped to the attack. In the end, they won, or in any case they thought they won. The victory was deceptive — actually the MacMahon Bill (under which control is now exercised), whatever it was when it was first drafted, ended as a revised version of the May-Johnson Bill.

Under it Oppenheimer remained a power. As first and so far only chairman of the General Advisory Committee, he has the major technical post within the Atomic Energy Commission. Being Oppen-

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heimer, his influence goes far beyond technical matters; David E. Lilienthal leans on him as heavily as he can, and Oppenheimer's hand can be seen in more than the physics.

Meanwhile, there was the matter of international control to be considered. In 1946 a committee, under David E. Lilienthal, was set up to study the matter. One of its five members was Oppenheimer, and inevitably the final report was largely Oppenheimer's ideas clothed in Oppenheimer's language. This report forms the basis of the Baruch Plan, for which the Western nations are still fighting in the UN. It is actually the fruit of those long evenings in Los Alamos, when Oppenheimer led discussions about the necessary and sufficient conditions for a stable postwar accord with the atom. To a large extent, the Los Alamos discussions have become the essentials of the East-West division; they created the stand that the United States finally decided upon, and their general unacceptability to the Russians has been a large factor in dividing the world.

Actually, the Lilienthal Report divides into two separate matters. One of them is the belief — philosophical, perhaps — that in this package is wrapped a proposal that America can make without sacrifice of security; that Russia can accept without loss of sovereignty or of the benefits that nuclear power may some day bring; that will, in short, create a peaceful world without damaging either of the two great Powers. This may be true, and it may not — the question is, meaningless at the moment since Russia clearly does not plan to agree on the terms that were rather bluntly offered. The Los Alamos hope was that the proposal could offer, with complete safety, so much to Russia that Russia could not afford to refuse. That was clearly a mistaken hope.

The second portion of the report sets out the technical minima for a safe world: the basic control that would be necessary to assure that no international agreement was breached. This, too, was Oppenheimer's work, and as it was later amplified in the technical sessions of the UN Atomic Energy Commission it continued to feel Oppenheimer's influence. It has not been shaken in attack: as a technical analysis of a complicated situation it is beyond reproach.

That the Lilienthal Report has come to almost nothing is certainly regrettable. It is, nevertheless, an epoch-making state paper: the first in which technical matters condition every phrase; the first in which

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a major nation offered to give away its monopoly of a major weapon; the first that spelled out more than a bargain and more than a group of pious phrases, but instead a rational hope. Whatever the title page may say, it was Oppenheimer who created the Report, and Oppenheimer who made it a living document. To the extent that it has not solved the problem it was designed to meet, it has been largely a failure. But no future report will be unaffected by this one, and to this extent its influence may be immeasurable.

During these postwar years Oppenheimer was living in Berkeley, and spending most of his time en route to the East and back again. By the end of 1947, this began to seem a feeble manner of passing time. California and his magnificent home overlooking both the Golden Gate and the Bay Bridges meant much to Oppenheimer — he still owns the home and hopes one day to go back to it. But his work was increasingly in the East, and the offer to become director of the Institute for Advanced Study seemed made to order.

At the Institute, he can operate smoothly upon all his interests. Washington is a few hours to the south, Lake Success a few hours to the north, and the proper ears appear from time to time for the profit that lies in Oppenheimer's whispers.

He has not forgotten physics — his first act, when he took over from Dr. Frank Aydelotte, was to remove the prints and etchings from the largest wall in the director's office, and replace them with an immense blackboard. (A blackboard is the basic tool of the theoretical physicist. On it he can scribble his equations, walk around them and mutter; he can show them off to his colleagues; best of all, he can erase them.) At Princeton, he has gathered many of the best young physicists, and added from time to time such luminaries as Bohr from Copenhagen, Yukawa from Japan, von Laue from Germany, Dirac from England. It is a growing school, and may be a meaningful one. For many years, Copenhagen under Bohr has been the world capital of theoretical physics, but capitals change, and Bohr spends much of his time in Princeton these days.

Just across one of New Jersey's finest meadows is Olden Manor, where the director of the Institute lives. It is not Eagle Hill, Berkeley, but Oppenheimer has made a home that he loves in Olden Manor. Here he plays the host, mixing powerful Martinis with powerful company, and here, with more and more difficulty, he struggles to

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keep enough of his time free to regain a little of the old California domestic life with his charming, bright wife Kitty and his two children, a grave eight-year-old son and a dramatic little daughter.

Since the days of Los Alamos, he has written much, spoken much, and chatted much. The importance of the chats must not be underestimated. Oppenheimer is one of the few scientists who can talk to statesmen in their own language. He has, when he is on firm ground, a gift for felicitous expression that is of the highest order. And he is always convincing — almost hypnotically so. I remember once a group of distinguished scientists — most of them Oppenheimer's peers in their own field — who were discussing a half-technical, half-political matter concerning the actions of Werner Heisenberg in postwar Germany. They were unanimous until Oppenheimer arrived and joined the conversation. He took at once the opposite side and in a matter of minutes had convinced the group he was right and they were wrong. Then he left the room again. The spell vanished. Ten minutes later the group was once more unanimous in its original opinion.

It was almost shameful but it was inevitable. Oppenheimer is an overwhelming individual. Whether or not he thinks better than some of his colleagues, he thinks extraordinarily fast — and his errors are never gross ones. His dialectic may not be unanswerable, but Oppenheimer will offer in a matter of seconds arguments that need a day of analysis before the more pedestrian mind can counter them. This prodigiousness is almost nonhuman, and there are many who are affected by it in just that way. A physicist, a member of a technical session over which Oppenheimer was presiding, emerged once saying: "Terrifying. Absolutely terrifying." It is not an unusual reaction!

It is terrifying first because it is so all-embracing, and second because it all seems so unanswerable. Oppenheimer speaks beautifully and with a sort of specious clarity. The least knowing of his hearers leaves the room with the firm impression that he has understood clearly each concept that Oppenheimer has presented. The hypnosis does not last forever, but it leaves the subject with a sense of massive shock.

"Oppenheimer speaks beautifully," I have written. No one who was present will ever forget his appearance before a Senate committee investigating the problems of subsidizing science. Before

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Oppenheimer, scientist after scientist had sought to convince the Senators that no basic research had been done during the war. The Senators could not be convinced. "What about the atom bomb and radar?" they kept repeating. The scientists would try to point out that these were not basic science, and the Senators shook their heads unbelievably. There was no meeting of minds.

Then Oppenheimer came to testify. There was the same statement about wartime science, the same uncomprehending "What about the atom bomb and radar?" Oppenheimer leaned forward. "Look," he said quietly, "when the war began we had this tree with lots of ripe fruit on it. And for five years we have been shaking this tree." There was a moment of stunned silence, and the Senators looked at each other and nodded. They never asked that question again.

At least on a par was his answer to a radio interviewer, when questions about the atom bomb that now seem trite needed asking and answering daily. "Dr. Oppenheimer," said the interviewer, "is there any defense against the atom bomb?"

"Certainly," said Oppenheimer.

The interviewer leaned forward expectantly. "And that is —?" he asked.

Oppenheimer paused just the right length of time. Then into the microphone he whispered, "Peace."

This is Oppenheimer at his best. To have him at his worst, you must ask him a question he does not want to answer, or a question whose answer eludes him for the moment. "Dr. Oppenheimer," you might say, "exactly how do you feel about Russian progress on the bomb?"

"This," Dr. Oppenheimer will reply, "is not at all to be considered otherwise than an inquiry which, while not wholly trivial, is such that the wise man will neither deny a refusal not to speak clearly, or in doing so will encounter matters that are something beyond a momentary consideration!" I just made that sentence up, and on rereading I see that I have failed. It is far too forthright for Oppenheimer in his Henry James mood. Worst of all, he can write in the same style. His article in *Foreign Affairs* last year comprises page after page of this turgid prose carefully concealing the fact that the piece had virtually nothing to say.

It may appear that this account of his accomplishments in social and political affairs does not entirely square with the concurrent

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picture of a shy man who has won to few of his goals. The contradiction lies in the subject, rather than in the account. Perhaps when he was younger he was a simpler man, who could be set down merely as excessively brilliant and excessively shy.

Shyness continues to exist as a motivating force for much that he does, but he has succeeded to a surprising extent in driving traces of it from the surface. In some directions, the shyness has worn off. Before the war, he was at his ease with physicists because there was a common interest in physics, and he knew physics better than any of them. Today he is at his ease in foreign affairs because there exists a common interest in the atom bomb, and beyond a doubt he knows more about the bomb than anyone else in the world.

Talk about physics to Oppenheimer, or about the bomb, or about public affairs connected with the bomb, and he is no longer shy. Talk to him about any other matter of moment — of art or music or literature — and the complexities begin to come out.

He is least comfortable when he must take part in matters he is not quite certain about. When circumstances force him to do so, he seeks first to assert a dominance of some sort. *Time* last year had an account of Oppenheimer which it followed, a week later, with a description of the manner in which it was gathered. The afterthought was more revealing than the story itself, for it quoted Oppenheimer as saying to the reporter: "You ask all the wrong questions." This is pure vintage Oppenheimer; until he has established the fact that he is the superior reporter, the interview cannot proceed.

But these are small flaws in a vibrant personality, and perhaps the flaws that flow naturally from the fact that he has true eminence. Reading over this account of him, I am conscious primarily of its inevitable deficiencies. It is next to impossible to set down on paper all the devious qualities that make up the subtle personality that is Oppenheimer. If these words convey that he is an important man, an influential man, and above all a good man, the account is essentially accurate. Other matters are interesting, but in the light of the whole Oppenheimer they are — to use his own favorite word — "trivial."

THE ROAD TO RECOVERY: PAUL HOFFMAN

By HELEN P. KIRKPATRICK

HELEN KIRKPATRICK, who holds American and French decorations for her wartime reporting, has functioned in the foreign field ever since she went to work as a stringer for the New York Herald Tribune at the League of Nations in the thirties. There is scarcely a capital in Europe, from Paris to Moscow, she has not covered since, either for the Chicago Daily News or the New York Post. Now with the State Department as Washington commentator for the Voice of America, she spent eight months in the Washington Bureau of the New York Post watching Paul Hoffman build up his ECA organization.

EUROPE has known Americans of Paul Hoffman's stamp for the past half-century. The chunky, dynamic former President of Studebaker is the epitome of the hard-driving American supersalesman. But never before has the world — or the United States — been engaged in quite the business venture Paul Hoffman organized in April 1948, when he took on the job of administering billions of dollars for the economic recovery of Western Europe.

Compared with Hoffman's task, those of Herbert Hoover and Charles Dawes after World War I, dealing with war relief and reparations, were minuscule operations, yet at the time their work seemed tremendous and highly unorthodox from the viewpoint of traditional American isolationism.

If the conception of the Marshall Plan was a breath-taking departure from American traditionalism, so also was the appointment of a staunch anti-New Deal Republican to run the biggest pump-priming operation ever undertaken by any nation. The threat of war, and war itself, had been adequate reason for Republicans like Frank Knox, John G. Winant and others to be asked, and to accept, public office under a Democratic President. But in 1948 the war was over, and American industry, fearful of socialism abroad, was struggling at

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home against the extension of wartime controls and the encroachments of government on private enterprise.

President Truman and Secretary of State Marshall, in consultation with Secretary of Commerce Averell Harriman, considered all aspects of the European Recovery Program. To give it a reasonable chance of success, the full four-year program, outlined by the State and Commerce Departments and the sixteen European nations, needed continued Congressional support. In 1948 Congress was Republican, and all signs (including the pollsters) pointed to an incoming Republican administration. The senior Republican Senator, Arthur Vandenberg, had accepted the principle of Marshall aid, but wider Republican support would be needed. Even if Congress would commit itself — and the United States — to a four-year program, the cooperation of American industry would still be essential. White House conferences pointed strongly to the need for a dynamic industrialist of Republican persuasion.

Hoffman's record showed that he had all those qualifications, plus the imagination and breadth of vision that other Republican industrialists seemed to lack. He had been instrumental in setting up, in 1942, the Committee for Economic Development, composed of a group of leading businessmen who foresaw the complexity of postwar problems, the inevitability of vast economic readjustments, and the necessity for seeking solutions to them.

The way in which Hoffman, as chairman of that Committee, had tackled the job suggested that he combined an open mind with the administrative ability and business acumen that had created a \$350,000,000-a-year business out of a bankrupt corporation. His war production record was outstanding, and he had been ably conducting, at the request of the Army, a survey of the industrial potential of Japan and the economic situation in Korea.

Hoffman was in fact in Japan when he was selected, and the call to Washington reached him as he landed in Honolulu in April. Within thirty-six hours, he had seen the President and accepted the assignment.

The modern office building on H Street in Washington, where ECA is located, quickly assumed, under Hoffman's direction, an air of hectic activity associated more with wartime agencies than with the other staid government departments. In it, Hoffman gathered some

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of the brightest young men from the State, Treasury and Commerce Departments as well as from industry. The machinery creaked audibly at times; bureaucratic methods and civil service red tape occasionally snarled up proceedings; but Hoffman boasted that the organization was virtually as efficient as if it were a private business.

Into ECA poured the requests of foreign governments for cotton, tractors and machine tools. Around its tables the mission chiefs pleaded the causes of the countries to which they were assigned. From its cubicle-like offices, purchase orders and drafts on banks went out to manufacturers, farmers and purchasing commissions. Hoffman made periodic trips to the Hill — to testify before Senate or House Committees — to sell Congress on the need for more funds and to report on the marked progress toward recovery he had found on his latest tour of ECA areas.

He demonstrated the same skill in handling Congress that had marked his career in the automobile business, and he managed, in a city of intrigue, to remain remarkably aloof and yet effective.

Paul Gray Hoffman, son of George Delos and Eleanor Brown Hoffman, was born in Chicago in April, 1891. His father, an engineer, a specialist in heating and an inventor, was, on a smaller scale, as successful in this field as the son later became in the automotive industry. The Hoffman Specialty Company, the father's concern, is still today one of the leading firms in Chicago in the heating business.

Young Paul grew up in LaGrange and went through Lyons Township High School with the firm intention of becoming a lawyer when he entered the University of Chicago. But he stayed only one year and left at the age of seventeen to work for the Chicago distributor of the Halliday car. Hoffman admits today that cars had fascinated him from the moment he saw the first horseless buggy chugging through the suburbs of Chicago. But his rejection of law as a career came as a result of more practical considerations. A friend of his had already completed law school and begun work with a very successful Chicago firm. The young clerk was doing very well, and being well paid by law standards of that period, but he was only making ten dollars a week.

"Five more years of school in order to earn ten dollars a week," Hoffman relates. "No sir, I decided to start making more money sooner than that."

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Hoffman started as an errand boy but he soon moved up to selling cars. Two years later, in 1911, his family moved to Los Angeles, and Paul followed them to work for the local Studebaker dealer. Within four years Hoffman had become the sales manager of Studebaker's Los Angeles' branch and on the strength of that he married a local girl, Dorothy Brown. He had been branch manager of the Los Angeles' district for Studebaker only a few months when the United States entered the war and Hoffman volunteered as a private in the field artillery. He never got overseas but he was a first lieutenant when he was discharged in 1919. He returned to Los Angeles and bought out the retail branch of Studebaker.

Within six years Hoffman had built up an annual business of seven million dollars in the Los Angeles area and been named vice-president of the Studebaker Corporation. The Hoffmans left Los Angeles, but they have maintained their Pasadena home to this day. Established in South Bend, the thirty-six-year-old salesman took charge of all distribution for Studebaker cars and trucks.

It was undoubtedly his organization of the distribution and sales division of the corporation that served Hoffman in such good stead when Studebaker went into receivership in 1933, and Hoffman was named as one of the receivers. He and Harold Vance, another vice-president, pulled the corporation together within two years — a considerable feat at any time but especially in a period when automobile manufacturers were going under with frequency and finality. Hoffman became president and Vance vice-president of the reconstituted company.

Studebaker, like other big industries in the United States, virtually left the commercial field during World War II — doing 86 per cent of its \$350,000,000 production for the government. But by 1946, Hoffman's corporation, having completely retooled its plant, led all the other independent car and truck manufacturers in commercial output.

Although, or perhaps because, Hoffman had not finished his college education, he has always taken a great interest in, and had tremendous respect for, academic methods. He frequently discussed with his close friend, William Benton, then Vice-President of the University of Chicago and later Assistant Secretary of State, the need for more economic research related to business practice. It was in this vein that he approached the postwar problems under considera-

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tion by the Committee for Economic Development, whose chairman he became in 1942. Hoffman's strong preference for untrammelled free enterprise has been tempered by a recognition of the weaknesses inherent in the system and by a desire to find remedies for them.

Unlike most successful industrialists, Hoffman has no strong views on labor, dismissing the question with the somewhat bromidic comment that labor and management must get along together. He could, however, point with satisfaction to Studebaker's own record so far as labor is concerned. Hoffman's concern has long paid the highest wages in the industry and has a no-strike record.

Tirelessness and persuasiveness are probably the most striking characteristics of ECA's first chief. Even in repose, Hoffman's chunky figure and deep-set blue eyes give an impression of strength and energy. Contradictory though it may seem, Hoffman's unmistakable ebullience is of a quiet rather than a restless variety. He sits quietly at his desk, or conference table, relaxed but alert. No strumming or doodling, and apparently no nerves. He never smokes, and drinks very occasionally and lightly. He has whipped over to Europe and back in three days, having seen four or five key statesmen and mission chiefs in two capitals, and turned up at eight the next morning in his office with no trace of fatigue. Those who have traveled with him describe these not infrequent trips as smooth, uncomplicated and seemingly effortless affairs. Hoffman shuns the fanfare that so often surrounds a big executive, and pursues his business with the quiet efficiency of a thoroughly experienced and widely traveled private citizen.

Hoffman, so much the embodiment of the successful American industrialist, is nevertheless exceedingly individual. Reserved and aloof where his American prototype is often embarrassingly frank and confiding, the ECA chief is almost secretive about his private life. In Washington he lunches regularly at the staid Metropolitan Club, usually with an associate from ECA. His handling of his staff and of the press has been cordial and friendly. In spite of the pressure to which he is subjected, he is always accessible, but he expects succinctness and promptness. Aside from his marked ability to persuade clients to buy his product, whether it be Studebakers or foreign aid, he has a flair for selecting good men and giving them unmolested authority to get on with the job.

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Although Europeans have, of late, encountered a goodly number of hard-driving American businessmen and government executives, Hoffman has nevertheless surprised and baffled some of the statesmen with whom he has dealt. His first encounter with Britain's economic dictator, Sir Stafford Cripps, was amusing and not wholly successful. Cripps was querying Hoffman on the qualifications and limitations of American aid.

"The sky's the limit," said Hoffman.

Both the expression and the unguarded, undiplomatic manner were alien to the austere, cautious Cripps. Subsequently each discovered the other to be the same kind of direct, informed, businesslike individual.

Hoffman has moved with considerable mental dexterity in a field pretty foreign to him. But there have been times when his open and spontaneous reactions to political factors, though delightful to the press, have caused some consternation among the more restrained and careful officials of the State Department.

For months, reporters and members of Congress had been trying to discover the Administration's intentions with regard to China. Communist forces were advancing rapidly toward the Yellow River, Nanking seemed threatened, and no one knew whether ECA aid to the Kuomintang Government would be continued or not. Hoffman made one of his flying trips to China, and in response to press questions at a Shanghai conference, bluntly informed the world that ECA aid would be suspended. Some attribute his often startlingly frank statements to the press to his political naïveté; others believe them to be calculated. Whatever their origin, they have seemed to enhance Congress' respect for Hoffman's integrity and impartiality.

What has surprised Europeans and Americans alike has been Hoffman's understanding of, and tolerance for, the socialist economies of Western Europe. A firm believer in free enterprise and in a strict limitation of governmental control, Hoffman nevertheless believes that basic controls — over monetary and fiscal matters, volume of debt and taxes — or the normal governmental prerogatives must be so exercised as to stabilize an economy. Furthermore, he differentiates between personal and impersonal controls. Price controls of a character requiring decisions by an individual — or arising from bureaucratic interpretations — are objectionable and to be avoided, in

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his view. But he recognizes the impossibility of eliminating all controls from the European economy until supply and demand have assumed a greater balance. Pressure from the United States on the European governments would not only not be effective, in his view, but would open the United States to the charge of interference in the sovereign rights of other nations. Prosperity itself will do more to convert the Europeans to capitalism, he believes, than any amount of propaganda, pressure, or American "advice."

To him, ECA — the Marshall Plan — has a more positive objective than it has had for a majority of the public and of Congress. Without economic recovery, Europe could not be expected to create conditions in which men could maintain free institutions; nor could the United States hope to remain prosperous if Europe went under, economically or politically. A conquered Europe — an impoverished continent or a politically chaotic Europe — spells for Hoffman prohibitive American defense burdens and the threat of war.

By mid-1949, after its first full year of operation, ECA had already altered the economic and political complexion of Western Europe, and of American thinking. Russian opposition to the recovery program increased as its effectiveness became more and more apparent — in itself as eloquent a testimony as Europe's rising production rate. As ECA went into its second year, there was discernible a change in Soviet tactics, almost as marked as the new political and economic virility of the Western European nations. Britain's Foreign Minister, Ernest Bevin, in Washington for the signing of the North Atlantic Treaty, spoke of it as a new era in world affairs. The Atlantic Treaty, European customs unions, and the nascent federation of Western Europe, were, in Bevin's mind, by-products of ECA, and of the United States' coming of age in world affairs.

Throughout the Western world, wherever ECA was priming production and raising living standards, Communism was losing ground. Belying Soviet propaganda, ECA, under Hoffman's guidance, was proving itself to be not a repressive device of American capitalism, but a vast, practical undertaking which promised to streamline many current economic principles and to alter the trade practices of half the world.

European self-help and mutual aid, backed by American resources and moral leadership, were the objectives of ECA's tireless chief.

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Hoffman's own summation of the first year and his aspirations for the remainder of the program combined cautious realism with unbounded optimism.

"I believe," he said, "that if we continue to make progress in the next three years at the same rate that we have during the first year, and that if that progress is not interrupted by some major international upheaval . . . the economies of the participating nations will be on a reasonably sound and self-sustaining basis.

"The Communist ideology has a tremendously strong hold on the imaginations and loyalties of millions of people in Europe. But it is a loyalty of desperation. It is the last recourse of the discouraged and the downtrodden. Men with hope do not, I believe, turn to Communism, and we are bringing hope throughout a land where it was almost extinguished two years ago.

"I can say flatly that the expansion of Communism in Western Europe has been stopped in its tracks wherever it has collided with the Marshall Plan. In France and Italy we have actually forced it to retreat. I have no reason to believe that that pattern cannot be continued."

Hoffman looks beyond the end of ECA, in 1952, to the long-range development of backward areas which he believes can and will contribute to the social and physical well-being of the whole world as well as the areas concerned. He sees that further development, outlined by President Truman in his inaugural address, as a natural outgrowth of the Marshall Plan.

Whatever Hoffman's role may be in these future developments, he has already carved a place for himself in the history of this turbulent period, and his name is inseparably linked with the greatest national act of economic revival ever undertaken.

CROWN PRINCE OF LABOR: WALTER REUTHER

By HENRY MOSCOW

HENRY MOSCOW, *until recently president of the New York Newspaper Guild, is now managing editor of the New York Post. A New York newspaperman for 26 years, he has covered many major stories on the labor front, not least the subject of this chapter.*

IT WAS one of those thousand-man dinners of labor "brass." Philip Murray was to have been the guest of honor. But Murray wasn't there. He was ill.

And in the "private" room where the members of the higher echelons braced themselves for the breast of chicken and the speeches, the word went around: "Phil is worse than they admit. His doctors say he has to quit. Walter is going in."

That was early in 1949, and the story was, of course, premature.

Philip Murray, at this writing, is still president of the Congress of Industrial Organizations and Walter Reuther is still president of the United Auto Workers (CIO). But to the anointed leaders of the millions of workers represented by the CIO (and they include snappy little witches with red fingernails as well as grimy, calloused knights of the assembly line) the eventual truth of the story is beyond doubt.

Barring a predisposition of God otherwise, Walter Reuther, red-haired, blue-eyed and humorless, is almost as certain to succeed Philip Murray as Edward VII was certain to succeed Queen Victoria. To Reuther's devoted followers, the accession will be virtually by divine right. To Reuther, it will be something quite different.

Reuther, say his enemies — and they are many, though far fewer than his admirers — is, like Caesar, ambitious. But it would be more nearly accurate to say that he is a man who merely puts no obstacles in the way of manifest destiny. And if a man's manifest destiny leads him to the presidency of the CIO — and (who knows?) perhaps to the White House itself — has he a right to cry, anywhere along the road: "Stop, I've gone far enough?" Reuther doesn't think so.

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Reuther is acutely aware of manifest destiny, but far from sure that he is its red-haired boy, and still further, perhaps, from caring whether he is or not. He doesn't even think of himself as next president of the CIO — if one dares to venture what another man thinks about, deep in the night. Neither, it is safe to say, did he ever envision himself riding in an \$11,000 armored car. But he has the car. Disciples thrust it on him, lest a second assassin be more successful than the one who crippled his arm with a shotgun blast. Like the armored car, the presidency of the CIO will probably be thrust on Walter Reuther some day, and he will take it, without reluctance but without undue eagerness.

"We are the vanguard in America of the great crusade to build a better world. We are the architects of the future," he told the 1947 UAW convention in his closing address. The blueprints are in his head, bubbling and sometimes boiling over. Witness his plan, for instance, to produce 20,000,000 prefabricated homes on the assembly lines of idle aircraft plants. And there have been a score of other "Reuther plans," ranging from a pre-Pearl Harbor proposal to build 500 fighter planes daily with the surplus equipment of auto plants, to the scheme he evolved, while immobilized by the shotgun wound, to reorganize the hospital where he was bedded. Chuckle you may over his alleged wartime enthusiasm for portable fox holes. But where there's a problem, there's generally a Reuther plan.

"Most of Reuther's thinking," A. H. Raskin write in *The New York Times Magazine* early in 1949, "has been directed toward ways of solving the world's basic problem: how to achieve economic security without sacrificing human freedom." Of himself Reuther says: "I wouldn't be interested for five minutes in a pure labor movement. You know, the six-cents-an-hour-increase stuff." It's the brotherhood of man that he wants, he'll tell you — and he's working sixteen hours a day to bring it about.

A dreamer? "Reuther combines the attributes of a very tough machine politician with those of a go-getting Methodist preacher out to build the biggest church in the county," said a friend recently. He has had to be a tough politician to master, at 41, a million-man union more violently beset by ideological differences than any other in the country.

The evangelism he inherited. Thirty-five years ago, when Walter

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Reuther was a small boy and Socialism was still a nasty word, the stock answer to starry-eyed lookers-to-the-future was: "Sure, it sounds fine. But man is basically selfish. You'd need a new breed of humans to make it work." Whether or not Socialism is desirable is beside the point. Walter Reuther, ex-Socialist, is Socialism's answer to the bromide. He is of the "new breed."

His grandfather, Jacob, a German dairy farmer, was a Socialist, and, of course, a pacifist, who immigrated to Illinois so that his sons — and theirs — need not serve the Kaiser. Walter's father, at 23, was president of the Ohio Valley Trades and Labor Assembly and later, as a brewery driver, headed the Wheeling, West Virginia, teamsters' local and found time to run for Congress on the Socialist ticket. A friend of Eugene Debs, Walter's father once took the boy to the penitentiary to see the saintly old rabble-rouser. At home, Walter and his three brothers were required, regularly, to debate politics, the labor movement, Socialism, and the family's formal religion, Lutheranism, for which the elder Reuther had little affection, but to which his wife was devoted.

It was in this atmosphere of lively labor theory that the boy grew up. And from the moment he had to quit high school, after spending less than two years in it, young Walter Reuther began to turn the theory into active practice.

At sixteen, he became an apprentice in the craft of tool and die maker and, promptly, a union organizer. Fired after three years when he staged a technically successful one-day walkout, he quit Wheeling for Detroit and its greater opportunities. At nineteen, having talked his way past a plant guard who thought him too young to be on the premises, he won a job as "leader," or straw boss, of a gang of tool and die makers at Ford.

Always a young man in a hurry, he finished high school by day while working nights, then continued the grind through three years at what is now Wayne University. On the campus, Walter and his brother Victor were determined intellectuals and firebrands, busy at a dozen projects and organizing, debating, orating endlessly. With the energy left over from that and from his duties at Ford — where he was, meanwhile, talking up unionization of the plant — Walter soapboxed for Norman Thomas' presidential candidacy. When Ford fired him, right after the 1932 election, Walter and Victor Reuther,

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turning adversity to their own ends, withdrew their savings from the banks which were to close a few weeks later, and sailed on a world tour. Their purpose: to study Europe's labor movements in preparation for careers as labor organizers.

In the next three years, the two Reuthers cycled through France and England, slept in German haystacks, worked and roamed through Soviet Russia, looked in on China and Japan, and came home as seamen. It was all part of Reuther's self-designed curriculum — and it was an education the like of which no other labor leader who comes to mind can claim.

But it is more than this self-bestowed erudition that sets Reuther apart. In a world where backslapping is considered a requisite of success, Reuther is reserved with all but his oldest friends, and, lacking humor, is ill at ease amid jesting give-and-take. In a world of drinkers, Reuther eschews alcohol (he prefers milk) and doesn't smoke. (Once, carrying out an election pledge to some union associates, he gulped a shot of whiskey, and choked.) In a world of cardplayers, he frowns on poker as a waste of time that might be turned to better use. In a world of regular guys, Reuther is frugal and a homebody, wearing a wedding ring, helping his wife with the dishes, and, occasionally, doing the cooking.

You've got to be good to overcome social handicaps like these. Reuther qualifies. He's good enough to have licked both the Communists and some of the country's biggest, richest corporations. He's good enough to have won from old Bill Knudsen the booming encomium: "Young man, I wish you were selling used cars for General Motors." "Used cars?" asked the puzzled Reuther. "Sure. Anybody can sell new cars," said Knudsen. He's good enough to have earned from Henry Ford II the description: "A very decent sort of citizen."

From such unlikely sources — and from hardheaded, skeptical labor chiefs — respect is won the hard way. Reuther earned it by organizing the UAW's West Side Local 174, and by raising its membership in a single year from 78 to 30,000. He earned it again by leading Detroit's first major auto strike, at Kelsey-Hayes Wheel, in December, 1936. The ten-day sit-down brought a 75-cents-an-hour rate for beginners, highest in the industry. He consolidated it by his leadership in the whole series of 1937 sit-downs, which convinced the motor industry that unionization had come, and by his part in

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organizing Ford, where he displayed his imaginative, dramatic approach in broadcasting to workers of the River Rouge plant from an airplane. He clinched it in the 1937 negotiations with General Motors, and by his winning fight to the top of UAW against the toughest kind of opposition.

How did he do all of this? An official UAW handout tells part of the story: "The popular strength and appeal of Walter P. Reuther are no mystery — they can be explained by the fact that the redheaded leader of the UAW possesses both the traditional virtues of trade-unionists and newer, rarer qualities fitting him to champion labor's cause in the turbulent Atomic Age."

The most important of those qualities is his unswerving devotion to the labor movement. Every waking moment of his steel-spring mind, and probably most of his dreams, belong to Labor. But Labor means, to Reuther, more than "six-cents-an-hour-increase stuff." It means politics, "to build a better world."

The Democratic victory in 1948 was, in part, Reuther's victory. But he is wedded to no political orthodoxy, nor will the CIO be, while he has anything to say. "We will work with the Democratic Party in most instances," he explains, "but we will not be swallowed up in it. If we can influence the Democratic Party into being the kind of vehicle we want, we will become more closely identified with it. If neither major party can be so influenced, we will have our own machinery for independent political action. The thing we are determined to do is to avoid any narrow, premature, sectarian approach. We must make a real try to influence the old parties. If we find we cannot, then the move for a third party must come up from the bottom and have a very broad base. It must not be a palace revolution like the abortive Wallace candidacy."

It will be a portentous day for the nation if, as boss of the CIO, he decides the time has come. But — new party or not — it will be an even more portentous day if and when Reuther comes to the CIO throne. His successful fight against the Communists in his own union has, of course, aligned the UAW on the side of the Marshall Plan and ERP, an important factor in their acceptance by labor.

His enthusiasm for American assistance in the reconstruction of Europe has had other practical aspects as well. The UAW, his brother Victor told a friend recently, is virtually running a travel agency

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for European labor leaders. Frenchmen, Germans, Britons, Swedes have visited Detroit at UAW's invitation, to see the miracles of American production, to sit in on union meetings, to watch UAW bowling competitions.

Walter Reuther takes the job so seriously that he has assigned three union officials to the sole job of showing the visitors around, and plucked his brother Victor from his duties as UAW educational director to work for international cooperation. Reuther didn't ask the visitors to come just for the ride. Europe, he believes, can be rebuilt only if it adopts American production methods. But the rebuilding won't be worth while, he believes also, unless the objective is a "better world." And to Reuther, a "better world" — in its European segment — can be achieved only by a gradual approach to constitutional Socialism. For the United States, he remains an active reformist; for Europe, he is a practical Socialist of the Aneurin Bevan stripe.

Europe's left-wing, but non-Communist, labor is seeking desperately for leadership and inspiration. Looking across the sea, it remains respectful to, but unexcited by, the AF of L. The CIO holds out more of the promise it wants. If and when Reuther takes over, Europe's labor — some of which is still undecided which way to swing — will have a symbol — and a friend and spokesman — in fabulous America.

There will be no doubt, then, which way Europe's labor will vote.

TOP TOTALITARIAN: JOSEF STALIN

By CRAIG THOMPSON

CRAIG THOMPSON is a slow-speaking, fast-thinking Southerner who was a New York Times foreign correspondent before he became a Time foreign newswriter. As Time and Life representative in Moscow for two years, he quietly accumulated a raft of material on Russia's rulers, most of which he succeeded in slipping out of Russia with him. His first book was a study of gang rule in New York; his next will be a study of Soviet Communism.

THE MOST fantastic fact of our time is a man who never stuck his neck out, yet captured half a world. He never personally killed anybody to certain knowledge, yet executed millions. He enslaved the minds of men in nooks and crannies everywhere without ever putting an original philosophical idea on paper. He is known to nearly everyone alive, yet virtually no man now living really knows him. He is called Josef Stalin, but even his name is an alias.

In the chancelleries of the nations statesmen and scholars scan his utterances for clues to the future, since he is the only individual alive who can singlehandedly commit the world to war. In the same capitals police and intelligence agents feverishly and ceaselessly watch fellow countrymen to see who serves Stalin's apparatus, for never before has a despot in a backward state so successfully encouraged disloyalty among citizens of more enlightened and advanced nations.

In the middle of a century which historians will mark for the intensity of its cold and hot wars, atomic expansion and universal contraction, Stalin's is the outstanding individual performance. Measured in terms of man's allotted time he is near his end; his next birthday will be his seventieth. But whether he lives forever, as Georgians are supposed to do, or dies tomorrow, his achievement is behind him. His machinery is complete and, to a degree, self-perpetuating. Barring the unlikely collapse of his own terror-stricken state, it will live on after him because his successors will not know how

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to get along without it. As long as it lasts, it is a fact which bodes chaos and bloodshed, and a fact the world must reckon with.

When Stalin snatched the scepter as it slipped from the sick hand of Lenin, he seized not only the dictatorship of all the Russias, but the leadership of a world force as well. The nucleus of this force was an angry, frustrated German named Karl Marx, who, seeing a nineteenth-century world bewildered by steam-driven production and horse-drawn distribution, adopted the role of a messiah and offered mankind a solution which rested, finally, on the seizure of what they wanted by violence and destruction. Marxists sprang up in isolated, squabbling knots here and there. Most men rejected Marxism, both as a philosophy and a code of progress, and it remained for Lenin, a Russian, to use it advantageously in a country which was big, poor, and woefully mismanaged. Lenin succeeded in seizing Russia, and his success made Moscow the mecca of Marxists everywhere. At that point Lenin died and Stalin took over.

In terms of creative statesmanship, Stalin has never had an idea he did not borrow either from Lenin, or his own archenemy Trotsky. But under his hand, his inheritance grew into a strange, sky-darkening thing. At home, Lenin bequeathed him an instrument for the maintenance of power — a police force. Stalin developed it to a degree of efficiency and terror beyond anything the world has ever known. Abroad, Lenin's bequest was hardly anything more than a loosely held idea, the idea of world revolution which bore the other name of the Communist Party. Once again Stalin developed it to a degree of personal loyalty and service unexampled in history. But Stalin's achievement transcended even that. He refashioned his legacy so thoroughly in his own image and likeness that neither his regime in Russia, nor his servile Communists abroad can be understood except in terms of his own character and behavior. Today, before it is possible to fully realize what Russia wants, or Communism means, it is necessary to know what Stalin is.

In seeking to put down a capsule description of Stalin, Boris Souvarine, one of his more diligent biographers, also wrote a capsule definition of Communism everywhere:

He [Stalin] is not the first statesman who has made use of the spoken and written word, sometimes to conceal his intentions, sometimes to cover up the deficiencies of his knowledge. But . . . the resources of

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modern techniques for propaganda and intimidation have enabled him to achieve heights in this direction which were quite unknown before the Soviet experiment. The same applies to his henchmen. The more the monopoly of Party developed into the omnipotence of Stalin, the more often one heard autocrats praising democracy, bureaucrats denouncing bureaucracy, wasters preaching economy, ignoramuses extolling science and everywhere a complete contradiction between the real and the ideal.*

The key words are propaganda and intimidation. Propaganda extends Stalin's power far beyond Russia's borders, or even the reach of his armies. It divides nations and families against themselves, ensnares the young and corrupts the middle-aged, exploits fools, makes liars and traitors of more intelligent people, and threatens to nullify thousands of years of mankind's struggle to enhance the dignity and resourcefulness of the individual. Intimidation is the means by which the millions of Russians, who know too well the truth behind the propaganda paradise, are kept in mute misery.

It is characteristic that the man who manipulates this unexampled power is almost as remote from the world he juggles as if he lived and worked in a Tibetan lamasery. The walled Kremlin in Moscow which contains his office and apartment is as rigorously guarded as any strongbox on earth. When he goes to his country palace near Moscow he rides in an American-made, bulletproof limousine with drawn curtains and armed outriders. On trips to his vacation palace in his native Georgia, he uses his special train, which consists of a private car for Stalin sandwiched between two for his guards. Half a dozen or so times a year he makes a "public" appearance at a sports parade, a Red Army Day parade, or a state funeral. On these occasions the police precautions are extraordinary and nobody the police are the least uncertain of gets within a mile of Stalin. A Russian woman in the minor bureaucracy once told the wife of a foreign correspondent: "You are fortunate. You are invited to official receptions, you get passes to Red Square on holidays, you see Stalin!" Into her voice there crept a note of resigned bafflement. "I have his picture in my office, and in my home. But I have never seen Stalin." Quite obviously this

* *Stalin*, Boris Souvarine (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.). Copyright 1939 by Alliance Book Corporation.

woman had no designs on Stalin's life, but equally obviously she was surer of that than Stalin was.

The first time Stalin saw Lenin he was nonplused by the latter's casual, unassuming public behavior. "A great man," he wrote years later, "likes to come late to meetings so that the impatience of the audience is increased; so that on his entry he may hear on every side: 'Sh, quiet — there he is.'" Lenin was too engrossed in the problems of power itself ever to be concerned with its trappings. Though Stalin pretends to be Lenin's disciple in all things, he does not share his master's disdain for the dramatic entrance. Now, of course, no meeting that Stalin is scheduled to attend ever starts without him. But he does not walk on until the stage is set, the crowd assembled, and the prompters ready to launch the ovation his appearance is expected to beget. He usually appears with head slightly bent, face apparently preoccupied, his pace slow and deliberate. He goes to his place, faces the crowd, smiles and then joins the applause for Stalin by clapping his hands. The ovation lasts until Stalin gets tired of it, and when he drops his hands to his sides it is a signal for silence.

During such accolades Stalin's facial muscles set into a smile which, from the distance at which the audience is usually kept, looks like benignity. But, with the aid of field glasses I have on several occasions observed that this seeming benignity is something else — a trick of shadow created by his visored cap set squarely across his scanty brow and by the shape of his heavy mustache. His expression is not so much benign as triumphantly superior.

Through the years Stalin has sedulously surrounded himself with the atmosphere of worship that is due to a godlike and infallible leader. Occasionally he pretends to object. "The dithyrambs to Comrade Stalin," he says smugly, "simply turn one's stomach." Though millions of Russians secretly agree, it is one matter in which they feel that public agreement would be dangerous.

Many stories have been told of orgies in the Kremlin — of Stalin drinking himself insensate in the company of favored buddies such as the old cavalry marshal Semyon Budenny or onetime army chief Klemmy Voroshilov. Evidence on this is hearsay and inconclusive.

However, on holidays, or for the entertainment of diplomatic guests and other such occasions, Stalin does throw big Kremlin banquets. These are held in the large, austere beautiful white-and-gold Hall

of St. George in the Kremlin palace. This hall remains intact from the days of the Czars, even to the white marble wall panels with their carved, gold-leafed memorials to the valorous nobles and officers who were awarded the St. George Cross for their service to Russia's emperors. Every place on the long tables is set with a carafe of vodka and an assortment of wines, and the food served is as rich and toothsome as any emperor ever offered. Russian guests are summoned from the top ranks of the political, technical or intellectual groups, and entertainers come from the best Soviet theaters. On such occasions Stalin dons a cloak of jovial camaraderie, encouraging his guests to drink, to dance, to vie with each other in the delivery of innumerable flowery or saber-rattling toasts. The evening ends with Stalin surveying the big, history-encrusted room awash with his ablest people in varying stages of alcoholic silliness or stupor. The thoughts that course through the mind of a coldly sober man on such an occasion can only be imagined. Stalin despises intellectuals — and at these orgies he does not drink.

From time to time during his reign — though his power came in 1923, his absolute reign can be measured from 1927, when he succeeded in exiling Trotsky — Stalin has permitted himself to be interviewed by foreigners. This favor has been granted to journalists like Emil Ludwig and Lion Feuchtwanger, diplomatic missionaries such as Harry Hopkins or Lord Beaverbrook, or exalted autograph seekers such as Henry Wallace, Eric Johnston, Canterbury's pinko Dean Hewlett Johnson, the late Wendell Willkie, and Franklin D. Roosevelt's busy son Elliott.

The common denominator of these interviews is horse trading, the exchange of a half hour of Kremlin courtesy for some highly tangible, otherwise unpurchasable service to Stalin. "You will make money from this," he bluntly told Ludwig, who went forth and wrote a biography of Stalin which strains credulity to be favorable. Hopkins' influence on United States wartime policy toward Russia was immense, and some of the mistakes it produced will take years to rectify. Wallace still flutters with zeal to serve Stalin's cause as, in their disparate ways, do the Dean of Canterbury and Lion Feuchtwanger. Intimacy with power produces blindness in some people, others simply want to believe that Stalin is the "good," wise and charming man he seems to be. Stalin has not batted 1.000 in these ventures, but

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his average runs better than .300, which is very good indeed. But the one American who has seen him more often than any other is former United States Ambassador Averell Harriman who, in the end, became impervious to power and calloused by charm. Asked once why certain talks had broken down, he snorted: "Huh, as always, he wants something for nothing."

Like Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great, two other czars who killed vast numbers of people in order to have their way, Stalin has had trouble with his first-born son. Ivan, being more nearly primitive in terms of his time, took direct action and bashed his son's brains out with a heavily jeweled walking staff. Peter, who had imported some notions from Europe, had his executed after a "treason trial" which was a novelty in Russia then, the time being two centuries before Stalin. Stalin's son disappeared in a German POW camp after his father had branded as traitors all the sons of Russia who permitted themselves to be taken prisoner. The three rulers shared a common ambition: limitless power. The three sons shared a common attitude: aversion to their fathers.

Stalin's first-born clung to his father's real name, calling himself Dzugashvili. His mother was a peasant whom Stalin married in the days when his prospects of power were remote. Later he set her aside in favor of a younger, prettier and more vivacious woman named Allilieva who presented him with a son and a daughter. Toward these two, Stalin has been the proud, indulgent papa. He made the son, Vasily, an Air Force Major General at the age of 26; the girl, Svetlana, was permitted to bring her young student husband to live under her father's roof.

These facts may have deeper meaning than any man will ever know. While still young and pretty the mother of these two children died suddenly of a bullet in the brain. There is reason to guess, but no evidence to prove, that Stalin killed her after she had outspokenly opposed him. But it could also be that she took her own life for the same reason. In any event it is the only instance in which Stalin is even suspected of having carried out a death sentence with his own hand. He buried her in hallowed ground, and put up a piece of white marble to mark her resting place. She alone received a memorial from Stalin.

Though Stalin's influence extends everywhere, his personal circle

of daily contact is small. The people he sees mostly are all beholden to him for their jobs, and their lives. Experts who advise him have long since learned the dangers of giving him political or economic information which cannot be fitted into Stalin's line. "Ah, yes," he once said to a British diplomat who had mentioned King George VI, "your king was very nice to permit us to hold a party conference in London." The conversation was in 1945, the conference was the Bolshevik meeting of 1907, and the King was not George VI but Edward VII, who furthermore had nothing to say about it and probably never knew it had been held. On another occasion Stalin personally assigned a Soviet engineer to undertake a vast gold-mining enterprise. The engineer protested that he knew nothing about mining gold. For answer, Stalin handed him a copy of Bret Harte's *Luck of Roaring Camp*, saying: "Everything you need to know is in this book." Nowadays no chief of state can be expected to know everything, but it is doubtful if there are many important ones whose general knowledge is as limited as Stalin's. This, however, is not as important as it should be. Stalin's concern is not with the world as it is, but as he intends it to be.

With Stalin, this attitude is so fundamental that it cries out to be called Stalin's Law. It has governed not only his political behavior, but all the facts of his life.

History has provided innumerable examples of vain men who, having set out to dominate and alter the lives of others, felt it necessary to create a fictional biography of themselves which would be consistent with their ambitions and cover the chicanery of their methods. But few have ever been so assiduous and open about it.

Some of Josef Vissarionovich Dzugashvili's biographers have fallen delightedly upon a story fashioned by a professed idolater. The incident pictures the young Dzugashvili as a schoolboy riding upon the back of a playmate shouting "Ya stal, ya stal" (I am steel) and the scene has been construed as a prophetic showing of the future Stalin.

How any such incident could be viewed as complimentary will remain a mystery of the Asiatic mind, but it has been. The scene is, of course, imaginary but it contains elements which are realistically instructive. For years, Stalin's propagandists have been peddling the fiction that there were no schools for the sons of the peasantry in the Russian empire of Stalin's youth and thus the story is based upon a contradiction. Next, in the shadowy underworld of plots and strikes

in which he moved from youth on, Dzugashvili was known as "Sosso," "Koba," and even prosaically "Ivanovich," before he adopted the alias he has given history and two of his children. Finally, the word "steel" for a man whose most obvious traits of character are cunning, patience, vanity, powerlust and implacable vengefulness is nothing less than an artful, boastful misnomer. Yet for twenty-five years Stalin has suppressed, invented and twisted facts in order to give substance to this kind of false and contradictory "life of Stalin."

It is necessary to include here a more sinister and revealing sample of this falsification. In 1917 and for many years thereafter, one of Stalin's Bolshevik comrades was Leo Kamenev. In April, 1917, when they were working together on the editorial board of *Pravda*, one of the questions the Bolsheviks pondered was whether, as a party, they would cooperate with the Provisional Government which had overthrown the Czar and was trying to create for Russia the freest and most democratic government in its history. There was a difference of opinion among Bolsheviks on this point, with Stalin and Kamenev supporting and advocating in *Pravda* the policy of cooperation. While the argument raged, Lenin, with German aid, was returned from his Swiss exile and, since he intended to destroy the Provisional government in order to seize power for himself, he roundly upbraided those of his followers who were following the line of cooperation. Kamenev stood up to Lenin with arguments, and even threatened to carry his argument to the membership. Stalin lapsed into watchful silence.

What, now, does Stalin's official biography say about this incident? Here it is: "Stalin and Molotov (author's note: who was then hardly more important than an office boy) supported by a majority of the Party members, advocated a policy of no confidence in the imperialist Provisional Government and denounced the . . . position of conditional support for the Provisional Government advocated by Kamenev and other opportunists."

Through its history the charge of opportunism has been a deadly one among Bolsheviks. The time came when Stalin included this incident among the accusations he made against Kamenev, by which he sent his old colleague before a firing squad.

Now a question which historians will have to pose for themselves is this: "Was Stalin the victim of an historical imperative? That is, did he do the things he did because, in the circumstances, there was

no other course for him to follow? Or is he, contrary to Marxist dogma, the architect of his own niche in history?" The answer lies in his early years, in acts which he himself has tried to obliterate from the knowledge of men and which his official biographers ignore. It is necessary to Stalin's power that he pretend to be a faithful, orthodox Marxist, for it is Marxism which provides a pseudo-moral justification for his crimes against humanity and serves as a principal pillar of his propaganda both inside and outside Russia. And the answer his early years gives is that Stalin is no Marxist. Marx has never been to him anything more than a heavy tome to throw at people he wanted to destroy.

Stalin was born on December 21, 1879, in the Georgian township of Gori, the fourth and last child of the cobbler Vissarion Dzugashvili and his devoutly Orthodox wife Catherine, and the only one to survive infancy. The second and third toes of his left foot were joined, and his left elbow was defective. Despite these defects, or because of them, his mother aspired to place him in the service of God. When he was eight, she sent him to a church school. But his father, having no aspirations beyond a desire for a little more wine money, put him to work in a boot factory at ten. A year later, his father's death resolved the parental conflict. Stalin went back to school, and thence to a seminary where young men were prepared for the lower orders of religious service.

Somewhere in his late teens he abruptly left the seminary; fired, some said, because of his incorrigible indiscipline, withdrawn, his mother insisted, because of tuberculosis. Stalin's own version: "I became a revolutionary at the seminary because the character of the discipline infuriated me. The place was a hotbed of espionage and chicanery and I could not stand it." Through his police, Stalin has imposed disciplinary espionage on more people than any man in history, but he is manifestly a man who would be infuriated if he had to live by the rules he imposes on others.

The date that Stalin joined the Social Democrats among the revolutionary underground in the Georgian capital of Tiflis has been variously put at 1896, 1897, and 1898 and is unimportant except as fixing a point in time against which to measure his next moves. For it was early in 1901 that the police first noticed him as an "intellectual" participating in the creation of revolutionary unrest among railway workmen. At the end of that year his comrades expelled him from the

Tiflis organization, later publishing in one of their journals the following explanation:

"From the earliest days of his activity among the workmen, Dzugasvili attracted attention by his intrigues against the principal leader of the Social-Democratic organization, S. Djibladze. He was warned, but continued to spread slanders with the intention of discrediting the authorized and recognized representatives of the movement and of thus succeeding to the management of the local organization. . . . He was tried . . . found guilty . . . and excluded unanimously."

This incident is basic to an explanation of Stalin. He continued to use the same method to gain power all his life, just as his Communists now use it everywhere. But with practice and experience, Stalin's skill in its use improved.

Between 1902 — the year of his first prison sentence — and 1917, when the Provisional Government threw open the jails, Stalin spent a large part of his time in prison or in exile. Twice, while a prisoner, he caused the stabbing of fellow prisoners without, himself, being connected to the actual deed. He did this by first choosing a victim and then launching whispered rumors that the man was a police spy. Weighing and judging the way different prisoners reacted to his rumor, Stalin then selected one who might be inflamed to the point of violence and proceeded, by a hint here and a dark word there, to apply the inflammation. The stabbings were the result.

As far as his prison life was concerned, there seems to have been no point in these exploits for Stalin — then known as Koba — except as exercise to keep his hand in. For, during his non-prison periods, Stalin was chiefly valuable to Lenin as a specialist in "expropriations," a fancy self-justifying word for robberies by which the party was supplied with funds. In these Koba-Stalin was the archconspirator who planned, incited and profited without ever putting himself in line of getting caught or getting hurt by one of his comrades' bursting bombs.

Of Stalin, a contemporary of this period has written: "This aptitude for striking secretly by the hands of others while remaining in the background himself showed Koba as an astute intriguer, using all means to gain his end and escaping the penalties and responsibility for the action in question. . . . Moreover he insolently assailed others for terrorism and expropriation."

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Self-promotion by slander and intrigue, self-perpetuation by slander and intrigue, self-justification by charging slander and intrigue to all rivals or adversaries — these are the keys to Stalin and to Soviet Communism. Point by point throughout Stalin's life they are the methods which, once understood, make his behavior consistent and his successes understandable. They explain his defeat of Trotsky in the struggle for power within Russia, the mass liquidation of his old colleagues, the zigzags in his foreign relations during the years 1938 to 1941, the collapse of hopes born at Yalta and Teheran, the futility of any future "peace agreement" which relies upon his pledged word. For Stalin, as Souvarine has put it, "took care always to say the opposite of what he did, and do the opposite of what he said."

THE KREMLIN'S OLD RELIABLE:
VIACHESLAV MOLOTOV

By WALTER DURANTY

WALTER DURANTY, an urbane fellow with more than a trace of his native British accent, is the American correspondent whose name is still most closely associated with Russia. As a New York Times man, he began to observe the turbulent birth of the Soviet Union from a ringside seat in 1921 and continued reporting from Moscow for the next fourteen years. He has written several books on Russia and its rulers, and is perhaps the only United States correspondent ever to have been on speaking terms with Molotov.

ONE of the chief difficulties in writing about the Bolshevik leaders is the lack of detail about their early lives, or indeed about their private lives in general. I think it was Dr. Johnson who once said that the secret of biography lay in the selection of small and apparently unimportant details which threw light upon a man's personality and character. The Bolsheviks of today, Stalin's henchmen, seem to have a positive dislike of revealing personal information, and the one such story I heard about Molotov I have been unable to confirm.

There seems no doubt that he was born, in 1890, in a village not far from Tula, an old industrial city in Central Russia, in what might be called a small-bourgeois family named Scriabin — apparently no kin of the composer — and received a fairly good education at the local school. Here comes my sole anecdote about him. He was given the nickname Tolstinky, meaning Chubby or Pudgy, which he bitterly resented. His companions, as boys will, thereupon teased and badgered him with it so sharply and consistently that he ran away from school and home at the age of fifteen and tried to enlist in the army. This was in 1905, during the Russo-Japanese War, which lends some

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color to the story. The army rejected him on account of his youth, short stature and plumpness, which so further annoyed him that he became a revolutionary.

The tale may be apocryphal, but at any rate the official record states that young Vyacheslav Mikhailovich Scriabin did leave home and became a revolutionary at the age of fifteen. In his thirty-first year he was admitted to the Central Committee of the Communist Party and named its Responsible Secretary, and only four years later, in 1925, became a member of the all-powerful Politburo, the youngest man ever to hold that position.

All of which seems directly to contradict the idea current about Molotov for many years, not only in Moscow but abroad, that he was a dull and unenterprising fellow, a plodder, who could be trusted to do a job competently but would never set any stream on fire. In point of fact this notion was probably circulated by Radek, a devoted follower of Trotsky and one of the political opponents of Stalin, Molotov and the so-called "Russian exiles." I must explain here that the abortive revolutionary movement of 1905-06, after the Russo-Japanese War, which narrowly failed in overthrowing the shaky structure of Czarism, was followed by ten years of acute political repression. Revolutionaries of all kinds were pursued and punished with unsparing rigor. Many of the Bolshevik leaders, notably Lenin, Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Radek and Bukharin, who played the most prominent roles in the early days of the Revolution, found refuge abroad, in France, England or Switzerland, and were known as the "Western Exiles," whereas Stalin and his associates, who now hold power in Russia, remained on Czarist soil, working "underground" to keep aflame the flickering torch of revolution. Most of them were rounded up by the Czarist police and spent many years in Siberian prison camps, which earned for them the title of Russian or Siberian exiles.

Prior to the Revolution of 1917 there seems to have been no great ill-feeling or rivalry between the two groups, although the "Russians" were doubtless conscious of the fact they were bearing the heat and burden of the day in grave peril and misery, compared to the relative security and comfort of their comrades abroad. It was not long, however, before signs of hostility were evident between the two groups, and, although Lenin personally was never the object of Stalinist

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attack, there were sharp differences of opinion between the Stalinists and some of Lenin's followers, especially Trotsky. It may now be said that the struggle between the two groups really began in 1922 at the time of Lenin's illness, was mitigated for a while by the shock of his death in 1924, only to flare up with increasing bitterness until it ended in the total defeat and execution of most of the "Westerners" by 1938.

Radek had a keen wit and bitter tongue and was not above using both in the intraparty conflict. In 1922 he gleefully related to all and sundry that, when a year earlier Stalin had suggested to Lenin that Molotov be admitted to the Central Committee, Lenin replied: "Why that one? I think he is the best filing clerk in Russia." Personally I doubt whether a man of Lenin's acumen would have used so contemptuous a phrase about Molotov, whom he had himself appointed to be one of the directors under Stalin (also appointed by Lenin) of the "Russian Bureau," the chief Bolshevik organization on Russian soil. Radek later paid most dearly, since Stalin never forgot a slight.

Be that as it may, Molotov had flung himself into the revolutionary movement with such energy that he received his first sentence of exile — two years — while still in his teens; and the next five years his life was a series of arrests and punishments, of escapes and rearrests. As early as 1909, during his exile in Vologda in North European Russia, he managed to organize railroad workers, and later lived in St. Petersburg, in the Viborg district, a working-class section where revolutionary sentiment ran strong.

By 1916-17, Molotov had risen to be one of the editors of the official party newspaper, *Pravda*, which was illegally published in Petrograd, as the city was then called. It was at this time that he took permanently the name of Molotov (the Russian word means "hammer") instead of the various other aliases which he, like all the "underground" Bolsheviks in Russia, used in order to baffle the police. Why he chose it, I don't know. Perhaps "because his friends thought it suited him," as Stalin once told me when I asked him how he came to adopt the name Stalin, man of steel. According to Boris Souvarine, one of Stalin's less friendly biographers, Stalin first used that name as signature to an article which Lenin asked him to write for a Russian monthly in Vienna in the winter of 1912-13. In Molotov's case, too, there is little doubt that his nickname was appropriate, as many of his Western interlocutors have since discovered.

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In that winter of 1916, he was fortunate in being one of the few prominent Bolsheviks at liberty, even though hiding from the police, in Russia. Lenin was still in Switzerland, Stalin fast-penned in Siberian exile on the edge of the Arctic Circle, Trotsky in America. His executive talent had full scope, and in 1918, while industry was being nationalized, he was put in charge of the new program in Northwest Russia, including Petrograd. The next year, after the White commander Kolchak and his Czech allies had been expelled from the Volga region, Molotov was sent there to take charge of reconstruction. In 1920, he had a more important post of the same kind in the Donetz coal and iron basin of the Ukraine. In 1921, as I said earlier, he was admitted to the Central Committee and at once appointed its Responsible Secretary.

In January of the next year, Stalin was named by Lenin the General Secretary of the Party, a position which he undoubtedly used (as Trotsky later charged) to build up his strength in the intraparty conflict. Trotsky once angrily declared that Stalin had transformed the Dictatorship of the Proletariat into the Dictatorship of the Secretariat; and there can be no doubt that Stalin did use his position to direct and manipulate party executives, both small and great, to his own advantage. Molotov had been chief secretary or party boss of the Ukraine during his stay there in 1920, and it is known that he proved a most valuable assistant to Stalin within the charmed circle of the Secretariat, which was later joined by such high party functionaries as Kaganovich, Malenkov, and Zhdanov. Concerned as he was with the direction of party personnel, Molotov was really helping to construct the Stalinist machine. Whatever the outer world may not have known about the gravity of Lenin's illness, Stalin must have been aware of it and was far too cautious and long-sighted not to have been preparing for the coming struggle for power. Henceforth there is no doubt that Molotov was one of Stalin's men.

In December, 1925, he was made a full member of the Politburo and was immediately sent with Kirov and Voroshilov to Leningrad, where the then party boss, Zinoviev, had, after some hesitation, come out as a strong champion of the Trotskyite opposition to Stalin. Kirov and Voroshilov were even closer to Stalin than Molotov himself, and the trio — Troika, the Russians called it — made short work of Zinoviev and his adherents in the former capital. By vigorous if somewhat

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highhanded action, the opposition was routed and full control of the party machine and press was restored to the Stalinists with Kirov as party boss of Leningrad. The opposition never fully rallied from this blow and the first phase of the intraparty controversy ended with the expulsion of Trotsky and his supporters from the party in the winter of 1927.

The next year saw the beginning of the Five Year Plan campaign, which was Stalin's great move toward industrialization. The opening move was the appointment of Molotov to the important position of Moscow party secretary (boss) in place of Uglanov, who had supported the Rykov-Bukharin view that Russia should be industrialized gradually. Stalin, however, swung the party toward his program of rapid socialism in the villages — collectivization — to proceed simultaneously with the first Five Year Plan.

Throughout the first year of the Plan — October 1928 to October 1929 — the struggle inside the party leadership was resumed with the result that Bukharin was ousted from the Politburo in November, 1929, as were Rykov and Tomskey a year later. In December, 1930, at the early age of forty, Molotov was named Premier (President of the Council of Commissars) in place of Rykov, a post he held until Stalin took it over on the eve of World War II. It was not, however, until 1935 that Molotov became prominent in foreign affairs, when he spoke on that subject in January at the All-Union Soviet Congress, not long after Russia's admission to the League of Nations. On that occasion, he stressed Soviet adherence to the idea of collective security against the growing danger of Nazi aggression.

Neville Chamberlain's surrender to Hitler at Munich in the autumn of 1938 was a shocking blow to the prestige and *amour-propre* of the Soviet Government, which had repeatedly announced willingness to aid Czechoslovakia against German attack. The Franco-British statesmen openly professed their disbelief in Soviet good faith and Russia was not even consulted during the Munich agreement, which the Russians felt was aimed against them almost as much as against the Czechs. It seemed to them that Chamberlain's purpose was to win security, or at least a respite, for Britain and France by turning Hitler's eyes eastward, a belief which was strengthened by Hitler's own reference, a few weeks later, to Russia's vast resources in grain, oil and minerals. It was generally understood in Moscow at that time that

Molotov had expressed the most sweeping condemnation of British conduct in the Munich affair.

Hitler's occupation of Prague, in March 1939, like his earlier seizure of Vienna, and the new pressure upon Rumania and Poland, was a rude shock to Franco-British hopes for peace. Once more, the French and British diplomats tried to win Russian aid for collective action against Hitler, but their hopes were dashed in May, 1939, by the sudden appointment of Molotov as Commissar of Foreign Affairs instead of Litvinov, who had been the chief Soviet advocate of collective security at Geneva. They considered Molotov, perhaps rightly, as the champion of an alternative policy, Russo-German *rapprochement*. At all events, halfhearted attempts, both of civil and military missions, to reach an agreement with the Russians in the summer of 1939 were fruitless, and in August of that year the world learned to its horror of the Russo-German non-aggression pact. The West felt sure that this was a green light to Hitler to attack Poland, which indeed followed within two weeks. The press of the West fulminated at Russian "treachery," to which the Bolsheviks retorted that they were only using Chamberlain's own Munich tactics to get peace, or at least a respite, for themselves. They set the seal on their infamy in Western eyes by invading Poland after its armies had been defeated, and by a further agreement with Hitler under which large sections of Poland's eastern territory were handed over to them.

Molotov went to Berlin in November, 1940, which was said to have been his first trip abroad and which certainly was the first time any Soviet premier had gone to a foreign country. The ostensible purpose of his visit was to return that of the German foreign minister, von Ribbentrop, to Moscow fifteen months before, when the non-aggression pact was signed there. Actually, it is probable that the Russians were concerned with the growing tension in their relations with Germany, caused by their knowledge of German intentions in regard to Finland, Rumania and the Balkans. Molotov was cordially received by Hitler and the other Nazi leaders, and there was much ado of banquets and protestations of friendship. Yet the Russians must have known that the sands of time were running out, since Molotov was next seen welcoming the arrival of the Japanese foreign minister, Matsuoka, to Moscow in the spring of 1941 on his way westward to confer with his Axis partners at Berlin and Rome. While in Moscow, Matsuoka

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announced Japan's willingness to sign a non-aggression pact with the USSR, on terms which Russia had long been asking the Japanese to accept.

This pact was signed on Matsuoka's way back to Japan in April, 1941. Only a week before, the pro-German government in Yugoslavia had been overthrown, and replaced by a new cabinet, promptly recognized by the Russians, which dared to defy Hitler. Yugoslavia was immediately invaded and overrun, and the Russian Government knew that hostilities with Germany could not be avoided much longer. Accordingly, they were glad to sign an agreement with Japan which would guarantee their Eastern borders against attack. The warmth of the Russian farewell to Matsuoka (Stalin came personally with Molotov and a group of military leaders to speed the departing envoy) bore witness to Russia's sense of relief and awareness of imminent danger from the West.

Molotov resigned the premiership to Stalin within two weeks of Matsuoka's departure. It was officially stated that he found it difficult to combine the double duties of premier and foreign minister. But everyone knew that Stalin was putting himself at the head of the Soviet Government in an hour of national emergency — the expected outbreak of war, which came without any declaration or ultimatum on June 22. As if to show that Molotov had lost no prestige by this "demotion" — a point worth bearing in mind in view of his retirement from the position of foreign minister in the early spring of 1949 — he was chosen to make the first public statement on behalf of the Soviet Government on June 22, immediately after the news of the German onslaught was received. In his speech he laid emphasis on the parallel between Hitler and Napoleon, and Russia's conduct in attempting to maintain peace with both its enemies, and revived Alexander I's declaration that Russia was engaged in "a great patriotic war." As the world knows, that parallel held good to the bitter end, although Russia's struggle this time was far longer, harder and more bloody, despite the fact that Moscow did not again fall to the invader.

In the summer of 1942, Molotov went to England and the United States. In London, he signed a twenty-year alliance between the USSR and Great Britain which bound both countries not to make any separate armistice or peace with the Germans. In Washington, he

arranged with the United States to have the amount of lend-lease, fixed the previous year at one billion dollars, increased to three billions.

After his return home he spent much of 1942 and 1943 reorganizing the Soviet production of tanks, which had been lowered by the loss of Kharkov and the sieges of Leningrad and Stalingrad. This he did so well that in 1943 he was awarded the title of Hero of Socialist Labor, the top civilian decoration, and the Information Bulletin of the Soviet Embassy in Washington was moved to declare that in the latter part of the war the output of the Soviet tank industry surpassed not only that of Germany but of all European countries occupied by the Germans as well. Once more, Molotov had shown his talent for organization.

In October, 1943, he presided at a conference in Moscow of the American Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull, and the British Foreign Minister, Mr. Anthony Eden, when the three nations reached a degree of friendship never attained before. For the first time, it seemed to the Russians they were being treated by the two Western powers on a level of full equality. Here, at last, was atonement for the snubs their diplomats had received in the years before the war and for the final insult of Munich. The meeting of Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin at Teheran a few weeks later confirmed this principle of equality, which meant more to the Russians than their Western allies may have realized. Ever since the "Intervention Period," in 1918-19, the fear of a Western coalition against them has loomed large in the Russian mind and is no doubt responsible for their marked reaction to the North Atlantic Treaty. This deeply rooted suspicion of theirs has done much to blind the Russians to the fact that, by seeking to extend Communist influence in Europe and Asia, they have themselves been the cause of Western resistance to their expansion.

The San Francisco Conference in the summer of 1945 brought into being the United Nations, but provided continuous friction between the Russians and the Americans. The former seemed constantly to be putting spokes in wheels, and there was more than one moment when it almost looked as if the Conference might end in failure. This antagonism was by no means diminished by subsequent international meetings in London, Paris and elsewhere, and by the violent anti-American outbursts of Soviet representatives at Lake Success.

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Yet Molotov himself was far from creating an unfavorable impression at San Francisco. He surprised and gratified the American public by his affable demeanor and ready smile, and his unexpected willingness to sign autographs or pose for camera fans, much to the horror of his MVD (Soviet Secret Police) attendants. Simply dressed in a business suit with gray or black fedora, his heaviness of jowl and solemn round spectacles relieved by a cheerful grin, he became a familiar figure at the St. Francis Hotel in the center of the city, where the Russian delegation was staying. Frequently, as he hurried through the lobby, he was greeted with mild applause; as folks said, he looked like a real person, not at all the savage Bolshevik or starched British diplomat. His press conferences, too, were among the highlights of the Conference. Although he professed to be unfamiliar with English and all questions and answers were translated, it was often clear that he knew what had been asked before his interpreter had time to speak. He rarely tried to evade or reject a query, and replied briefly in pungent phrases. Once or twice he grumbled at the exigence of photographers, but I never saw him show signs of anger or impatience with any questioner. He never wasted time and seemed to enjoy what many statesmen find to be an ordeal.

As an orator — I have heard him speak many times — he is effective but not exciting, rather dull, to tell the truth, with a monotonous delivery, rarely punctuated by gestures. Here indeed he “hammers” away, devoid of fire and color, but with the merit of earnestness and solid force. He is short and thickset, but not portly, and his big head is firmly set on a sturdy neck. A man, I should say, of power and clear, balanced thought, who has full control of himself, and has learned in the harshest circumstances to face life undismayed. A square and resolute man, who can be subtle as well as blunt.

In the early spring of 1949, the world was astonished to learn that Molotov had been relieved of his duties as Foreign Minister of the USSR and had been succeeded by his first deputy, Andrei Vishinsky, former Public Prosecutor, who upon several occasions had signalized himself by vehement attacks upon American policy. Simultaneously, it was stated that another veteran Communist, Mikoyan, Molotov's colleague in the Politburo, had also retired from his post of Minister of Trade, and been similarly succeeded by *his* deputy, Menshikov. Both changes were announced in the baldest possible manner, in a

four-line official communiqué without explanation or comment, and led to the wildest speculation abroad.

For the last two years the Western world has echoed with rumors about Stalin's failing health, which have grown in strength and precision as time goes on. On account of this, it was said, the all-powerful dictator was "losing his grip." Fully a year ago there came a report that a Swedish cancer specialist had been summoned to Moscow to examine Stalin. Although this was denied with the explanation that the doctor in question had indeed visited Moscow but to see a different patient whose name was given, the rumor about Stalin persisted, and the well-known radio commentator, Walter Winchell, said flatly in the spring of 1949 that Stalin was afflicted by cancer in "its most malignant form." A few weeks later, the often well-informed Alsop brothers wrote in the *New York Herald Tribune* that Stalin "had had four strokes in recent months." Sometime before that President Truman had vouchsafed the enigmatic statement that Stalin was "the prisoner of the Politburo," which is at least surprising in view of the fact that all the members of that body were personally hand-picked by Stalin, trained by him, and have always appeared his most loyal and devoted adherents.

It is difficult to estimate the whole affair correctly, and one is always apt to believe that where there is so much smoke there must be at least some fire. But I think that many people in the West have been misled by a false analogy between the Politburo under Lenin in, say, 1922, when it was undoubtedly compact of personal and political rivalries, and the Politburo of Stalin today. It is true that Lenin's illness was at first minimized, and to some degree hushed up in Moscow. But it is also true that there is much wishful thinking which longs for the Bolshevik leaders to fight among themselves, either before or after Stalin's death, as a welcome solution to the whole problem of Bolshevik expansion. No less a figure than Winston Churchill recently voiced the hope, in hardly veiled terms, that the "death of the great Khan" would cause his minions to withdraw from Europe to the East in order to fight each other for the shreds of his mantle.

Accordingly, the initial Western reaction to the "retirement" of Molotov and Mikoyan (followed as it speedily was by other important changes) took the form that the long-expected struggle for succession had already begun in Moscow and that Mikoyan and Molotov were

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its first victims. This ingenuous analysis was speedily dispelled when it was learned that Molotov and Mikoyan had appeared at Stalin's side on the platform of the All-Union Soviet Congress, had shared the ovation he received and were, to all appearances, on the best of terms with him. Incidentally, Stalin seemed to enjoy his usual health, although some reports stated that he was grayer than of yore and looked tired, which is hardly surprising when one considers the life he has led and that he is 69 years old.

Foreign opinion next seized an alternative explanation, that Molotov was about to replace Stalin as premier, probably, it was suggested, because of his failing health. This was less sensational than the struggle-for-power theory, but coincided with the prevalent idea of Stalin's imminent demise and immediate physical weakness.

It is difficult for anyone familiar with Soviet history in the past two decades, and with the nature and formation of Stalin's Politburo, to agree with those who look forward to a royal row in the highest levels of the Bolshevik hierarchy. The most important feature of the 1949 changes is that they involve the retirement not only of Molotov and Mikoyan but of three other Politburo members, Bulganin, Voznesensky and Kosygin, from their governmental posts as Ministers of Defense, of State Planning, and of Finance. Here one gets the key to the riddle, which lies in the fact that the true peacetime function of the Politburo, as its name implies, was to make political decisions. It is the highest body of the Communist Party, which was the creator of the Soviet Government, and in that sense is superior to it. Owing to the emergencies of war, it was found desirable, for the sake of speed and efficiency, that the men who decided policy should also execute it in their various fields. Now it seems that the Bolsheviks are reverting to more normal procedure that the men who execute policy shall be subordinates, tried and trusted but still subordinate and junior, whereas their elders and superiors shall henceforth have more leisure to concentrate upon the vital task of policy making. It was thus natural that the changes which involved *governmental* positions should be announced to and approved by the All-Union Soviet Congress, since that is the principal *governmental* assembly, just as the All-Union Party Congress is the principal assembly of the Communist Party.

It is more than ten years since there has been a general congress

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of the All-Union Communist Party, an abnormal delay due to the war. When such a congress takes place any changes which may occur in the Politburo itself will be announced to the Party Congress, which will also be called upon to approve the reversion to normal peace-time procedure which enables Politburo members to concentrate on policy.

There is a final point which requires consideration, if only because it closely affects Molotov. Whatever credence should or should not be given to reports about Stalin's health, the fact remains that he is mortal and cannot live forever. Today his prestige and authority in Russia are so great that the praise and adulation lavished upon him sounds ludicrously extravagant to Western ears. But he and his associates must give thought to tomorrow, and make provision for a future which is fraught with doubt and anxiety no less to Russia than to the West. Should Stalin die suddenly, or retire before death's approach, it is improbable that any single man could take his place. It is more likely that there would be a division of power, as occurred in Turkey after the death of Kemal Atatürk, who also had been set upon a pinnacle by his followers. In that event, the position of Party Secretary might fall to Malenkov, who has always devoted himself specifically to party affairs. Stalin's other foremost position, that of Premier, would then be occupied by Molotov.

At present, this can be no more than hypothesis, but it is logical to expect that the one thing the Politburo is determined to avoid in the troubled world of today is any internal conflict or disunion. These men have stood shoulder to shoulder through the bitterest political struggle of modern times and the most dreadful war in history. Under the leader who chose and trained them they won both fights against the heaviest odds. They above all others must appreciate the truth of the saying, "United we stand, divided we fall."

I add one sentence in conclusion: the first individual toast which Stalin drank at the Victory Banquet of 1945 was in honor of Molotov.

MINISTER OF FEAR: LAVRENTI BERIA

By WALTER CRONKITE

WALTER CRONKITE, a veteran United Press correspondent, covered the war at sea, in the air, and on the ground from Pearl Harbor to the landings in Holland, after which he reported the legal post-mortems at Nuremberg. He organized UP's postwar coverage in the Low Countries, then headed its bureau in Moscow. There he passed two years in the climate of fear whereof he writes.

STALIN undoubtedly is the ultimate authority in the Soviet Union, and Molotov is his most probable successor, but behind them both sits a heavy-set, bald man in one of those dead-blue suits that seem to be a uniform for Soviet officials.

He is cold, impassive, expressionless. His pince-nez glasses which, when he was younger and thinner and not so bald, served to accent his professorial appearance, now have a nasty habit of catching the light so they look opaque. They seem to permit him to look out at the world, but to prohibit the world from looking in on him.

This man is Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria. Potentially, he is the most powerful man on earth.

Certain checks and balances, not the least of which is his deep personal loyalty to Stalin, keep him from exercising all his power except in those directions already approved by Stalin and the rest of the Politburo, the ruling cabinet of the Soviet Union. But the power is there.

For Lavrenti Beria personally controls the Soviet Union's secret police, and the Soviet Union is a police state.

In this capacity, as the Politburo's professional cop and guardian of the security of a nation with a highly suspicious nature, Beria has

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his finger in every pie baked in the Kremlin's kitchen. In the name of state security, he has virtual veto power over nearly every action taken by any of the other twelve members of the Politburo, excluding only Stalin himself. And it is likely that, in matters of security, Stalin takes Beria's advice.

Beria's power is even greater because he is, at least officially, the Politburo's eyes and ears, with which the men who rule the Soviet Union watch and listen to what is happening at home and throughout the world.

The spies who work for Beria are everywhere. They are in the Kremlin itself. They are in the smallest collective farm in the farthest reaches of Siberia. They are in government offices in Washington, London, Paris and Bangkok.

From this greatest network of secret operatives the world has ever known, Beria assembles a vast amount of information. How much of it he passes on to his fellow members of the Politburo is for him to decide. He knows more about what is going on inside and outside the Soviet Union than any other member of the ruling group, and knowledge is power.

Formally and officially, Beria is not now in charge of the Ministry of Internal Affairs or of the Ministry of State Security, the two branches of the Soviet Government that exercise the police power. He relinquished those jobs in 1946 — officially. But no one has the slightest doubt that he continues to control them and that he still is the police state's number one policeman.

For one thing, he is the Politburo's only professional cop. He has been pursuing secret police work as a career since he first became an active revolutionary in 1921. No other member of the Politburo can make that claim, and none was named to the police post after he left.

Instead, two policemen of hardly more than civil service position were named to head the two ministries. One of them, Colonel General S. N. Kruglov, was the jovial giant bodyguard for Stalin at Yalta and Potsdam and for Molotov at San Francisco and London — hardly the type to run the police in a nation where the police are omnipotent.

They are the administrators who run the two ministries, but the cables that carry the power they wield end up in a master control switch on Beria's polished desk in the Kremlin.

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A mere listing of the functions officially delegated, by one statute or another, to the Ministries of Internal Affairs and State Security is hint enough of the powers their boss holds.

They are in charge of all uniformed police; of all jails, prisons and forced labor camps; of all State Security troops, an elite, military-type police numbering into the hundreds of thousands; of all frontier guards; of all civilian registration services — recording events such as births, marriages and divorces, and deaths, and issuing all the myriad documents without which life and travel in the Soviet Union are impossible.

These are just the powers spelled out in black and white in the law. Additionally, these ministries are in charge of most espionage outside the Soviet Union, counter-intelligence within the Soviet Union, and, most vicious of all, the complex network of informers comprising the Kremlin's espionage against its own people.

Handed to them are the special problems which might arise from time to time to worry or endanger the regime. They, or their predecessors — the dread and infamous CHEKA, OGPU and NKVD — took over the job of guarding the Communist state as soon as the military operations of the civil war were over. In pursuit of that chore they put down the peasant resistance to collectivization, prosecuted the espionage and sabotage trials of the mid-thirties, and conducted the purges which accompanied them.

It was they — that is, Beria — who were handed at the conclusion of this last war the difficult job of reorienting the millions of Red Army soldiers who had had a chance to see the world outside of Russia.

This was no simple task and the way it was handled gives an excellent example of Beria's evil genius, of the manner in which his authority crosses departmental lines and extends into areas of government that normally would not be associated with the police, and, finally, of the ruthlessness that naturally follows in a state where human dignity and individual rights have sunk so low.

One of the major problems which faced the Red Army, once it had begun the pursuit of the Germans, was how to control the soldiers who were about to see the wonders of the outside world for the first time. To pursue the Germans meant that the iron curtain, which is designed to keep the Russians in just as much as to keep the foreigners

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out, would have to be raised. For a quarter of a century the Bolsheviks, and for hundreds of years before them, the Czars, had kept the Russian people from knowing how low their standard of living was and how few liberties they enjoyed compared with their neighbors to the west. What would happen when millions of them, wearing the army's khaki, found out the truth?

It was Beria's problem. First of all, the old system of political commissars attached to the troops was resumed. This created antagonism in the army. Top brass complained to the Kremlin that their jobs were being interfered with, that their authority was being undermined, and that, furthermore, it didn't look right for the Kremlin to have so little faith and trust in them.

But Beria's men went along anyway. They were assigned right down to company level in some cases. Their job was twofold. First, they were to keep the soldiers well propagandized. When the Red Army men swept into a house in Budapest, say, and marveled at the modern kitchen and bath, at the furnishings, at the expanse of the three-room flat, it was the commissar's job to point out that this, obviously, was the home of a dirty capitalist exploiter of the masses, and that, unfortunately, his soldiers weren't getting a chance to see the slums on the other side of town where the majority of the people had to live in squalor that even a Russian couldn't imagine. On the other, equally illuminating, side of town, of course, another commissar was telling his group the same thing.

This preventive medicine obviously couldn't be too effective, particularly during a long period of occupation. But the secondary, and more important, function of the commissars was: they measured the individual soldier's power to resist the blandishments of the West and to understand, according to Marx, the Communist lessons to be learned there.

A constant flow of reports went back, along the route of commissars, to secret police headquarters in Moscow. There the fate of each man was decided — based on the impression the West had made on him, and the probabilities of his talking too much and too glowingly of the things he had seen when he got back home.

Those who were "secure" were permitted to return to their old homes and jobs when demobilized. But the others met other fates, depending on the degree of their reactions abroad. Mildest cases of

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Western infection were demobilized, but when it came time to get jobs, it turned out, mysteriously, that they were assigned posts in distant cities or villages — where they knew no one and hence would not know who to trust with their wonderful stories of life beyond the iron curtain. Hence they maintained their silence. More serious cases were, in many cases, left in the Army, where reindoctrination could be more intensively applied than in civilian life. Some, on whom the West made too deep an impression, ended up in Siberian labor gangs.

This was only part of the job. In that part, Beria exercised a power that gave him authority over military forces and the marshals who ran them. In the next phase of the gigantic task, he moved in on the propaganda and agitation department — a key Soviet function and a jealously guarded one.

He was instrumental in ordering a propaganda campaign that would ridicule the West as it had never been ridiculed before, and would glorify the Soviet existence as it had never been glorified before. This campaign was to erase the last suspicion from the mind of the last returning soldier that there was anything better abroad than his own life in Russia.

The campaign gave rise to the grotesque claims that Russians had invented everything from the steam engine and the electric light to penicillin and atomic energy. Red Army veterans were even told that the jeeps and trucks they drove and admired were not American at all, as they had first believed. This story was told them not once but over and over again, and, like dripping water, it wore away the stone of their memory.

In carrying out this part of the campaign, Beria was, indirectly, telling newspapers what to publish, writers what to write, composers what to compose, singers what to sing, and dancers what to dance.

And, as the cold war grew colder, he ordered the arrest of every Russian whose dossiers showed he had expressed admiration for the West, and, of course, all of those few Russians who had any contact with Western diplomats. This included many employees of the American embassy and some top Soviet civil servants.

The vigilance against any recurrence of this admiration for things non-Soviet continues, but the major portion of Beria's job in that direction has now been completed. As important as this task was,

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however, it was only another of the many that Beria undertakes, and it is cited here at some length as an example of the wide scope of his power over all walks of Soviet life — from marshals in the Army to dancers at the ballet.

Beria's greatest power stems, however, not from such purely police and public morale problems, but from his function as the greatest slave trader of all time.

He directly controls the lives and labors of 14,000,000 to 20,000,000 persons. (Estimates of the exact number vary and perhaps only Beria knows the real figure.) They are the slave labor, the forced labor of the work camps and prisons, on which the whole economy of the Soviet Union is built.

There is scarcely a major Soviet construction project that is not going up with Beria labor. The railroads are being pushed out into Siberia and the Urals with slave labor; the Dnieper dam is being rebuilt with slave labor; the flooded and dangerous Donbas mines are being worked with slave labor; the forests of the arctic north are being cut with slave labor; the Siberian goldfields are being mined with slave labor.

Soviet economy rests on this cheap labor. It is as impossible for the Soviet Union to dispense with it now as it would be for it to put the Republican Party on its next ballot. Without it, this economy that preys on itself would have no way to pay for its armaments program, for its reconstruction program, for its needs of day-to-day existence.

It has found that even with this gigantic slave labor force, which now includes almost one person in every ten, its economy is on a bare subsistence level. It is up to Beria to keep the costs of slave labor down to such a minimum that every available kopek can go into other operations.

He has done this by permitting his prisoners to live in indescribable squalor for which only Buchenwald and Ravensbruck are precedents. His laborers sleep crowded on board bunks without mattresses, pillows or covers. They get two meals a day of cabbage and water, or half-spoiled fish, or unhusked oats.

They are shipped in cattle cars from one job to another, left frequently to live in dugouts in bitter winter cold until they themselves build crude barracks. Women and children share this fate. And no

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one in Russia is free from the fear of committing a political crime and ending up in a labor camp.

Many of the inmates have committed no crime at all. This slave labor has become so essential to the continuation of the Soviet regime that its ranks are now kept full by purely arbitrary seizure of "suspected" persons. They are snatched from their beds by Beria's police, given a trial only by secret kangaroo courts, and are removed without ever seeing their families again. The next of kin is notified by a postcard which does not tell the crime of which the loved one has been accused, the length of the sentence received, or where he or she has been shipped. This is part of the efficiency that Beria has brought to his job.

He has further enhanced this efficiency of the slave labor force, and thus reduced the cost, by permitting a practice that inmates call "dying away." Those who fall sick or whose morale sinks so low that they give up trying, crawl onto their bunks, take their reduced rations, and permit themselves to starve to death.

Slave labor is assigned to a particular project upon request of the project manager, filed with an office which, of course, Beria also controls. Beria can make or break a factory manager, a construction manager, or a minister of the government by refusing or withholding labor from him.

By having his labor and consequently his guards working on every major project in the country, Beria also has a source of real information on the progress of such operations that even the government ministers and the supervising Politburo members don't have.

With responsibility weighing so heavily on their heads, foremen and managers are likely to cheat considerably in the progress reports they must make at frequent periods to Moscow. Ministers and the Politburo members to whom they answer can be fooled by these reports. But Beria knows, and of all the reports that come to Stalin's ears on progress in this or that direction in the Soviet Union, he is most likely to believe Beria's. It gives Beria an important place of his own alongside Stalin.

It probably was this control of the labor force, plus the security forces, that were the deciding factor in the appointment of Beria to head up the Soviet Union's atom program.

This is so hush-hush that no mention of it ever has been made in

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the Russian press, but it is generally accepted now that Beria is in charge of the construction of the Soviet Union's Oak Ridge.

There are many reasons why this appointment would be logical. For one thing, Beria is a graduate architect and has proved highly efficient at supervising construction in the past. And also, it has been Beria's men who have directed the nation's frantic, sometimes foolhardy, effort to get our atomic secrets.

Beria has another source of secret power. His labor mines the great quantities of gold that the Soviet is taking out of the Siberian fields. Presumably the Russian financial experts are well acquainted with the quantity mined, and its ultimate destination. But Beria shares this secret with them. This could be important.

Western economists have long recognized the possibility of an economic blitz by the Soviet Union. This would be accomplished in several ways simultaneously, one of them being the dumping on the world market of large quantities of gold. The price of the yellow stuff would plummet, and economic chaos could result. Beria would be at least one of the engineers of that disruptive coup.

Those of his powers already enumerated are great enough, but there is one other that gives Beria his greatest strength. That is fear, and in the Soviet Union, Beria is Minister of Fear.

Fear is the predominating emotion in Russia. The government fears capitalist encirclement and aggression. The Politburo fears the people. Members of the Politburo fear each other. The people fear the Politburo, the government, and each other.

Lavrenti Beria can, almost at will, turn on and off this fear.

Through the reports of his spies, the government's fear of the West can be intensified or diminished. Through the reports of his informers, the Politburo's fears of the people and of each other can be heightened or lowered. Through the actions of his police, the number and frequency of arrests, and the propaganda campaigns in the press, the fears of the people can be controlled, and, hence, their emotions and actions dominated.

Nearly every family in the Soviet Union has some loved one in a concentration camp. Fear for their safety helps keep those still free in line. No Soviet citizen is permitted to go abroad to serve his government unless some relatives are left behind. Fear for their safety keeps the officials abroad in line. Fear for their families keeps the

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number of desertions from the Soviet Army in Germany and Austria from being larger than it is.

Human nature being what it is, there is every reason to believe an oft repeated suggestion that Beria and his professional secret police are not particularly interested in allaying any of these fears. They have the bureaucrats' sense of primary responsibility toward holding their jobs, and the greater the fear, the more important their jobs become.

Of all the fears in the Soviet Union, the greatest is toward the secret police themselves, and yet, paradoxically, so important have they become that they are granted a very special position in the highly developed social caste system of the Soviet Union. They get the best of everything — food, clothing, cars, apartments. Many of their officials have made excellent matches with the choicest plums in the Soviet marital orchard — the ballerinas.

How efficient Beria's police force is, man for man, is something of a moot point. The fantastic system of records and cataloguing that sets down the movements of every Soviet citizen from birth to grave, supplemented by a dossier of the subject's opinions on everything from his neighbor's children to Stalin's omnipotency — as reported by informers such as his wife or best friend — give the police an advantage that no other national police force has.

They also are aided considerably by the official policy of ruthlessness that makes our third degree look like a Sunday-school teacher's admonition to a naughty pupil.

As a matter of fact, the plain-clothes men of Beria's regular militia — which excludes the spies and informers — have that cop look that old police reporters, second-story men and other assorted bums can identify in any nation in the world. There is a certain way they wear their clothes. Their hats have a certain cardboard appearance — from too many nights standing in rainy doorways, perhaps. Their overcoats have the snappy cut of a wellbuilt coffin. And their suits look like they had been borrowed from a smaller, unemployed and insomniac brother — except in the seat of the pants, where they are likely to look like they were tailored for some giant yet unborn.

With the material with which he has to work, Beria has probably whipped together the finest police force possible. It should be mentioned in passing here, that his uniformed police — the traffic and

ordinary city police — are as courteous as any around the world and are reasonably neat and well-disciplined.

Beria should have done well with the police job. His whole adult life was spent preparing for it — both in organizing the uniformed police and in developing the subtleties of espionage, counterintelligence, and informing.

The fateful year for the world and millions of its inhabitants when Beria decided to become a cop was 1921. He was a 23-year-old Communist of four years' standing then, having joined as a student organizer while at Baku Polytechnical Institute, from which he graduated as a "technician-architect and constructor."

This young, clean-cut, smart-looking young intellectual was, according to his official biography, the son of downtrodden peasant parents of the Sukhum district of Georgia. This is highly unlikely, and probably — at least chronologically — the first fib on which Beria's Communist career was built.

The official biographies show that most of the top Bolsheviks came from the families of downtrodden workers or downtrodden peasants. It is highly unfashionable in the Soviet Union to have come from any other social strata. But Beria's general appearance and demeanor, both then and now, and the fact that he could afford to attend college, belie such humble beginnings in a day when, it is true, most of the peasants and workers of that part of the world *were* downtrodden and grindingly poor.

He was lucky to have been born in Georgia, which was Stalin's birthplace, and in beginning his Bolshevik activity in the Caucasian area, where Stalin actively was directing operations. He served the party well as a courier between headquarters in Georgia and Azerbaijan and came to the personal notice of Stalin and, more importantly still at that particular time, to the notice of Stalin's close friend and most intimate adviser, Ordzhonikidze.

On the latter's recommendations and Beria's request, the young Georgian was named assistant director of the Azerbaijanian Cheka — the first of the terror-police organizations.

He showed such talent in ridding Azerbaijan of every vestige of the opponents of Bolshevism — except for the red spots they left against the bright yellow walls of the Azerbaijan buildings — that within a year he was promoted to head of the Cheka for all of the Caucasus.

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It was in 1926, though, that he really hit the high road that led to Moscow and to the second most powerful job, next to Stalin's.

In that year he put down a revolt in Georgia with such ruthlessness that his name became synonymous with cruelty in the land of his birth. Some of the reports of those bloodletting times say that Beria purged members of his own family — ordered them shot for alleged crimes against this new state which had now become his only passion, the sole object of his allegiance.

Soon after, he was given the job of secretary of the party committee for the Caucasus area, which, combined with his job as Commissar of Internal Affairs of the Caucasus, made him virtual dictator of the region, subject only to the authority of Moscow.

By Communist standards, he did an excellent job there. He consolidated the farm collectivization and stepped up industrial production — and killed off the opposition by mass arrests, disappearances, deportations and executions.

He traveled frequently to Moscow and often saw Stalin to regale him with tales of Communist progress in the dictator's native land. He considerably enhanced his career by turning out an apple-polishing history of Bolshevism that was the first volume to give Stalin the distorted credit for the whole revolution and all that ensued thereafter.

When the purges of 1936-38 came and all Russia was plunged into the wildest blood bath since the French Revolution, Beria played his role in the madness in the Caucasus until a fateful event occurred about which history is obscure.

The most acceptable version with which most Russian experts agree is that Nicolai Yezhov, then head of the NKVD and director of the orgy of executions and arrests, slipped Beria's name on a list of high party officials marked for execution which already had been signed by Stalin.

Beria is said to have learned of the plot through friends in Moscow whom he already had organized into a small personal intelligence group of his own. He sped to Stalin, unveiled the plot, and got Yezhov's job. He then, in turn, apparently liquidated Yezhov — which is a fair sort of tit for tat in Russia. At least Yezhov disappeared and has not been heard from since.

Whatever the circumstances, Beria became head of the NKVD

early in 1939. This was the climax of the purges. Beria's role became that of the great untangler. He was called the purger of the purgers. He executed the purgers and undid the excesses of the purges. He released thousands from prison and restored thousands of others to the Communist Party ranks.

The end of the excesses, and the reform, were, of course, all done in Stalin's name, but the people gave Beria a good deal of credit.

However, there is no reason to believe that the end of the purge should be credited to Beria any more than to a half dozen other of Stalin's closest advisers — and, perhaps, even Stalin himself. The Russian dictator himself is adept, as is any dictator who holds power for long, at sensing the temper of his people. Stalin and his chief advisers all about the same time sensed that the purge had gone too far, that it was undermining the people's morale, courage and initiative, and seriously reflecting on production and efficiency. It, however, solidified Stalin in power, and with him, Beria.

Beria's power in the Politburo itself is believed to be great. He frequently is mentioned as one of a triumvirate that might take over when Stalin dies. The others are Molotov and Georgi Malenkov.

Molotov is the elder statesman and the perfect man of prestige to head a government. Malenkov is the new party boss since the death of Zhdanov in September, 1948, and can be expected to run the ruling Bolshevik party in the best manner to which it has been accustomed. And Beria controls the police — an obvious reason for including him.

There is reason to believe that they are the favored three in Stalin's eyes. He picked them, along with the aging military dean of the Politburo, Marshal Voroshilov, to serve with him on the first defense committee formed after the German invasion. This committee assumed all power in the Soviet Union for both the prosecution of the war and administration of the rear areas.

Malenkov and Beria, incidentally, are either fast friends or are equally allergic to the other. They nearly always sit together at state functions, and foreign diplomats have been shocked at their near-rudeness in ignoring the proceedings while they whisper behind the backs of their hands.

They have been known to be so engrossed in their conversation that they have missed cues for toasts proposed by Stalin himself. This embarrasses Malenkov but not Beria, who is a cool customer. When

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meeting others, foreigners at least, he extends a cold, clammy hand with as much grip as a bowl of Jello, looks the subject straight in the eye for a very brief second, and mumbles a barely audible greeting.

Certain questions may well be asked about Beria: How can Stalin afford to permit Beria to exercise all this power? Could he not turn it against Stalin and seize the government himself? What counter-power would there be to stop him? Could not he, in fact, order Stalin's execution by the guards he personally has posted round Stalin?

The answer is: not very likely. First of all, Beria has been picked for the job because of his supreme loyalty to Stalin. But this in itself, obviously, would not be enough. There is no question that Beria is subject to the same invisible system of controls that he himself has placed on others, both inside and outside the Soviet Union, but, precisely because of his own power, the watch on Beria is probably more intense than that on any other Russian.

In a regime built on suspicion, there can be no question that a picked number of Beria's closest advisers, office staff and household help actually are the personal retainers of Stalin, or Malenkov, or any other member of the Politburo who might wish to know — well in advance — of Beria's intentions and his actions.

Beria is just as much the victim as the perpetuator of a system. He is not only the world's master cop — he will be its master suspect should anything happen to Stalin. Already he is guilty, not only of crimes already committed, but also of crimes he has the power to commit.

The men who shape the destiny of the Soviet Union are not important for themselves alone. They are also important because of the *things* for which they stand.

Of all the doctrines and policies which form a part of the Soviet Union's philosophy and life, there is none more far-reaching nor more heinous than that of the all-powerful police, its degradation of human dignity, and its employment of slave labor. We cannot live in a shrinking world, one-sixth of which is dominated by that philosophy, without being affected by it.

These are things that fashion history. And today the personification of these things is a man named Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria.

MR. EUROPE: PAUL-HENRI SPAAK

By ANDRE VISSON

ANDRE VISSON is an American of Russian birth whose journalistic background includes stints as foreign correspondent for the Chicago Daily News and (currently) roving editor for the Reader's Digest. By outlook and experience he is, indeed, ideally equipped to explain Americans and Europeans to each other, a task he performed with distinction in his last book, *As Others See Us*. His study of Premier Spaak stems from long and close personal observation.

"... THE SOVIET delegate need not look for complicated explanations of our policy I will tell him the basis for our policy in terms somewhat blunt, but ones which only a representative of a small nation may use. . . . It is fear of you, fear of your government, fear of your policy. . . ."

The capacity audience filling the theater in the monumental Palais de Chaillot in Paris, where the United Nations in the fall of 1948 held their third General Assembly, listened in tense silence to the strongest indictment of Soviet Russia ever made before the world by a responsible statesman.

The burly figure making this astounding indictment had a striking resemblance to Winston Churchill: the same bulging forehead, the same frown, the same horn-rimmed spectacles, the same pugnacious lower lip, the same double chin, and even the same thrust of both arms upward, as if trying to follow the flight of his inspiring oratory.

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But on closer view he was at least twenty years younger than Britain's wartime leader. And his ardent reply to the vituperations of the Soviet delegate, Andrei Vishinsky, was delivered in flawless French.

The six-foot, 230-pound speaker was the fifty-year-old Paul-Henri Spaak, Belgium's Prime Minister and, since 1936, her Minister of Foreign Affairs. He is unanimously acclaimed as the best speaker in the United Nations, which in 1946 honored him with election to the Presidency of its first General Assembly. He is regarded by diplomats and newspapermen alike as Europe's ablest statesman and most indefatigable worker for European unity. Nevertheless, Paul-Henri Spaak still remains little known outside the limited group of people who follow the deliberations of the United Nations and European efforts toward integration. Three facts account perhaps for his being less known in the United States than he should be: 1) He comes from a small, peaceful and prosperous country which usually makes the front page only when invaded by its German neighbor. 2) Unsurpassed master of the French language, he has only a limited command of English. 3) His innate modesty and acute sense of humor cause him to shun all personal publicity.

He delights in telling about a Brussels taxi driver who refused to take him to the broadcast studio where he was to make an important address. "Sorry, sir," said the driver, who did not recognize Spaak, "but I'm rushing home to listen to what Spaak is going to tell us tonight." "I will pay you double," insisted Spaak, greatly amused. "Well, get in," decided the cabman, "after all, the guy will tell us the same story he has been telling for the last ten years."

But on this particular September afternoon in Paris, Spaak was to answer Vishinsky in words which no other statesman had ever before used in the United Nations. "You make us uneasy," he upbraided the Soviet delegation, "because in every one of the countries represented here you maintain a fifth column compared to which Hitler's fifth column was but a Boy Scout troop."

There is no flowery Latin rhetoric in Spaak's eloquence. There are no quotations or historic references. No one needs a dictionary to understand what the burly Belgian means, even when he engages in hard-hitting irony. "Why," he asked in Paris, "are such extraordinary new facts as the precise distances between New York,

London and Moscow published in American magazines and which Mr. Vishinsky considers American warmongering propaganda, more dangerous to the peace of the world than the calculation of the same distances which the Soviet General Staff has certainly made in secret?"

The newspapermen were on tenterhooks. Here was the greatest speech ever made in the United Nations! A representative of a small, defenseless nation, speaking for millions of unhappy Europeans, living in constant fear of their tomorrow, was telling in plain, direct language the bitter truth to the world's most dreaded power. And they were without an advance copy of the speech! Spaak, who likes to say that his best improvisations are the ones most carefully prepared, this time spoke without a prepared text.

In speaking Spaak appeals primarily to commonsense. There is, however, in his eloquence frequently an undercurrent of emotion. He could not conceal it when in Paris he defended the Marshall Plan. "I know that tomorrow morning . . . I will be called a valet of American imperialism, sold to Wall Street! But I will tell you . . . the truth proclaimed by sixteen European nations — which after all need take no lessons from anyone on national dignity — that without the Marshall Plan Europe is lost!"

To Spaak the Marshall Plan is much more than an American device for underwriting and speeding up Europe's economic recovery. It is more than building an economic dam to protect the still free nations of Western Europe against the Communist tide — although he likes to repeat that "prosperity is the death of Communism." The Organization for European Economic Cooperation — OEEC — which was created in Paris to handle the European end of the Marshall Plan is to Spaak the nursery from which he one day expects to see emerge a new Europe that has achieved the degree of political and economic integration indispensable to her survival in the radically changed postwar world.

"When I appoint a new envoy," says Spaak, "I tell him: 'Remember, you are a Belgian first.' But when I send a new official to OEEC, I tell him: 'Remember, you are a European first.'"

He is convinced that his country's problems can be solved only in the frame of broader European solutions. A high American official, speaking of Spaak, remarked: "Spaak is perhaps the only statesman

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from Europe who has succeeded in making us forget his nationality. To us he is not a Belgian but a European statesman."

No wonder that Paul G. Hoffman, Administrator of the Economic Cooperation Administration, and W. Averell Harriman, his roving Ambassador for Europe, have been so eager for Spaak to take over the direction of OEEC in Paris. They hoped that his prestige and skill would help bring about the indispensable coordination of the conflicting national economic plans worked out by the sixteen European countries. Here was a man of unique position in Western Europe. Leader of the Labor Party in Belgium, Spaak made it possible for his country to achieve postwar prosperity not through Socialism but through free enterprise. So they wanted him to perform the same miracle for all other Marshall Plan countries. They even hoped that he would give up his Premiership and the direction of Belgium's foreign affairs — which he had been shouldering for twelve years — in order to devote himself exclusively to the direction of OEEC. But this proved to be difficult and a compromise was found. A smaller council of eight Foreign Ministers was created for the supervision of the OEEC and Spaak was elected its chairman, without giving up his governmental duties in Belgium.

It is his broad European conceptions and his exceptional gift for coordination and conciliation that make Spaak the greatest hope of the European organization for the Marshall Plan.

Asked by his friends one day what he believed to be his outstanding qualities, Spaak answered without hesitation: "Patience and the desire to find the common denominator. Only during a very short period in my youth did my craving for social justice allow me to be tempted by radical solutions. But I did not fail to realize that it is infinitely more important to stress what people of different opinions, creeds and nationalities have in common than to emphasize how they differ."

His entire political life has indeed been marked by the desire to discover the "common denominator." First he strove to do this within his own party, where he succeeded in keeping together all conflicting factions — the so-called intellectuals and the trade-unionists, the Flemings and the Walloons. This was of particular importance in Belgium, seriously threatened between the two wars by a growing cleavage between the French-speaking Walloons who until 1914 had

a dominant position, and the Flemish-speaking Flemings who claimed "cultural autonomy."

Later, in the coalition governments made necessary because none of the three major Belgian parties could obtain a clear majority, he had to keep together not only the Flemings and the Walloons, but the Laborites, Liberals and Catholics of both conservative and progressive trends. It was then that he realized the need for conciliating the socialistic program of his party with the free enterprise philosophy of other parties which assured Belgium its exceptional prosperity in prewar and postwar Europe. And it was this same search for a common denominator and the same spirit of conciliation that he brought to all his postwar activities — activities serving, on different levels, the same objective: a greater unity of Europe.

He is responsible for Benelux — the economic union of Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg — which has been jokingly called "Spaakistan." And its inhabitants seem to the British — enduring their austerity — to be living in an incredible "Beneluxury." Immediately after the war he advocated a regional organization of Western Europe, and in March 1948 achieved the political, cultural and military union of five Western European nations. When skeptics asked Spaak what would be the military value of an alliance between Britain, France, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg, whose military potentials were more or less zero, he cracked: "Our countries, militarily speaking, may now be five zeros, but if the United States were willing to put even one unit in front of these zeros we would have quite an impressive figure!" And he proved to be right when the United States and Canada, together with the five nations of the Western Union and other free countries of Europe signed the North Atlantic Treaty.

He was one of the first European statesmen to indorse the idea of a European Assembly and a Council of Europe to try to work out a constitution for a European Federation. He is keenly aware of the incredibly difficult obstacles blocking the road to European Federation. He believes that it may take at least another generation to overcome them. But he is willing, together with Winston Churchill and other European leaders, to work in all movements for a Federated Europe. He quotes a favorite saying of Prince William of Holland: "You don't have to be hopeful of success before trying to do some-

thing, nor do you have to be successful to keep on trying." And he refers to the same saying in explaining why he refuses to be discouraged by the many failures of the United Nations.

This man who devotes his efforts to bringing together Europeans of different political philosophies and nationalities is, like his own nation, a product of two national ancestries. His father, Paul Spaak, a poet and director of the Brussels Royal Opera, was of Flemish stock. His seventy-five-year-old mother — the daughter and sister of two outstanding leaders in Belgium's Liberal Party, and the first Belgian woman to enter the Senate — is a Walloon.

In spite of his half-Flemish origin and his understanding of the Flemish aspirations, Spaak never learned to speak Flemish. His culture is essentially French. His early heroes were all French. A man of action, he had a particular admiration for Napoleon, but since even as a boy he already had political aspirations, he soon realized "that it might be compromising for a democratic politician to admire Napoleon too much."

During World War I the seventeen-year-old Spaak tried to join the Belgian Army in France. Caught by the Germans, he spent two years in a prison camp. Thus the status of a veteran allowed him to finish his law studies in two and a half years instead of five.

As a young lawyer Spaak could easily have capitalized on his family connections in Belgian big business circles to create a lucrative legal practice for himself in Brussels. But despite his desire to assure a comfortable life for his young wife — he married a tall, attractive girl from a well-to-do Belgian family, who bore him a son and two daughters — he was more interested in social justice for the underprivileged and in peace for all, than in increasing his income.

He went into politics. Following his mother's example, he had himself put on the Labor ticket and was elected to the Belgian Chamber of Deputies in 1932.

A revolutionary storm was blowing over Europe. Communism in Russia, Fascism in Italy, the coming Naziism in Germany were pushing democracy out of Europe. Spaak's generation seemed to be more concerned with social justice than with political freedom. People spoke of the new Social Democracy that would follow Political Democracy. Remembering the revolutionary origins of Political Democracy, Spaak wondered for a time whether the new Social

Democracy would not have to come about by revolution. But he was not long in realizing that the revolutionary forces around him were all antiliberal and totalitarian. And Spaak was determined not to give up the freedoms won by his liberal ancestors. A trip to Moscow confirmed him in his rejection of Soviet totalitarianism. He became convinced that Social Democracy could be achieved only by evolution and compromise. "Political and economic realities," says Spaak, "are infinitely more important than all the political ideologies." He broke away from his extremist friends and began to advocate participation by the Labor Party in a coalition government with middle-of-the-road Liberals and Conservative Catholics.

In March 1935, all excited, he telephoned his senator-mother: "*Maman*, if your telephone breaks down, complain to me. I am the new Minister of Communications!" Premier Paul van Zeeland had offered him the Department of Transportation, Post and Telegraph in his coalition government. A year later, the thirty-seven-year-old Spaak was entrusted with the Foreign Office. And from 1936 on, throughout war, exile and liberation, Spaak remained responsible for his country's foreign policy.

It was in his Foreign Office that Spaak had the opportunity of pointing out one of the fundamental errors of Karl Marx. Contrary to Marxist thinking, the *national* interests of the workers were much more important than their *professional* interests. Time and again he explained to the critical, oft-times tempestuous trade-union conventions that unless the national interests of the community were adequately defended, the trade-unions would not be able to properly protect the professional interests of the workers. When old-fashioned European Marxists accused Spaak of being a "traitor to the working classes," he explained that so long as free enterprise continued to contribute to Belgium's prosperity, he would continue to support free enterprise because this was, in his opinion, the best way to serve the professional interests of the Belgian workers.

He became a friend and confidant of Belgium's King Leopold without giving up his easy, friendly, democratic manner, which made him so popular with his voters in the workers' district. An excellent tennis player, he once played a game with the visiting King of Sweden on the courts of Brussels' exclusive Leopold Club, from which he had only a few years before been barred because of his "too bold" political

opinions. Asked by the press what the score was, Spaak raised his forefinger to his lips: "Please, gentlemen! It is a diplomatic secret!" But when a friend later insisted on finding out whether he had lost the game to the King of Sweden, Spaak's eyes twinkled with good-natured malice: "Do I look like a courtier, or like an honest democrat and honest tennis player?"

But the clouds gathering in Europe's international skies did not allow Spaak to devote much time to his favorite sport. Together with King Leopold he tried to stave off the threatening danger of war by a policy of neutrality. He failed. On the morning of May 10, 1940, the German Ambassador to Brussels, Vicco Karl von Bülow-Schwante, came to his office to announce the invasion that had been under way for several hours. Spaak did not let the Nazi envoy read the official declaration of war. "No, I will speak first," Spaak cut him off, and without mincing words, he delivered himself of what he thought of Hitler's aggression and of the punishment which Germany would get for it.

With other cabinet members, Spaak went into exile. Interned by the Spanish police in Barcelona, he escaped in a delivery wagon with a double partition furnished by Belgian friends in collaboration with the British Intelligence.

The four years he spent in London and the four trips he made to the United States during the war prepared him for his postwar activities in liberated Europe. He had ample time to meditate on the complexity of the problems which were going to face the postwar world. He never doubted the outcome of the war, but he was concerned about the peace. As early as 1941, immediately after Pearl Harbor, he wrote to me: "From now on we must be concerned about the future. The future appears to me terribly complicated, if not dark, and I am very much afraid that after all the failures, we may miss the peace. It looks to me as if the present war has not yet sufficiently changed mankind and particularly the statesmen!" But he found America fascinating and was tremendously impressed by Americans.

On his first visit to Washington in November, 1941, Spaak recalled his prewar experience with Anthony Eden in Geneva. Invited by Eden on a fishing party in the country, Spaak thought that the British Foreign Minister wanted to discuss with him — away from the eavesdropping of the League of Nations — some important international

problems. But Eden's conversation was limited to comments on fishing. So he asked his Ambassador to London what the purpose of the party could have been. The envoy smiled: "You have to spend many week ends with Eden just fishing or golfing before he will take you into his political bosom." "And here in Washington," Spaak concluded admiringly, "high American officials I have just met talk to me as if we had been fishing together for the last fifteen years!"

Spaak got along extremely well with Americans because his conceptions of the postwar world were very close to those of the American policy makers. He was even accused by those Europeans who feared a dominant American influence in postwar Europe of being too willing to take all his cues from Washington. But one day, after listening with great interest to devastating criticisms of the State Department by an outstanding American commenorator, Spaak remarked with a broad, malicious grin: "He looks upon the State Department as if it were his mother-in-law! For me it is only a foreign dowager. Of course, I may disagree with her, and now and then I do, but when I find her right, I see no reason why I should not admit it."

In addition to his chief preoccupation with international affairs, Spaak also had to attend to Belgium's internal problems. He succeeded in restoring prosperity to Belgium by making his country an island of free enterprise in a postwar Europe more or less committed to rigid state controls. But he could not unite his countrymen on the burning issue — the return of King Leopold, who remained in Belgium under the occupation and whom the Nazis took to Austria at the end of the war. The Socialists and the majority of the Liberals were definitely opposed to Leopold's return. But the majority of the Catholics were loyal to him. The cleavage was further aggravated by the fact that the division was also running along racial lines. The majority of the Flemings were for the King. The majority of the Walloons were against him. Conciliation having failed, Spaak resorted to patience. He decided that parliamentary elections scheduled to be held in the summer of 1949 would offer the Belgians an opportunity to express democratically — after a salutary cooling-off period — their opinions on all national issues, including that of the King.

Few democratic leaders in Europe have stayed in power longer than Spaak. He tried several times to give up the Premiership in order to devote all his time to international affairs, but every time

other leaders failed to form a coalition cabinet, he was called back. He nevertheless emphatically protested against being described as "an irreplaceable man." "There is no such thing as an irreplaceable or infallible man in a democracy," he says. "I have made a number of errors, but it was my good luck that every time I erred, the majority of my countrymen made the same error!" And with a twinkle in his eye, he explains that two people have prevented him from having a too-high opinion of himself, "my mother and Albert, my chauffeur."

His white-haired mother, who recalls that "Paul-Henri was the easiest of my children to handle — so sweet and affectionate," has for many years referred to Spaak as "the Minister," but whenever she is congratulated by her fellow senators on a speech Spaak made in the Senate, she sighs: "You cannot imagine how relieved I am that it is over. When he is speaking I am always so afraid that he may falter and fail to make his point. . . ." As for Albert Lagae, his long-time chauffeur, Spaak treats him like a pal. When in 1944 Spaak returned to liberated Belgium, Albert welcomed him with: "*Patron* (boss), it was high time for you to come back. It was hard on me to support three women. . . ." "What three women?" asked Spaak. "Well, your mother, your missus, and mine." Throughout the years of occupation, Albert bootlegged scarce provisions for Spaak's mother and wife. On his part, Spaak treats Albert as an unofficial member of his official family. He insisted that Albert have a comfortable, well-heated waiting room in the Department, which Albert proudly calls "my office." Spaak laughingly remarks that Albert is one of the few men from whom he has no secrets and whose sound judgment helps him properly to estimate the people's reactions.

Spaak is very cooperative with the press, both Belgian and foreign, but he is a great enemy of "leaks." He is for open diplomacy, but believes that it should not be overdone. "I think," he says, "the people should know the dinner menu prepared for them by their diplomat-cooks, but I wonder whether they should also take part in preparing the dishes. The best way of stimulating the appetite is surely not to plant one's self in the kitchen. Even in the best-ordered kitchens there are too many peelings."

Asked about his future plans, Spaak says that he has a great ambition. He would like to buy a secondhand car and go on a lecture tour in the United States. He would lecture to Americans about Europeans,

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and would gather material for a book to make Americans better known and understood in Europe. But asked when he thinks he will be able to realize his ambition, Spaak winks an eye: "When my bosses — the people of Belgium and Western Europe — fire me! When I am no longer able to serve American-European cooperation as a statesman, I will try to serve it as a lecturer and writer."

OVER TO SOCIALISM: CLEMENT ATTLEE

By FRANK OLIVER

FRANK OLIVER, a Briton, is chief correspondent in the United States for the Kemsley Newspapers of London. A former Far Eastern correspondent, he has worked in the United States for the past ten years, half of that time as Washington correspondent for the London Times. He believes he now knows Americans as thoroughly as he does Prime Minister Attlee.

HISTORY sometimes selects strange instruments for its bigger purposes, but rarely has it selected such a strange instrument to effect such an astonishing political change in Great Britain as Clement Attlee. It is a popular belief that men of vivid personality, orators whose phrases sway a nation, men of burning passion or of towering intellectual stature, are chosen by events to write the pages of history.

Clement Attlee, who is directing one of the greatest political experiments ever tried, is not such a man.

Winston Churchill is said to have described him as "a sheep — in sheep's clothing." This acid remark has an element of truth in it but doesn't tell the whole story. This quiet man, unexciting and unexcitable, totally lacking in the spark, the verve, the compelling leadership Englishmen look for in their great public men, is none the less busy piloting 48,000,000 people through the most remarkable revolution in the long history of the British nation.

Its opponents contest every step bitterly, and Attlee's own party has been riven by dissension and personal quarrels among its leaders; but Attlee has healed all party breaches, fought the opposition and gone on toward his goal. A big though bloodless battle goes on, its end still in doubt. Whether it succeeds or fails, a massive political and sociological change will have been achieved, and Britain will be set on a new and strange course.

Attlee is no John Bull, no representative of the beef-eating, beer-

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drinking Englishman of tradition and renown. He is a Fabian, an intellectual Socialist, a salon reformer. This Fabian, the middle-class lawyer turned Labor leader, has turned out to be an important instrument of history, largely as an instrument of other minds, and the political theories of other people. He himself has devised no new political theory, expounded no new doctrine, fired no imaginations. He has followed directions given by others who have shaped his intellectual influence.

It has been said that the Socialist revolution in Britain is the result in practical politics of the theories of Sidney and Beatrice Webb and in this lies a considerable body of truth, especially when the names of William Morris and John Ruskin are added to the list of mentors. But the fact remains that circumstances required a leader and selected Clement Attlee to bring about the results already to be seen, and some, no doubt, still to come.

When the electorate put the Socialists into office in the summer of 1945, the circumstances were unique in British political history. A war had been won but Britain's economy was devastated, and for the first time in modern history she was a debtor nation. Less than half her prewar export trade remained and that had a decreased value. Her coal industry had been deliberately restricted to fit the nation's wartime economy, hundreds of her textile mills had been closed for the same purpose. Her factories, railways and docks had suffered six billion dollars' worth of damage, four millions of her buildings had been destroyed or damaged by bombing, her overseas war debts totaled eleven billion dollars, half her merchant fleet of eighteen million tons lay at the bottom of the sea. Her industrial equipment needed major repair or replacement, and to top all she was committed to heavy new expenditure for the relief of war-stricken countries and to maintain forces of occupation. In defeat Hitler and the Nazi machine appeared almost to have achieved their object — the defeat of Britain. Her survival as a great power was at stake in the summer of 1945, when Britain went to the polls and Churchill and Attlee were meeting with Truman and Stalin at Potsdam.

Britain was rich in few things then but one of them was moral leadership, which was as strong as at any time in British history, probably stronger, for the people of Europe, especially occupied

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Europe, knew she had saved them as well as herself when the British Commonwealth fought alone. But for Britain to survive, moral leadership was insufficient. Economic readjustment on a vast scale was essential. Revolutionary measures were necessary from whatever government secured power in the summer of 1945.

In contention for the mandate to solve these appalling problems Socialists and Conservatives went to the polls that summer, the Socialists in serious doubt about their chances, the Conservatives brimful of confidence.

That the voters as a whole never realized the magnitude of the problems facing their country can be taken for granted. But the mysterious motives which move voters caused the British electorate to achieve the greatest political upset in 113 years. It was still generally thought that the Socialist movement was a trade-union affair. The election of 1945 proved, to the surprise not only of Conservatives but of many in the ranks of Labor, that the Socialist Party was no longer a purely working-class organization. It had attracted support from areas of political thought extending from Center to Left and in doing so had cut across frontiers of class and income. A body of 12,000,000 voters put the modest Clement Attlee in power and gave him an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons. The socialization of the United Kingdom began.

Attlee is not of the working classes, far from it. He is a Fabian, and the Fabian Society is essentially a middle-class movement. In the years since 1918 (when Labor polled only 2,250,000 votes in the general election) two great forces had been pushing the Labor Party along, the missionary fervor of the Independent Labor Party (which preached the morality of better conditions and wider freedoms for the worker and the immorality of capitalism) and the Fabian section of the Socialist movement (which sought practical parliamentary means of putting the philosophy of Socialism into practice as a working political system). In 1945, circumstances put the leader of the Fabian wing of the movement into power.

Clement Attlee, a somewhat bashful, diffident man, may well be termed typical of the "ordinary Englishman." It has been said that he is distinguished by lack of distinction. All the sturdy virtues are his in good measure. He is modest, competent, industrious, loyal and moved by a stern sense of duty. He can be ruthless only in pursuit

of duty, is never bombastic, though sometimes shallow. He abhors political "stunts" and is a very serious and serious-minded politician.

Despite his diffidence he possesses enormous confidence in himself, in his party and in the program for which he fights. His program is no stunt. The tenets of policy he follows are held with as much tenacity as some men hold their religious beliefs. His confidence is typified by an incident that took place in 1946. He was conducting a group of American newsmen over 10 Downing Street. He bounded up the stairs when he suddenly stopped before the portrait of a man whose tenure as Prime Minister was counted in days. He chortled: "That's what the Tories said would happen to me. Well, I've already been here for a year and have no immediate intention of vacating."

In his youth Clement Attlee appeared destined for a career in law and Conservative politics. The son of a successful lawyer, he was born in suburban London, went to a public school (by which the English mean a private school) and then to Oxford. There his career was typical of the later man. He is said to have worked hard and took second-class honors in modern history. Subsequently he took his M.A. and many years later was made an honorary Fellow of his college. In other words, he scarcely shone at Oxford.

Perhaps it is not unfair to describe Attlee as being at the head of the second class, never brilliant, never thrilling, but always good, reliable, sturdy second class. That isn't as damning as it sounds; first class is too rare to fill many important public offices. Most of the work and nearly all of the grind is done by the men below the top.

After Oxford he was called to the Bar and began a career as a practicing lawyer. He was still, like his forebears, a Tory. His attachment to the laboring classes came in his twenties and was the result of cool mental processes, not noisy, emotional conversion. Like many others of his class he took to "social work," which is often an alternative phrase for "slumming." It was then, in the East End of London, that he got to know London's workers, the hard-pressed underprivileged Cockney. He decided, in his quiet way, that they needed better pay and a better political deal. Quite unglamorously he set to work to help them achieve these ends. It was about this time that he joined the Fabian Society.

He left a comfortable middle-class life and the assurance of a good income to live among the people he wanted to help. It must

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have been a difficult adjustment to make, for he was not content to be a middle-class man working among the working class. He determined to be one of them. This meant parting with prejudices, beliefs and usages which, during the first twenty years of his life, he had acquired as naturally as he breathed. He made that adjustment, though not without difficulty.

Attlee took a worker's modest house, did some soapbox speech-making and entered local politics. He was elected to the Stepney town council and later became mayor of that borough. Then Limehouse, of which Stepney is a part, sent him to Parliament, the first man of middle-class origin to be elected to the House of Commons on the Labor ticket. He has represented that division ever since without interruption. Even in 1935, when Labor suffered a crushing reverse at the polls, Limehouse re-elected Attlee. He has been loyal to the Stepney workers and they to him.

Since 1922, when he first entered the House of Commons, he has filled a dozen government jobs without particular distinction but always competently. In his long career he has performed much drudgery for his party. The unkind can, and do, refer to him as the drudge who made good.

Attlee was a gift to the British Labor movement. His natural bent was to persuade and conciliate, to adjust differences, to compromise — so long as the compromise advanced the interests of the worker. These are methods that are typically British. Britons are inclined to advance warily on a problem, survey it from all sides, and then attack it cautiously but firmly. They have not the American desire or flair for bridging a river or removing a mountain overnight. The British Labor Party was thoroughly British in this. Cautiously and carefully the Socialists advanced their cause in British economic and political life. Into his strategy Attlee's outlook and temperament fitted perfectly.

The Labor Party has produced few colorful or dynamic characters, but even among his fellow Socialists, Attlee's light shines dimmer than others. There are some with greater intellectual force (like Cripps), others with warmer personalities and greater oratorical gifts (like Bevin), others with greater political shrewdness and organizing ability (such as Morrison). But Attlee was a "safe" man, reliable, loyal and practical. Because of these qualities, he was chosen in 1931

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as deputy leader of his party and then, in 1935, on the resignation of George Lansbury and the death of Arthur Henderson, as its leader. This again was the British way.

The Socialists are not alone in choosing leaders in this manner. The Conservatives shunned with fear and considerable trembling the leadership of Churchill, who wasn't considered "safe," who wasn't always predictable. Not until desperate circumstances demanded desperate remedies did the Tories accept the leadership of the bold and brilliant Churchill.

But the "safe" qualities do not prevent a man making his share of mistakes, and Attlee has made his quota. In World War I he fought in Gallipoli, Mesopotamia and France, and retired with the rank of major. To do this he had to suspend pacifist views.

He cannot claim, as can Churchill, that he pointed out the dangers to his fellow men between the two world wars. True, he denounced Hitler and criticized appeasement. But he never followed this line of thought logically by urging practical measures to meet the threat that Hitler represented.

He opposed conscription to the last, probably because of the Englishman's inborn resistance to regimentation in any form. By 1945, he had gotten over this feeling to the extent of initiating the greatest program of social regimentation on a national scale any government had ever dared conceive for Britain in time of peace.

During the war years Churchill had no more loyal lieutenant than Attlee. He was among those who fully recognized the services of his predecessor in high office. I heard him tell a joint session of Congress in Washington in November 1945: "For five years I had the privilege of serving under him [Churchill] as a colleague. No one knows better than I do the resplendent services he rendered to the cause of freedom." He also called him a great war leader, whose words and actions brought courage and hope to millions all over the world. He meant every word of it, but that hasn't prevented him since from telling Churchill publicly that he "has ceased to be a statesman" or accusing him of "making party capital out of national necessity." He means that too.

As a leader there are many qualities he lacks. Notable is his inability to speak in a way that evokes immediate emotional response in times of difficulty and stress. This is more than a weakness in the leader

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of a party directing such an enormous experiment as his government is now engaged in. He does not speak in a manner that convinces his hearers that they are participating in a great political and historical drama. He lacks color, warmth and vitality.

Never was this oratorical weakness more sharply demonstrated than on the occasion when he had to address the British people on a crisis in foreign affairs — at the time the American loan was running out and pledges of convertibility of sterling had to be broken. It was an important speech to which every thinking Englishman should have listened. But the Prime Minister began by saying he knew that when they heard his voice there would be many who would want to switch off the radio. He asked them not to do it for a minute or two because he had something of importance to say. Could modesty go further or oratory be worse?

His constituents in Limehouse know that he is no speaker and do not expect oratory of him. A supporter there once told him, "You don't need to come down here to speak, Clem. We'll vote for you every time — without benefit of oratory." His hold on Limehouse affections has other reasons behind it. In his Stepney days he acquired a sympathy for, and a firsthand understanding of, the worker's problems. These things color his political attitude. His integrity is unassailable and Limehouse people know it. They return the affection and regard which he acquired for them in his early political days. It is typical of him that of all his Cabinet he is closest not to Cripps, a fellow lawyer also from the upper middleclass, but to Ernest Bevin, man of the people, the trades-union leader who is totally uneducated in the sense that Attlee and Cripps are.

Obviously something other than speechmaking led to Attlee's Parliamentary success. It lies in his ability in committee. Like Neville Chamberlain, whom in some ways he resembles, he is a first-class committee chairman, can reconcile differences, referee arguments and sum up discussion in masterly fashion, and then propose a reasonable compromise decision. He can dominate his Cabinet and is always master of policy.

When he succeeded to leadership of the party, it was a torn and disintegrating affair. He had to fuse it into a whole again. And this he did. Nor could he let any one faction appear to have his ear. He could not, as Francis Williams has written, "afford the luxury

of intimates, still less the worship of a group of sycophants."

Attlee's legal training permitted him to be the judge, weighing each issue fairly and honestly. In the party he came to endure what I once heard a British judge describe as "the cold isolation of the Bench." But it was a role he was fitted for and into which he always seemed to fit happily and comfortably. He is an introvert, which is both strange and rare in a successful politician; and this habit of closing in on himself, of debating an issue within his own mind instead of with friends and intimates, has made it difficult for him to be warm in his dealings with those he does not know well.

His sense of duty is absolutely rigid and is responsible for the bit of ruthlessness in his character. It is recorded that once he felt obliged to call in a minister and ask for his resignation. He gave no explanation until the shocked minister asked for one. The reply was brief and hard: "I don't think you measure up to the job," and that was the end of the interview. No wonder then that there is a general belief that his tendency to close in on himself to reach conclusions in his own mind has somewhat dehumanized him.

His political obituary, since he took office, has been written many times. There has been serious discussion about who would and should succeed him, and more than one member of his Cabinet would be happy to replace him. I remember talking in Washington to one of his Cabinet who was discussing Churchill's reactions to losing office. Then, rocking backward and forward on heels and toes, he added: "It's very nice to be Prime Minister, you know," and the heartfelt yearning and ambition in his voice was so apparent as to be painful. Nor is he the only minister to covet Attlee's shoes.

But the Prime Minister's strength inside his party has been consistently and persistently underrated. Four years after taking office his position both in the party and as Prime Minister seems to be stronger than at any time since July 1945, when he went to Buckingham Palace to accept the seals of office. In the party his record is extremely good. He has kept aloof from partisan warfare in it, and there has been plenty. He has kept the party united and working steadily toward the ends stated in its program.

It was in 1937 that Attlee said: "A Labor government when it is elected will not dissipate its power by dealing only with minor matters. It will proceed at once with major measures while its mandate is

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fresh. It will initiate measures in every department of government designed to fit in with a general plan."

Completely convinced of the ethical and economic correctness of the Socialist case, that is exactly what he is doing. Regardless of what has happened in the meantime, he is going ahead with untried policies based on textbook theories formed before the world was turned upside down by global conflict. For the first time in history Socialist theories are being tested for their practicality in an industrial country holding a key position in the democratic world. Simultaneously an attempt is being made to reshape British imperialism and also to secure for Britain once more her position as a world power. This triple program of startling proportions is being attempted in circumstances of awesome difficulty. It was undertaken at a time when Britain's economic troubles were such as to threaten her survival as a great power and when the tense international situation severely circumscribed Britain's freedom of diplomatic action.

In these almost desperate circumstances the Socialists, under Attlee's firm guidance, decided to create in Britain an entirely new pattern of Socialist society which challenged both capitalist Conservatism on the Right and Communism on the Left.

Seldom has any government taken a calculated risk of such proportions. Socialists call it boldness and courage on a heroic scale; their opponents term it a piece of unexampled recklessness. It is too early yet to say, or even guess, which is correct.

With the apparent approval of the 12,000,000 voters who put them in power, the Socialists are using a nation of 48,000,000 and all their resources to test Socialist theories. The position in 1945 called for drastic, even Draconian, measures. What the Conservatives would have done cannot be known. But Labor decided that socialization was the medicine and they continue to administer it in large doses. It looks like a kill-or-cure treatment and Attlee is the doctor in charge. He is supremely sure of the correctness of the treatment.

Whether one dislikes or welcomes it, the fact remains that this is one of the most significant political and economic experiments in modern history, and also one of the most dangerous. It is premised on the assumption (yet to be proved) that a planned socialist system is more efficient than one of private enterprise capitalism, and that when established, it will give broader social justice, greater national

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security and wider economic equality than the individual received under capitalism.

Whatever the outcome, its influence on political thought in Britain and the world will be enormous. Mr. Attlee and his followers are confident of success. Their opponents contend that Socialist "success" can be achieved only by a further move to the Left into the areas of Communism and complete regimentation. Hence Socialist "success" will really mean failure in that the freedoms which began with Magna Carta, and which have been tended and cherished through the centuries, will be no more. They point out that to put their program into effect the Socialists extracted from the House of Commons a five-year extension of wartime controls, a mandate for regimentation such as had never been asked for by any British government in time of peace.

Labor claims that socialization will bring great rewards in terms of human well-being and national power. Its opponents argue that if it fails in these objectives, the consequences can, and most likely will be, appalling.

Since the Socialists admit this possibility in the event of failure, the admission gives strength to the charges of recklessness brought by their opponents, for it is an admission that the whole future of a nation is staked upon a new and theoretical system of national life.

Clement Attlee is the chief administrator of this revolution. His personality and character are indelibly stamped upon it and it will flourish or fall bearing his name. That is why this quiet, unimpressive man must be set down as a man of history.

INDOMITABLE OLYMPIAN: WINSTON CHURCHILL

By HERBERT L. MATTHEWS

HERBERT MATTHEWS has been covering this troubled globe for the New York Times since 1922, which makes him one of the oldest as well as one of the ablest of contemporary Times men. He fought in World War I and has reported every big and small war since. Now an editorial writer in New York, Matthews' last foreign assignment was in Britain, where he stayed four years.

HE WAS even born ahead of his time, and he has gone galloping on, as he did in the cavalry charge at Omdurman many years ago and as he does now in old age with his impassioned call for European Union.

Historians will rank him with Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon — men who put their stamp on the world they inhabited. He was not, however, a conqueror; he was, perhaps, something better — a defender of the faith, in this case the political faith of liberty. Greatness is not to be denied to Hitler or Stalin who, in their evil ways, have been men of destiny, too. But Winston Churchill, like our own Franklin D. Roosevelt, was great in a cause which must have been right, since it was the cause of freedom.

His faults were many and they made him a misfit in times of peace, as they do today. He was built on proportions too big for any but heroic times, and then he bestrode his world like a gigantic embodiment of the virtues that a nation needs in time of war.

It took an unprecedented crisis to give scope to his greatness. Yet he could say with good reason of that dark night when he became Prime Minister: "I felt as if I were walking with Destiny, and that all my past life had been but a preparation for this hour and for this trial."

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In the light of what he was to be, the birth notice in the *Times* of London in 1874 was not without its unconscious humor:

On the 30th Nov. at Blenheim Palace, the Lady Randolph Churchill, prematurely, of a son.

He was in a hurry to come to life and make the most of it. Even now, at 75, life and the days are too short.

Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, as he was baptised, was the son of Lord Randolph Churchill, third son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, a direct descendant of the victor of Blenheim. The father was a front-rank statesman of the nineteenth century whose political career ended prematurely from overimpulsiveness — a trait he handed on to his son. The mother was a New Yorker, Jennie Jerome, which made a half American out of this most typical of Englishmen.

As a child he played at soldiers. At Harrow he was a bad boy and a bad student. It took him three tries to scrape into the military academy of Sandhurst. No one will ever hold him up to future generations of children, like George Washington and his cherry tree, as an example of the exemplary child; this he was anything but, and yet the child, as always, was the father to the man.

His youth is to be admired for its dash, courage, adventurousness and high spirits, but not at all for political morality or humanitarianism. He sought little but excitement and adventure, and he did not care where he found them. Like the true soldier of fortune, he fought for fighting's sake, regardless of right or wrong.

So, he fought in Cuba with the Spanish Army against the insurgents, then in the Himalayas of India in the Malakand War against Indians, and later against Sudanese in Kitchener's Nile Campaign. It was there, as an officer and war correspondent, that he took part in the famous charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman — a sort of privilege that war correspondents were denied in later wars. In fact, his most famous escapade was as a war correspondent looking for trouble in the Boer War, in South Africa. There he was captured by the Boers, escaped and returned to England as the most noted war correspondent of his day, not even excluding our own Richard Harding Davis. Each adventure was the subject of a popular book, and all except the first, it

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should be noted, were in the service of British imperialism, old style.

That, it might be said, was his way of sowing youthful wild oats, although the next half century of politics was not without its periods of wildness. The career began, after a few false tries, as a Tory member of Parliament in 1900, but he soon switched to the Liberal opposition and remained with it for many years. He had by then developed a strong sense of moral conviction, and although he was not averse to playing the political game by its own somewhat shady rules (as he does today) he never lost a moral consistency of a high order. Later, it took him back to the Conservative Party as naturally as it had taken him away. Even now, from the political and philosophical viewpoints, he is half Tory, half Liberal.

The remarkable feature of Churchill's early political career was the number of high offices he held, and their variety, over a period that began when he became Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1906, and did not end until he broke with Stanley Baldwin in 1929. That break, characteristically enough, occurred over his opposition to the plans for Indian self-government. The charge that Winston Churchill was a die-hard imperialist is going to be a difficult one for historians to surmount without stretching points or closing their eyes.

Imperial events were to prove too strong, even for Churchill. In any event, the importance of his career lies in its positive and not its negative side. When World War I began, for instance, he was First Lord of the Admiralty, and it was thanks to him that the British Fleet was in such fine shape in 1914.

That phase of his career ended with the failure of the Gallipoli campaign, about which books have been written and opinions will always differ. Churchill believed that some attempt should have been made to outflank the German lines. The insoluble controversy centers around the fact that those to whom the undertaking was entrusted bungled the affair badly; hence one can never know whether it would have succeeded or not if properly carried out. The judgment of Churchill's contemporaries was critical, and the political repercussions were such that he was not completely restored to public favor for more than twenty years.

However, there was a term of active fighting in World War I, a brilliant job as Minister of Munitions and other government posts throughout the 1920's. The decade of relative eclipse from 1929 to

1939 was in some ways a remarkable success. In *The Gathering Storm*, the first volume of his memoirs, Churchill told with natural bias but with essential soundness, of the extraordinary and fatal correctness of his prophecies. He saw and predicted what the rise of Hitler meant, although he was inconsistent enough to couple his warnings with praise of Mussolini. No one condemned the shame of appeasement more bitterly; no one worked harder to get Britain prepared, especially in the air, for the conflict he knew was inevitable.

When the war began it was natural that Neville Chamberlain should call upon Churchill, and it was fitting, too, that he should begin World War II, as he did World War I, in the post of First Lord of the Admiralty. But it took a war to give him his chance. There he was in the late 1930's, a man of more than 60, with many enemies and few friends, relegated to a back seat, a champion of lost causes, a prophet without honor. He was unpopular because he fought appeasement; he was distrusted because he wanted to do dangerous or daring things in an era of supine political immorality. The mood of the country had to rise to his level before his talents could be appreciated or needed.

No European statesman entered the war so well equipped. At different times he had been head of the Admiralty, War Office, Air Ministry, Ministry of Munitions, Colonial Office and Home Office. He was a student of military history and had himself been a soldier. He knew statecraft, as a practitioner and as a historian. Few modern statesmen could match him as an orator, and the Mother of Parliaments has never known a more brilliant debater. His command of the English language, spoken and written, was, in its way, matchless — its sonorous, majestic, rolling periods, its sharp, biting turns, its vivid, strange and yet homely colors, its imaginative sweep.

"I have nothing to offer but blood and toil, tears and sweat."

That was the evening of May 10, 1940, the day Hitler struck in Holland and Belgium, and the day on which Winston Churchill became Prime Minister.

The famous sentence was an expression of the character of the man — loyal, warmhearted, magnanimous, courageous, with a sublime faith in himself, his race and his country. He was not only a stubborn bulldog of a fighter; he was ruthless until the fight was won, and then he was generous in victory. He had always been that. His maiden

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speech as member of Parliament in 1900 was a plea for better treatment of the defeated Boers, and in these postwar years he has urged magnanimity for the defeated Germans. The ruthlessness now is directed toward the Russian Communists, whose implacable enemy he has always been except during the uneasy, alert but loyal partnership of World War II.

The Communists hate him for political reasons; others find him extremely likable, for his faults as well as his virtues. It is not surprising, in an essentially simple and bourgeois country, that he should have been a good husband and father. In 1908 he married a Scottish girl, Clementine Hozier, and in his own phrase "lived happily ever after."

Who among us has not warmed to that somewhat absurd figure, the embodiment of John Bull, with his flat-crowned derby, his pugnacious face and heavy figure, the huge cigar, and — in those great years — the "V" sign? He never behaved as child or man, never obeyed his parents, his teachers or his doctors. The doctors were right, for he has had illnesses, accidents and narrow escapes enough to kill nine cats with nine lives each; and yet they were wrong, since he has proved indestructible.

"Live dangerously," he said. "Take things as they come. Dread naught. All will be well."

So, in the darkest time of the war, on June 18, 1940, with France, Belgium and Holland overrun, with Britain alone and weak, facing invasion and suffering and constant bombardment, he could say to Parliament:

If we can stand up to him, [Hitler], all Europe may be free and the life of the world may move forward into broad, sunlit uplands. But if we fail, then the whole world, including the United States, including all that we have known and cared for, will sink into the abyss of a new Dark Age made more sinister, and perhaps more protracted, by the lights of perverted science. Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will say: "This was their finest hour."

It was their finest hour, and it was his, too. What followed was the practical accomplishment of that supreme pledge to themselves and

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to posterity. The greatness of the speech was in its sure effect; it was an expression of indomitable courage, but it was even more an act of faith. His people had to be rallied to that superhuman effort, but they would not have responded if he had not given expression to their feelings.

So, the greatness of the man has in large degree reposed in just that embodiment of the heroic virtues of his race. In 1940 he stood at a pinnacle, at the crest of a long surging wave of yeomen and barons, warriors and statesmen, the men who made England great, and he had in him the iron and the fire to forge the weapons of another victory.

This is not the place to follow him through those five years of struggle that he himself is now describing so well. He journeyed across oceans and continents. He accepted, with murder in his heart, the blitz and the V-bombs of London. He was at every conference of importance from Washington to Potsdam. The military and political strategy of the war, from Britain's side, was predominantly his — its mistakes and miscalculations, as well as the policies that led to victory.

What began as a desperate, unflinching defense — "We shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender. . . ." — turned to attack when the United States entered the war, and then went on to the common victory. "My dear friends, this is your hour," he told his people on May 7, 1945. "A terrible foe has been cast on the ground and awaits our judgment and our mercy."

That was a fine hour, too. The flush of victory, the magnificent, heartfelt tribute of his people, the unending, spontaneous cheers from all the thousands who saw and heard him during the weeks of electoral campaigning that preceded the general elections of July 5, 1945. "Good old Winnie!" was the cry.

And then they voted against him. A rank outsider with a weird program got 10,000 votes in Churchill's own constituency. Churchill was stunned, and not a little embittered by the blow.

"Thus, then," he wrote in his memoirs, "on the night of the tenth of May, at the outset of this mighty battle, I acquired the chief power in the State, which henceforth I wielded in ever-growing measure for five years and three months of world war, at the end of which time,

all our enemies having surrendered unconditionally or being about to do so, I was immediately dismissed by the British electorate from all further conduct of their affairs."

No democracy has ever given more astonishing evidence of the collective common sense that lies behind individual thought. The people literally worshiped him and he was wrong in thinking that there was an iota of ingratitude in their reaction. They realized that Winston Churchill was the greatest war leader in all their history, but the qualities that made him great in war were not the ones they wanted in peace. The emphasis in recording their votes was on his shortcomings and faults, not his virtues.

He had been considered by his critics over many years to be erratic, hasty, hot-tempered, proud, pigheaded, ambitious, dictatorial, self-willed. Such faults, even if we grant them to him, are in large degree the other side of the true gold coin of a strong, sure character. History will not condemn him for them, but the British electorate had had enough of that sort of heroism and excitement. They had got over the rapids into calmer waters, and they wanted other pilots. A man who loved power and enjoyed war, an imperialist and die-hard who had fought women's suffrage and Indian independence, a Tory aristocrat, did not seem to them best suited for the problems of the post-war world.

Although he took it hard, he was never one to lie down and sulk. When Parliament opened there he was on the other side of the floor as Leader of His Majesty's Opposition, and he himself told this story to the House:

When the results of the General Election were published, a British officer in the Balkans was talking to a lady who said: "Poor Mr. Churchill, I suppose now he will be shot." Churchill added: "My friend was able to reassure her by saying that the sentence might be mitigated to various forms of hard labor."

And it has been "hard labor" ever since — politics, Anglo-American friendship, European unity and, above all, memoirs. As a political leader he has been something less than a resounding success. His party has been ineffectual in Parliament and a virtually complete failure in by-elections. Winston Churchill's postwar contributions to posterity — and they have been very great ones — lie in the fields of international statesmanship and history.

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His speech at Fulton, Missouri, on March 5, 1946, in which he called for a fraternal association and military alliance of the United States and Great Britain against Russia, was an extraordinary example of his ability to see developments and trends before others. It raised a storm of protest at the time, and yet it was astonishingly right. He has done more for the cause of European Union than any statesman in Europe except Ernest Bevin, who has the advantage of being in power.

In the process of arousing European opinion and acting as spokesman for the Western World, he has had no equal. It was at the University of Zurich, Switzerland, early in 1946, that he first expounded the goal of a United Europe. At The Hague "Congress of Europe" in May, 1948, he sponsored the call for a "European Assembly," and at Brussels in February, 1949, he headed his own organization, European Movement, in its demand for a European "Supreme Court, to which breaches of the Declaration of Human Rights could be referred."

The United Nations, to him, "has already been reduced to a brawling cockpit where insults may be flung back and forth"; hence the hope of the world rested in regional organizations like Western Union, the Council of Europe, the North Atlantic Treaty. He told the Conservative Party Annual Conference at Llandudno, Wales, on October 10, 1948, that nothing stood between Europe and complete subjugation to Communist tyranny but the stocks of atomic bombs in American possession, and he repeated that conviction in his address at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology on March 31, 1949.

Moscow Radio was then calling him "Warmonger Number One," but he was not preaching war; he was still defending the faith of democracy and freedom.

"We shall only save ourselves from the perils which draw nigh," said Churchill, "by forgetting the hatreds of the past, by letting national rancors and revenges die, by progressively effacing frontiers and barriers which aggravate and congeal our divisions."

It has been this serene, Olympian attitude that has won him new honors since the war ended, and not his fretful, petty, unbalanced interventions in local British politics. His speech at M.I.T. was that of a historian, rich in knowledge and experience, looking back to the

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liberal humanism of happier days, but refusing to be downcast by the storm and madness of contemporary life. The stern optimism remains; he is no prophet of doom.

On that visit to the United States in the spring of 1949, some called him "an elder statesman." How he must have winced at that designation! There was a savor of retirement about it, and Winston Churchill had by no means retired. He, who loves to spout poetry on all occasions, could apply to himself the opening lines of *Rabbi Ben Ezra*:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:

No living statesman receives such extraordinary popular demonstrations wherever he goes — Paris, Oslo, Brussels, The Hague, New York, Washington, Boston. Great crowds, gaily decorated streets, honors, the welcome and adulation of rulers and statesmen — he could have rested on his laurels, but he has chosen to go on fighting.

And the crowning achievement, of course, has been his memoirs, of which two volumes had appeared by the spring of 1949. He had always written of his experiences, from his first adventures in Cuba, India and Africa. He had given a masterly account of World War I in his *World Crisis*; he had done an outstanding biography of his famous ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough, while other books presented his essays, articles and speeches.

It was always his habit to keep extensive notes and copies of the documents he received or drafted himself, and he kept that up during the incredibly full years of World War II. When the time came to put them into book form, the framework was ready. He assembled a corps of expert advisers and researchers to help him, and then hour after hour, day after day, he would pour out the text, pacing up and down before his secretaries, dictating thousands of words daily. For each volume there are a million words or more, cut down, checked, corrected, revised again and again until the last moment before publication.

Critics have still been able to find many errors of fact and many omissions, many blind spots and many places where his self-righteousness was unfounded. But no one denies the superlative

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greatness of the memoirs as material for history and as literature. It has been said, with good reason, that one must go back to Julius Caesar to find a leader as important, with a literary gift as high as Churchill's. The memoirs, like the man, are destined for immortality.

We can leave him now in the brilliant sunset of a very great life, still performing massive tasks and still enjoying himself enormously. If his painting, as one candid critic wrote, shows "not the slightest glimmer of the flame that lit the world," it gives him much pleasure, and he has written of it with such infectious charm that thousands rushed off to the nearest store to buy paints and brushes.

He paints as he has lived and worked, with enormous zest. He still smokes all day, drinks whiskey heavily, and stays up half the night. On a recent Atlantic trip he got up at six in the morning, ordered and ate cold grouse washed down with white wine, after which he would go back to sleep for the rest of the morning.

Somehow that breakfast of grouse and white wine is typical of the man. There is an heroic flair about it, the mark of one who has lived well as he has lived greatly. If destiny was kind to him, at least he has known how to enjoy her favors. He was called to great things, and he answered in a voice full of strength and joy.

LIBERATOR IN LIMBO: CHARLES DE GAULLE

By NAT BARROWS

THE LATE NAT BARROWS, *UN Correspondent for the Chicago Daily News*, covered foreign assignments as far apart as the Scandinavian Arctic, the Middle East and Latin America. His one book was *Blow All Ballast*, the story of the submarine *Squalus* disaster off the New Hampshire coast in 1939. This *de Gaulle* story, he noted, was done on a typewriter liberated from Hitler's *Wilhelmstrasse* office.

Above all, prestige requires mystery, for men do not revere what they understand too well. Every cult has its Tabernacle and no one is a hero to his valet.

THIS cynical philosophy was printed in the *Revue Militaire Française* for June, 1931, and the author was a tall, haughty professional soldier by the name of Charles de Gaulle. In this article, more plainly perhaps than in anything else he wrote, the future leader of the Fighting French in World War II revealed a penetrating clue to the temperament and mannerisms that so often infuriated his wartime colleagues. De Gaulle, it would appear from his own testimony, was proceeding according to plan.

Along this line, the *Revue Militaire Française* article continued:

In programs and manners, and in the play of the mind, there must remain an element that the people do not quite grasp, an element that intrigues and stirs them and causes them to catch their breath. Dominance over men's minds requires that they be studied and that each should think himself singled out. But this condition must be observed — while studying men one must follow the system of not opening up too much, of keeping to one's self some secret or some surprise which may play its part at any moment. The latent faith of the masses does the rest.

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Accept this as de Gaulle's code and it becomes easier to understand his arrogance and obscure oratory in later years.

Ever since the June day in 1940 when he emerged, over the BBC, as the new leader of a France beaten in battle but not in war, Charles de Gaulle has been a man of controversy, an enigmatical votary to the grandeur of France, isolated, impatient and often impractical.

Few can say they really know this man, who rose to lead a nation that might have been saved if its lethargic military staff had listened to his predictions about tank warfare and the value of blitz tactics. Even fewer can say that they fully understand him.

For de Gaulle is a professional soldier turned politician who has many admirers but few real friends. His fanatical devotion to France, it is often said, has made him almost contemptuous of man as an individual; he responds to man only as the symbol of a nation.

Often, in Britain and in France, I have pondered with French friends, Gaullists many of them, about the enigma that is de Gaulle. Never have I quite felt that they could answer the questions: "What is de Gaulle really like? What are his ambitions? What are his capabilities, his intentions? And what lurks beneath that cold and forbidding exterior?"

Jean, a Free French resistance agent, perhaps personifies the attitude of so many Frenchmen of the postwar period. We were sitting one day in a Left Bank bistro around the corner from Saint-Germain-des-Prés, and not far away a gang of Communists had just finished a demonstration. This was in the time of the mine strike, in 1948; the menace of Communist opposition to Marshall Plan help for France had become tangible and frightening.

Jean drained the last of his Remy Martin. In the manner of his countrymen he shrugged his shoulders and lifted his palms. "What about de Gaulle? I wish I could tell. But I do not understand the man, the personality, and I have seen much of him, here and in London and in North Africa during the war years and after."

Jean shrugged again.

"The symbol, yes, that I understand. He was the personification of Fighting France. No patriotic Frenchman will ever forget that. He came back to lead us after liberation. Then, abruptly, he retreated from leadership.

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"I find him temperamental, cold, mystical. I do not like him but most certainly I admire him.

"But understand him? I wonder if anyone but Madame de Gaulle really understands him.

"Why, when he first came back to Paris, was he flirting with the Communists and arousing the ire of conservatives who might have given him much support? And why did he infuriate the old resistance groups by his suspension of so many death sentences passed against collaborators?"

Yes, Jean agreed, de Gaulle was more serene as the political leader on French soil than as the military leader in London undergoing the calculated snubs of Winston Churchill.

But neither Jean nor any Frenchman I know can fit all the pieces together and make a clear pattern. Many of them, in fact, have had exceptional opportunities over the years to penetrate behind the screen which has so regularly hidden de Gaulle the man. To them, de Gaulle long has been an uncertain factor in the uncertain future of France.

The question arises: If these associates of de Gaulle find themselves constantly confused by the phenomena of his place as a man of destiny, how then can the average Frenchman hope to analyze de Gaulle and Gaullism by any but emotional standards?

The Communists, of course, hate him as viciously as he now hates them. They fear him as a "fascist," "a Royalist sympathizer," "an extreme reactionary." Yet, adding more complications to the whole complicated pattern of Gaullism, de Gaulle tends to neutralize Communist attacks upon him when, in a burst of nationalistic devotion to the grandeur of France, he speaks against the Marshall Plan.

The conservatives and the rightists, many of them, do not exactly love de Gaulle. On the one hand, the Moscow puppets fear Gaullist strong-arm tactics if he were returned to power. On the other hand, the *bourgeoisie* fear he might again decide to walk out in a crisis, this time leaving them confronted with a tightly organized horde of fanatical Communists.

Where, in all this harsh political friction, is de Gaulle?

What makes him click?

What is his role in the world of East-West diplomatic cold war and regional military alliances?

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Some explanations quickly emerge for those who search into de Gaulle's early career as a professional army officer and study his life up to, say, June 18, 1940, the date of his BBC appeal for help. That stage, covering nearly fifty years of his life, had been entirely separated from political activities. He was a soldier. Many will say that he was a great soldier.

De Gaulle's boyhood life as the son of a professor of philosophy, history and literature certainly weighed heavily in shaping his bent toward a delight in austere intellectualism. The young Charles grew up in Paris surrounded by the atmosphere of the Collège Stanislas. Professor de Gaulle ruled his five children with a firm and stern hand. Charles, quick and impressionistic, responded by developing an early preoccupation with mysticism. It was then, in the home life of a bourgeois family descended from petty nobility of the north, under the influence of a father devoted to the glory and grandeur of France, that he set his pattern toward the call of duty.

That pattern was crystallizing even as he studied at the military academy. De Gaulle was an honor student at Saint-Cyr. But the austere personality that later cost his admirers so much pain already had appeared. He made few friends as an army cadet.

Most of his army career is familiar — how he fought with honor against the Germans in World War I; how he was carried away, severely wounded, into long imprisonment inside Germany; how he served a postwar tour of duty in the Middle East.

It is what de Gaulle, the soldier, had to say in this restless period between the world wars that offers some key to the man who so dramatically became the symbol of a French resistance that would not accept defeat.

His four books could have changed the whole course of World War II if a reactionary High Command had not brushed de Gaulle aside as an impulsive young squirt. Some students of military history will go so far as to argue that the war itself might have been prevented, or at least long postponed, if de Gaulle's army superiors had listened to his ideas.

The Germans listened. And France paid the price.

German officers bought up many copies of *Vers l'Armée de Métier* which de Gaulle published in 1934. That was the book in which de Gaulle so skillfully foretold that the army of the future would move

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entirely on caterpillar tracks. That was the book in which de Gaulle urged upon France the need for a powerful striking force. That, in short, was the first clear-cut blueprint for tank warfare.

As late as January of 1940 de Gaulle tried to tell the French High Command: "The motor gives to the modern means of transportation such power, such speed, such a radius of action, that the present conflict must sooner or later be marked by movement, surprises, raids, pursuits, infinitely surpassing in scope and speed the most lightning events of the past."

Almost alone, Paul Reynaud recognized de Gaulle's ideas and tried to shake the military big brass of its tragic faith in the Maginot Line psychology. It had been the same in 1939 when de Gaulle, with *La France et Son Armée*, brought his tank warfare admonitions up to date. The Germans leaped upon this newest publication from France and adopted de Gaulle's ideas when they revised their own plans for blitz tactics.

De Gaulle already had shown his insight and perception as a military tactician in his first book, *La Discorde Chez l'Ennemi*, published soon after World War I to clarify his observations as a prisoner of the Germans. In 1932 he published *Le Fil de l'Épée* and a more alert staff immediately would have seized upon him as a man of the future. It was that book which exposed the de Gaulle idea for individual initiative by commanding officers as opposed to the old French system of fighting according to rigid plan regardless of changing circumstances.

De Gaulle, then, suffered in France as Billy Mitchell suffered in the United States. They were ahead of their time. Some of this refusal to accept new ideas — de Gaulle's ideas — doubtless had its effect in shaping the personality that seemed so frigid and aloof in London and later in North Africa.

Once he had settled down in London after the fall of France, de Gaulle was a difficult man with whom to deal. Churchill is often credited with saying that of all the crosses he had to bear during the war the heaviest was the Cross of Lorraine. In London we often heard of de Gaulle's frequent outbursts of temper and his violent tirades.

But as my friend Jean has always said in justification: "Yes, he was utterly difficult. His stubborn attitude was often beyond reason, as

the British and the Americans saw it. His bursts of temper were frightening. Yet, if you please, stop and think of it another way. De Gaulle was a frustrated man trying against constant irritations and frictions imposed by Churchill and Roosevelt to salvage the wreckage of France. He was only characteristic of the lingering pride of millions of Frenchmen at that time."

Many Frenchmen like to rationalize in this vein about the de Gaulle of London. Don't forget, they will tell you, that he was dealing with two powerful, self-willed men — *prima donnas*, if you wish — and it brought out in him all the sensitiveness and pride of his Gallic temperament. Their insistence on domination, on pushing de Gaulle into the background, constantly rubbed him the wrong way. He was made to feel that France was a conquered race.

His pride was hurt. He felt he had lost face needlessly in his struggle to muster resistance inside and outside of France. It was, many Frenchmen will explain, a natural reaction for a man whose own conceit and sense of importance and love of homeland matched, in its way, kindred attitudes in the Anglo-American leaders. Some people close to de Gaulle even say that from this unfortunate relationship may well stem his rightist tendencies and his almost psychopathic insistence that France, in the postwar era, must be the core of Western planning for Europe.

The man who came back to lead a liberated France was still an austere and isolated figure. He still wrote brilliantly, but his speeches, for the most part, continued to be confusing by their obscure generalities. He was still a man who did not inspire friendly contacts. It was difficult, even amid the excitement of his triumph, to warm up to him. Harold Callender summed it up once by saying: "His emotions . . . suggest bursts of flame emerging from an icebox."

All his life de Gaulle, the professional soldier, had never allowed the stultifying atmosphere of army life to trap him. He had never been content with merely the job at hand. With the same vigor that he had devoted to his tank warfare theories, de Gaulle set about trying to clear away the economic and political debris of German occupation.

France was trying to get up on its knees, dazed and uncertain. De Gaulle was able to step into power partly because of his wartime reputation and prestige and partly because no other Frenchman at

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the moment was able to dominate the political scene. Critics peered dubiously at de Gaulle's "government of national unity" and became increasingly fearful that it might lead to dictatorship. They called it undemocratic because so much of the governmental structure was dependent on de Gaulle. It was precarious, they said. And they wondered uneasily about the strong-arm followers who had sprung up behind de Gaulle.

In wartime, de Gaulle's liaison with occupied France, with the sixteen resistance movements, had been managed by a hardhanded, realistic intelligence unit. Liberation ended this unit (the BCRA) which had operated under the controversial Colonel "Passy," but another intelligence organization took shape on de Gaulle's behalf. This was the DGER (Direction Générale des Etudes et Recherches). Ostensibly it was concerned only with foreign espionage inside France. Frenchmen watched it operate and wondered.

For in all certainty de Gaulle was building a machine behind him. It became clear in time that this support, this "personal army" of tough youngsters, had one major target: Communism and Communist infiltration in France. De Gaulle's early handholding with the French Communists ended, of course, in disillusionment. The General, in 1944, had taken France into an alliance with Soviet Russia amid tributes to "the immense effort, sacrifices and inconceivable courage" of the Russians in wartime. There are those who think de Gaulle's enthusiasm for this alliance stemmed partly from a lingering resentment at being left out of the Dumbarton Oaks and other Allied conferences.

Whatever may have been his possible attempts at compensating for wartime irritations, de Gaulle tried to fit Communists into his government.

To the dismay of the *bourgeoisie*, de Gaulle went to some pains in re-establishing Maurice Thorez as a political mouthpiece for the Communists. Thorez had run away even before the fall of France and taken refuge with his masters in Moscow. De Gaulle's sponsorship was a gesture of expediency which alienated many rightist and middle-road Frenchmen against Gaullism.

De Gaulle, after liberation, quickly realized that two nations, Russia and the United States, would dominate the postwar world. Thus, on December 22, 1944, he told the French Assembly that he

hoped to fit the French-Soviet alliance into wider accord with the United States and also, incidentally, with Britain. He denied vigorously that the pact with the USSR was exclusive.

In 1945, the General tried to bring off a truce between the two irreconcilable political groups that had emerged into focus — the Communists and the various elements opposed to Communism. Again, say his followers, he was fighting the clock. He was playing for time. The French Communists had not yet organized their tactical resources in a bid for control, and de Gaulle appeared to be seeking a policy of expediency for strengthening his own position.

It was a failure. De Gaulle retreated to private life under the pressures of monetary crisis, economic woes, steadily mounting Communist propaganda appeals to the worker, and vicious criticism of his regime. His detractors argue that de Gaulle refused to continue because he foresaw a period of extreme political complications and sought a snug harbor until the storm had blown over.

That may be true. De Gaulle, as a private citizen, devoted himself assiduously to attacking the various governments that followed his regime. His purposeful trick of using generalities when he spoke at rallies in Lille, his birthplace, and elsewhere in France did nothing to ease the distaste which his earlier position had created among the *bourgeoisie*. Nor did he leave any doubt that now, finally, he considered the "separatists" — his name for the Communists — as the archenemies of France.

In April, 1947, de Gaulle announced his own political party, RPF, the Rally of the French People. Far from being on the side lines, de Gaulle had become a potential man on horseback, threatening to attempt a return to power when it suited his purpose.

He renewed his attacks upon the revised French Constitution. It should vest more power in the executive, he argued. He advocated limitations of the powers of the General Assembly. He announced that Gaullism sought modification of the parliamentary democracy into something more nearly resembling the corporate state, with the cabinet responsible to the chief executive and not to the political parties or to parliament.

Again his deliberate obscurity aroused doubts and fears of his true intent. What really was de Gaulle's ambition?

As the Third Force trend began to show itself in the government,

de Gaulle, on the outside, moved in response more to the right.

Support for Gaullism now was clearly defined on the right and toward the center. Many conservatives, none the less, were not fully assured that de Gaulle's attitude toward nationalization was qualified by the stipulation that definite limits should be set to the government's economic activities, so that private enterprise could know exactly where it stood.

The trend was there. De Gaulle might be the strong man lurking on the side lines against the threat of Communism, yet, to many a Frenchman, he himself had become a threat. RPF's attractiveness dwindled in 1948 under the impact of Third Force successes in handling the Communist strikes, but RPF, sparked by de Gaulle's showmanship at the press conferences and a speaking tour of the provinces, still had vast support. A nationwide campaign of letter writing to de Gaulle, using special stamps, obtained a huge response and provided, in addition to its indication of Gaullist strength, a sizable amount for the Gaullist treasury.

The coup in Czechoslovakia, the "Russia-comes-first" declaration of Communists in France and elsewhere, the trend toward regional alliances — all helped keep politically-minded Frenchmen alert to the heat simmering close to the surface of the East-West cold war. De Gaulle won many friends for his RPF by appearing to stand as a barrier against any westward advance of the Red Army.

De Gaulle's more frequent appearances in public now began to make possible clearer evaluations of the man himself. He had not fundamentally changed his frigid haughtiness of the London period, but somewhere along the way he had softened his approach in public, especially at news conferences. Most of us who remembered the chill of his conferences in London remarked, in Paris, at the sparkle and zest that he now was building around his public appearances, at least with the foreign press.

"It's a new man: notice how he has learned to smile and get some feeling into his voice," commented American and British correspondents who saw him in mass interviews during the 1948 Paris session of the United Nations General Assembly. "Somebody has been telling him about Dale Carnegie. Now he knows how to address himself directly to the questioner. He's learned how to turn on the charm."

We who had watched him in the old days back in London were

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aware that this melancholy intellectual obviously had few close friends despite the new façade of charm and pleasantry. He still could be extremely difficult. Furthermore, de Gaulle's habit of isolating himself, of retiring for solitary spells of reading and writing, was not conducive to social friendships.

One of those who seemed to share de Gaulle's inner thoughts in the post war period was André Malraux, the novelist. This has been a strange partnership, for Malraux is a reformed leftist who dabbled in Communist activities in China and later fought for the Spanish Republic against Franco. De Gaulle, the devout Catholic, and Malraux, the apostate fellow traveler, became friends soon after the RPF burst upon France in 1947.

For many, this partnership of de Gaulle and Malraux seemed to offer a key to the future of Gaullism. Malraux, with all the fervor and devotion of a man who has mended his erring ways, ardently supported de Gaulle's belief that Communism was the greatest menace to France and to all the world. There was no question that both seemed ready to go to any length in trying to halt the spread of Communism to France.

At de Gaulle's occasional press conferences, I noticed Malraux sitting attentively, like a faithful Boswell, close to the General. Malraux, author of *Man's Fate*, has been a devoted attendant whenever de Gaulle has appeared in public. It may have been his influence that persuaded de Gaulle to show a slightly more human side to the world.

Another man able to get de Gaulle's ear and thus shape the destiny of Gaullism has been Gaston Palewski. Soon after the liberation Palewski began to handle de Gaulle's political conniving. He became the front man when de Gaulle found it expedient to remain in the background. Some called him a hatchet man. At any rate, Palewski was soon one of the most unpopular men in all France.

Many observers of French politics profess to find a parallel between the General and Charles VII. The Dauphin's great weakness lay in his inability to judge men. He allowed himself to become surrounded by bad advisers. Then Joan of Arc came to his aid.

De Gaulle can be seen, in effect, as the fusion of Charles VII and Joan of Arc. He has what the Dauphin lacked — a flaming, courageous spirit. And de Gaulle's reputed appraisal of himself as the suc-

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cessor to Joan of Arc has been the subject of much bantering, not the least of which came from Churchill.

The de Gaulle blind spot, as with Charles VII, has made him almost incapable of judging human beings. In his personal relations he has judged men according to his own views of France and life. It seems fair to say that de Gaulle's cold nature, his background as a theorist, his inability to acquire close abiding friendships, all have combined so that he sees men only through his overall view of his own destiny.

Thus, those who can get his attention often are able to play upon his egotistical foibles.

That is why so many Frenchmen worry about de Gaulle's entourage. De Gaulle seems unable to ask: "Why is that man here, ingratiating himself with me? What are his personal motives?"

Hence, if any clear analysis of de Gaulle can be made, if any one facet of his personality and character can be said to point into the future, it is this blind spot in picking the men around him. He is a mystical thinking machine, exactly the reverse of Napoleon, whose greatness as a leader began with his ability to understand men intuitively.

The conclusion, in summary, seems to bear out what so many Frenchmen, including Gaullists themselves, have come to believe: Charles de Gaulle is basically authoritarian.

There is ample evidence to support this viewpoint in the sense that de Gaulle is impatient of the methods of the slowly moving machinery of democracy. In the same way he was impatient of army red tape during his soldiering years. There is reason to doubt, in fact, that de Gaulle as a practical politician has a clear conception of what democracy really means.

For de Gaulle, the job ahead is crystal clear: France must be made a great and prosperous nation. Charles VII, too, had that driving urge. He listened to all who came with schemes to make France great.

De Gaulle likewise has been listening to advice — some of it good, much of it bad — without at the same time putting this advice into proper perspective. It feeds, many say, straight into his Joan of Arc complex; it flatters his egotism.

Add to this de Gaulle's several clear warnings that henceforth he would feel free to intervene in French politics at any time he thought fit, and you come closer to understanding why many anti-Communist

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Frenchmen are worried about de Gaulle and what he represents.

If it is true that de Gaulle fancies himself as a latter day Joan of Arc, it is a viewpoint that he holds almost alone. Frenchmen, trying to peer into the future, cannot help wondering if a comparison with Mussolini would not be more fitting.

HAMMER AND SICKLE OF FRANCE:

THOREZ AND DUCLOS

By DAVID F. SCHOENBRUN

DAVID SCHOENBRUN, a native New Yorker, rarely ventured far from Manhattan's skyscrapers for the first twenty-three of his thirty-four years. Since then he has spent most of his time in France, first as war correspondent and later as Paris correspondent for CBS. His black beret has by now become a boulevard beacon. Recently, he reports, he heard a tourist guide point to him with a yell: "Look, everybody — there's an Existentialist!"

COAL MINER, farm hand, bargeman and house painter by turns, Maurice Thorez has careened through a zigzag cycle of adventure that propelled him successively into prison, Parliament and a gold armchair as Vice-President of the French Republic. Red-flag parader at the age of six, street rioter at ten, he hammered his way to undisputed leadership of the French Communist Party before his thirty-first birthday.

Maurice Thorez has held sway as a Communist Party chief longer than any other man in the world with the single exception of Josef Stalin. And, like Stalin, he has his Molotov: ex-pastry chef Jacques Duclos, first secretary to Thorez during his entire reign. The Thorez-Duclos duumvirate dates back to the winter of 1930-31, spanning more than half the history of organized international Communism.

Together the two men whipped a faction-ridden band of extremists into a monolithic army, almost a million strong, the most dynamic single force in France. The presence of this force in the heartland of Western democracy transformed France into the epitome of ideological conflict. For global strategists French Communism is

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a prime factor. One of the most provocative phenomena of our time, its nature can admirably be observed in the careers and personalities of its two leaders.

Maurice Thorez' wartime flight to Moscow, coupled with Duclos' leadership of the underground during the occupation, illustrates the two salient features of French Communism: its links with Moscow and its native French roots.

In their social origins and even their physical appearance, the pair represent the great mass of Communists in France. Thorez, the miner, has the subtlety of a pickax, while Duclos is the essence of French acidulous wit. They are the hammer and the sickle of France, as dissimilar and as inseparable as those twin symbols of Communism.

Maurice Thorez packs one hundred and seventy pounds of muscle into a five-foot, ten-inch frame, hard as a lump of his native Pas-de-Calais coal. Product of the grim, smog-stained French north, he is the very image of a proletarian. Bull-necked Thorez is in his element haranguing huge crowds. He has been involved in uproarious fist-fights on the floor of Parliament. At one public rally he knocked a heckler sprawling with a ham-fisted slap that sent his victim's cap flying ten feet into the air.

In private Thorez is quiet and amiable. Inside his elegantly simple, thick-carpeted office, he is a smiling, good-looking man who talks with the ease of a trained politician and the directness of a corporation executive. This dual talent comes naturally to the Secretary General of a political corporation with a war chest of several millions and a \$500,000 monthly income from membership dues and contributions.

Youthful at 49, with an unruly cowlick falling over his clear blue eyes, Thorez radiates power and energy. To headquarters workers he is "*le camarade Maurice*," always ready with a friendly greeting and a quick query of personal interest. Godfather to more than 1,500 children of admiring followers, Thorez has improved upon the baby-kissing technique of less imaginative politicians.

He works at a massive desk, set off by imposing wall book-cases. A marble mantelpiece behind him holds a precision-perfect scale model of a locomotive, a testimonial from the railway workers' Fédération des Cheminots. During one interview in that office,

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Thorez told me: "I'm having a terrible time keeping this away from my kids."

His "kids" are all boys, one by a first marriage and three by his present wife, Jeannette Vermeersch, member of Parliament and France's number one woman Communist. Maurice, Jr., the oldest son, was born in 1926. The three other boys — Jean, Paul and Pierre — range in years from fourteen to two. Maurice, Jr., who is studying to be a civil engineer, lives with Thorez' divorced wife Aurore Memboeuf, a childhood sweetheart whom he married in 1923. She lives in Paris, works at home as a seamstress and dressmaker, and receives a monthly allowance from Thorez.

Jeannette Vermeersch, born in Lille in 1910, is a north country proletarian too, a textile weaver, daughter of a miner. She met Thorez in 1933. He married her in a civil ceremony at the town hall of his constituency, Choisy-le-Roi, on September 17, 1947.

The Thorez family lives in a fortress-like eighteenth-century château at Choisy, just outside Paris. The building is owned by the Communist Party. "Papa" gets up at seven, does about a half hour of setting-up exercises, goes down to breakfast with wife and children, reads the morning papers like a solid Paris bourgeois. Thorez approves the bourgeois virtues of family life.

In his book *Fils du Peuple*, half autobiography, half Marxist treatise, he lays down this rule of conduct for Communist fathers: "A woman must not suffer from loneliness because her man belongs to the Party. The Communist militant must have leisure hours to keep his wife company, to guide the education of his children."

A fast Delahaye waits at the door to take Thorez to headquarters at 44 Rue Le Peletier in mid-town Paris, not far from the Opera House. Husky guards and electrically locked iron doors bar the approaches to his third-floor offices. No special precautions are taken at public meetings beyond the normal "*service d'ordre*," a trusted platoon of sergeants at arms. Thorez maintains a year-round average of one public rally a week, and, like the Soviet leaders who are his models, he is a tireless orator who can go on for five and six hours without a break.

Jacques Duclos can handle big crowds too, but his favorite arena is the red-plush hemicycle of the National Assembly. Barely five feet

high and almost as round, Duclos has the shoulders and chest of a heavyweight wrestler, the legs of a midget. Peering brightly from behind enormous black-shell glasses, he seems half owl, half penguin as he waddles up the steps to the speaker's platform, balancing his top-heavy frame on foreshortened stems.

His comic appearance is quickly forgotten when he begins to speak. With caustic irony and stinging tongue, Duclos has called the Government Ministers "French valets of American billionaires"; Foreign Minister Robert Schuman heard Duclos describe him as "a Rhinelander who wore the Boche uniform in the First World War," while de Gaulle was "that gloomy hermit of Colombey."

Duclos' quick wit has brought down the house on many occasions. During a tense moment in the 1948 Marshall Plan debate, when a pro-American speaker paused to drink some water, Duclos' voice rang out from the benches with exaggerated politeness, asking: "Wouldn't you prefer a Coca-Cola?" He startled one anti-Communist orator by shouting: "Oh, sit down, you've got delirium Trumans."

It would be difficult to select any particular Duclosisms as the most famous, but two stand out in my memory as characteristic of his biting style. During one of the frequent political crises in the fall of 1947, Duclos was commenting in Parliament on Premier Paul Ramadier's many cabinet reshuffles. "First he decides to enlarge his cabinet," said Duclos, "then he compresses it. Indeed, it seems that the honorable Prime Minister has no more policy than an accordion." From the same tribune Duclos stormed against the Marshall Plan, describing American Ambassadors as "the traveling salesmen of corned beef and chewing gum, with the atom bomb to break down sales resistance."

In some three hundred Duclos speeches covering a fifteen-year period, I found only one bad *gaffe*. On April 28, 1946, speaking at a Toulouse rally, he boasted that the Communists' electoral victory was not an "extraordinary miracle," adding: "We did not get any special blessing. Up to now, I haven't heard of God's joining the Communist Party."

This crude offense to the thousands of Catholics present violated a basic Thorez ban against slurs on the Christian faith. Thorez carefully limits such attacks to "political Catholicism." The men under him do not often violate his dictates, not even Duclos.

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Jacques Duclos works under Thorez figuratively and literally. His second-floor office is directly beneath Thorez' but is a duplicate of it in dimensions only. No one could mistake Duclos for a corporation executive, unless you include newspaper editors in that category. Hidden behind mounds of brochures, posters, page proofs and parliamentary minutes, little Duclos looks the part of the Politburo Secretary in charge of "Parliament, Press, Propaganda and Agitation."

One slogan on the wall proclaims: "A vote for Communism is a vote for Peace." A poster dating back to early post-liberation days of "Collaboration with capitalism," promises in huge block letters vigorous "Defense of Private Property, Fruit of Toil and Thrift." It depicts a lantern-jawed worker embracing a virtuous shopkeeper. Both slogans were written by Jacques Duclos to carry out a strategy determined by Maurice Thorez. Equipped with the sharpest mind in the Party, Duclos is an indispensable leavener for the basic Thorez batter. Duclos would not enjoy that metaphor, with its reminders of a bakery oven that he left without tears shortly after World War I. He told me once, "I was a damn good pastry chef, but I must admit I never had *la grande passion* for the cake pans."

His rollicking good humor has made Duclos the Party's most popular after-dinner speaker. An accomplished anecdotist, he has a natural, lilting Southern accent, indispensable feature of French slapstick comedy. Thorez, too, knows how to relax at a party. In a bar-room tenor, he runs through a salty repertory of classic French ballads. Thorez particularly enjoys playing the cornet, an instrument he learned to play in his early teens, while entertaining fellow miners during a prolonged coal strike.

Duclos, like Thorez, lives quietly, in a suburban house. He married his secretary, Gilberte Roux, on January 4, 1937. They have no children. She works as a nurse in a Paris public health center and is devoted to Jacques. They both love the movies whenever he is free, but most of their evenings are spent in his library, working on research for his speeches and articles. He writes them out in giant letters, not more than five lines to a page, so that he seems always to be carrying a book-length manuscript whenever he mounts to the speaker's platform.

Native of a sunny village in the Pyrenees, Duclos has all the warmth that Northerner Thorez lacks. "I can't help being an optimist," he says.

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His broad grin and kewpie-doll girth give him a jolly exterior and the reputation of a bonvivant. The truth is that he suffers from a glandular malfunction that necessitates the strictest diet.

During the German occupation Duclos had to stay in hiding since his extraordinary appearance is almost impossible to disguise. Forced immobility produced fat at an alarming rate that threatened to suffocate his heart. Resourceful Duclos told me how he solved his problem of keeping in shape while keeping out of sight to direct the resistance activities of the Communist partisans. "I set up headquarters in a cellar with two escape exits. Every day my comrades brought down thick logs. For months on end I sawed wood in our hideout. That gave us fuel and melted my surplus fat."

Duclos' record in two world wars won him party esteem and a public recognition that contrasts sharply with the black marks against Thorez. Wounded at the front in 1916, he spent long months in a German prison camp. Thorez was only fourteen when World War I broke out, and never got into action. But his desertion from his regiment in October 1939, a few weeks after the Nazi-Soviet non-aggression pact, still provokes shouts of "traitor" from anti-Communists throughout France.

The desertion case demonstrated better than any other the unquestioned loyalty of Duclos. When Communists earned the nation's gratitude in the Resistance, Duclos became one of the most powerful men in France. He was in a strong position to usurp the crown of exiled Thorez. Instead, he let it be known that peaceful cooperation by the Communists depended on amnesty for Thorez. When Charles de Gaulle, then President of the Provisional Government, went to Moscow in December 1944, to negotiate a Soviet friendship pact, the amnesty deal was sealed and Thorez returned to Paris in triumph.

Fresh from Moscow, Thorez threw himself into the Communists' post-liberation "strategy of participation." The old team picked up, with Duclos sloganeering the Communists as "A Great Party of the Government."

It was at that period that Jacques Duclos became an overnight sensation in America. In the spring of 1945 Duclos wrote an incisively bitter attack against Earl Browder, who had gone far beyond the "strategy of participation" in democratic political life. Browder had dissolved the Communist Party and transformed it into a "Political

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Association" dedicated to collaboration with capitalism in a "democratic front."

Duclos reminded him that he was a Communist and that the ultimate aim was the creation of a socialist society. The Duclos attack was reprinted in New York's *Daily Worker* and greased the skids under Browder, who was expelled from the reformed Communist Party of the United States a few weeks after the Duclos signal had been given. Duclos gave the line: "cooperation not assimilation."

The experiment of cooperation with "the bourgeois parties," begun in the National Front of the Resistance Movement, was going to be applied to peacetime Europe. It did not work.

The Communists were expelled from the Government on May 5, 1947, one of the most important dates in French Communist history, and the setback brought Thorez and Duclos under heavy fire from the Kremlin. They saved themselves from the fate of Tito by a confession of error, published in the Party magazine, *France Nouvelle*, November 1, 1947.

Their "sin" had been denounced by Zhdanov at the secret Cominform meeting in Warsaw, in August. Duclos was the French delegate who bore the Soviet fury. When he reported back to Paris, Thorez called the Central Committee together, announced that they had all made a grave error, accepted full responsibility for it in "the spirit of Marxist-Leninist self-criticism."

The sin was "failure to understand the real reason for our expulsion from the Government."

That "real reason" was the cold war, said Thorez. In his Reports to the Central Committee, he explained: "We have failed to define clearly the nature and extent of the changed international situation, notably the regrouping of the imperialist, anti-democratic forces under the direction and for the benefit of the United States." Thorez "confessed" a "failure to understand" that the Communists had been expelled from the Cabinet on May 5 on orders from Washington.

Thorez himself had made history back in October 1934, when he created the slogan: "A Popular Front of Work, Liberty and Peace." But, said Thorez, the Popular Front had had one grave weakness: it was based on accord among political parties "at the summit" and not on accord where it really counted, "at the base, and up through the rank and file."

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Translated, this Communist catechism meant a new switch in tactics, a return to systematic, destructive opposition, the old "single front" formula that precipitated class warfare from 1926-30. It isolated the Communists from all other parties and volatilized the fission of the French working class, generating a supercharged atmosphere of potential civil strife.

The new tactic accepted the challenge of the cold war and urged Frenchmen to choose sides. The first peak was reached in a Central Committee communiqué of October, 1948, proclaiming: "The people of France will never make war on the Soviet Union." Then, on February 22, 1949, Thorez set off an international Communist chain reaction with a rallying cry for a Red Army fifth column.

Adroitly phrasing his declaration in the form of a rhetorical question, which might save him from a treason indictment in the courts of democratic France, Thorez left no doubt that he was asking French workers to welcome the Red Army should war ever bring Soviet troops to French soil. The global repercussions of these Thorez directives firmly established his reputation as the foremost Communist in the Western World. Despite his long and openly avowed goal of revolution, plus this latest proof of allegiance to class and ideology, some five million French men and women have consistently cast their ballots for Thorez, Duclos and company in the four years since the liberation of France. More than one-fourth of the nation thus entrusted its mandate to two Communists who, almost from birth, seemed marked out as revolutionaries.

The record begins just before the turn of the century in the little mountain village of Louey, in southern France, not far from the Spanish frontier. Antoine Duclos was a journeyman carpenter, a small, stocky man as pliable and strong as the Pyrenees pine wood that he fashioned into frame and joints. Antoine was a proud man, an independent craftsman, who "worked for no man and exploited none." He was a staunch "Radical de Gauche," anticlerical and thrifty as his peasant father before him. He married the daughter of a village weaver. Their son Jacques was born on October 2, 1896, on the Feast Day of the Holy Angels, a happy augury even for an anticlerical "left-radical."

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Jacques went to school in the village, helped his father in the carpenter shop. At twelve, he was apprenticed to a pastry cook in nearby Tarbes. Four years later, in 1912, ready to start on his career as a chef, he left Louey for Paris and a rendezvous with Communism.

Paris was bursting with revolutionary ideas like a ripe pomegranate swollen with seeds. Duclos bit hungrily. He haunted Socialist lecture halls, and was stirred by the oratory of Philosopher Jean Jaurès, the Socialist who attempted to reconcile materialism and humanism.

Materialism had a stronger impact on the sixteen-year-old apprentice who was being paid one dollar a week for a six-day, ten-hour shift at the ovens. He borrowed the works of Rousseau and Balzac, his two favorite authors, kept a copy of Marx in his apron, and read the history of the Paris Commune between batches of pastry.

War propelled Duclos out of the kitchen into the trenches of Verdun at eighteen. Wounded in action, then returned to the line, he was captured by the Germans in the battle of the Chemin des Dames in April, 1917. Half the men in his company died in prison of dysentery and typhoid. Duclos tried to escape three times, was caught each time and put into solitary for thirty days. Liberated by the Allied victory, he was demobilized in the fall of 1919.

Back to Paris and the kitchen went little Duclos, but this time as a master pastry chef at the Hotel Regina on the fashionable Rue de Rivoli, opposite the Louvre. Despite his rise in the hierarchy of wage earners, Duclos was still fired by proletarian fervor. He fed the flames by attending night courses in political science in the Université Populaire de Paris.

"I preferred Marx's recipes," he says, "to those of Brillat-Savarin."

Maurice Thorez came to Communism by a more direct route than Duclos. Born in the mining village of Noyelles-Godault on April 28, 1900, son and grandson of miners, Thorez recalls two formative "proletarian experiences" before the age of twelve.

One month before his sixth birthday he marched, with his mother, in a strike demonstration following the tragic Courrières explosion that had killed 1,500 miners. Thorez recalls the "mad rush when the gendarmes charged into us. I was separated from my mother, knocked down and buffeted, while over my head passed the terrifying shadows of the troopers' horses."

Experience number two was a slapstick fight between consumers

and merchants during a high-cost-of-living demonstration when Thorez was ten. His mother was right in the middle of the fight, hurling fruits and vegetables at the outraged shopkeepers, while young Maurice exultantly "jumped with both feet into open egg baskets in a joyous destruction of the good things that had taunted our hunger."

The formation of a Communist chief had begun.

Thorez had been briefed on violence by his grandfather Clement Baudry, a veteran coal miner and union organizer. "I loved to listen to him . . . His inexhaustible stories of strikes, of unbending resistance to the masters of the mines and the gendarmes, . . . brought me to maturity more swiftly than my years."

Grandfather Baudry gets first place in Thorez' respect. He dismisses his father, Louis Thorez, almost scornfully. "My father worked in the factory, where he contracted painter's colic. By trying to escape from the dread coal-dust explosions of the mine, he fell victim to disease."

Thorez astonished his parents by becoming a choirboy and a favorite of the village priest. "My parents did not believe in God," he has said, "but they conformed to the custom of baptizing the children and letting them go through First Communion." He received his grade-school diploma just after his twelfth birthday, and as a reward was immediately granted a work permit one year before the normal age. His first job was as "stone sorter" in Pit 4 of the Dourges Mine, known today as the "Thorez pit."

When the German break-through engulfed the plain of Flanders in the fall of 1914, Clement Baudry fled south with his grandson Maurice. They took refuge on a farm near Clugnat, in the rural Creuze Department of central France.

In this traditionally conservative stronghold, young Maurice landed a job with a socialist farmer, a man even more versed in revolutionary theory than Thorez' trade-unionist grandfather. Thorez says, "In the long winter nights of reading and discussion my political education began."

He had left a coal mine to learn Bolshevism in a barn.

Impulsively he began his own education, spurning an offer from the village schoolmaster, who had become interested when the boy won first prize in an essay contest. He read everything he could get,

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from the farmer's copy of Jaurès' paper, *Humanité*, to *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

Two years on the farm were enough for his restless grandfather, who yearned for the north country. They left Clugnat, went to Amiens where the old man and the now full-grown, seventeen-year-old Thorez got jobs as bargemen on a small wood-hauling *péniche*. Grandfather was the skipper, Maurice the one-man crew. They worked up and down the Somme for two more years.

In 1919 his wanderings ended and he rejoined his family. He had left home a fourteen-year-old boy and returned a fervent revolutionist. He celebrated his maturity by joining the Socialist Party and becoming a union organizer in the mines. Within a year he was named union delegate, joined the newly formed Communist Party and was called up for his two-year military training.

The army failed to cool his ardor.

On his first furlough he came home in uniform, climbed a soapbox in a public debate to urge Socialist adherence to the new Communist International. After his military service he headed back to the mines, but the owners had black-listed him as a dangerous radical. He was barred from every pit in the north.

Thorez became a bricklayer, then a house painter, but spent most of his time cycling over the roads of the north as "county propagandist" of the Communist Youth Movement. With his tireless oratory and big-fisted persuasion, Thorez rocketed up through the party ranks to leadership of the Pas-de-Calais Fédération, his first salaried position as a Communist Party official. "I put aside my paintbrushes," he wrote in *Fils du Peuple*, "and became a professional revolutionist." He was then 23.

The following year, 1924, Thorez was elected to the powerful Central Committee of the Communist Party. In 1925, Jacques Duclos won his seat on that same committee. Parallel lines had finally met. Their dual control of the party was not to start for another seven years, but the mold was poured for the future hammer and sickle of France.

Their climactic seven-year climb to power was relatively smooth for Duclos, rocky for Thorez.

Duclos was one of the first Communists elected to the Chamber of Deputies and had an early training for his future role as the Party's

parliamentary group leader. In the elections of 1926 and 1928, Duclos defeated Paul Reynaud and Léon Blum respectively. Meanwhile, as executive editor of three antimilitarist propaganda tracts, he had accumulated some thirty years of prison sentences for inciting the armed forces to insubordination. Saved by democracy's tradition of parliamentary immunity, Communist Duclos stayed on the right side of prison bars.

Thorez' clash with the law came on the same charge, but at a moment when he was not a Deputy. In June, 1927, he fled from arrest. He was a fugitive for two years, hiding in friends' houses and moving every few days. Once, in a gesture of bravado during the 1928 elections, he emerged from hiding to make a public speech in Lille, near his home town. During this underground period Thorez kept up his party work and attended secret meetings of the Central Committee. He went to one too many. Thorez says he was betrayed: "The police threw a tight cordon around the château. I jumped into a secret hiding place. The police, precisely informed, marched straight to my hiding place and pulled me out. A month later almost all the members of the Central Committee were caught in one swift raid."

He blamed the betrayal on a rival group led by a young metallurgical worker, Henri Barbé, who seized party control when Thorez and the others were imprisoned. Barbé even refused to pay Thorez' fine, thus prolonging his stay in jail by several months. From his cell Thorez wrote an appeal to Moscow and the International ordered Barbé to bail him out.

Like most Communist leaders, Thorez used his prison term as a postgraduate course in Marxism and Leninism. He taught himself German in order to read Marx in the original. With command of German he discovered the glory of Heine and Goethe. He is still fond of quoting two lines from *Faust* that give an important clue to his particular brand of Communism:

Grau, teurer Freund, ist alle Theorie
Und grün des Lebens goldner Baum.

For Thorez, too, all theory is gray. Always faithful to Leninist doctrine, he nevertheless places his stress on dynamics, not dogma. This has led him to daring acts and given him a reputation for unorthodoxy.

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However, when he left prison there was no trace of unorthodoxy in his action. Appointed as delegate to the Comintern, Thorez went to Moscow in the summer of 1930, accepted new Soviet directives for the French Party, and began his successful fight for leadership. The International demanded all-out war on Socialist Party leaders, coupled with a unity appeal to Socialist workers. The dictate was delivered by V. M. Molotov.

Rival Barbé liked neither the Moscow directives nor Thorez, and the fight was on. By December, 1930, Thorez had won. The party majority rallied behind him, and named him secretary of the Politburo. Within six months he had purged the Barbé group, won unchallenged control, and pulled Duclos up with him as Politburo secretary.

During the entire period, working quietly and cautiously, Duclos had been Thorez' most trusted friend and helper, lining up support for him in the party and expressing unqualified agreement with Thorez' conception of Communist policy. This policy inaugurated the "new nationalism" of Communist parties in the West.

It reached its high point in Thorez' greatest triumph — the Front Populaire.

Thorez' appeal for a national Popular Front, first made in Paris on October 9, 1934, preceded by more than a year Moscow's own realization that it was the strategy needed to oppose the spread of Fascism. The acknowledgment came with éclat at the seventh congress of the International in Moscow August 2, 1935. Dimitrov of Bulgaria, Secretary General of the Comintern, delivered a laudatory address saying: "France is the country where the working class has shown the international proletariat how to fight fascism."

Old Bolshevik Dimitrov then turned to the council table, where French delegate Thorez was President-of-the-day, and raised his hand in a salute. Every delegate jumped to his feet and the hall rang with a cheer for the 35-year-old chief of French Communism. It was one of the most extraordinary tributes a Western Communist ever got in Moscow.

During the Popular Front heyday Thorez initiated another radical departure from traditional Communist tactics. In a speech over Radio-Paris on April 17, 1936, he said: "We stretch out our hands to our Catholic brothers." Anti-Communists promptly dubbed this "the policy of the outstretched hand" and asked sarcastically: "Has your

clenched fist gotten stiff Thorez?" Socialist papers jeered: "Thorez has become the Red Guard of the Pope."

Able lieutenant Duclos was not slow to follow through with a twist of his own.

In 1935, at the close of a party rally for the Popular Front, he astonished everyone by calling on the militants to sing *La Marseillaise*. It was the first time the Communists had sung the national anthem and the *Internationale* successively at a party meeting.

And then on the national holiday, July 14, 1935, Duclos and Thorez marched down the boulevards of Paris side by side with the conservative leader Edouard Daladier, at the head of a parade of more than a half million Parisians. Duclos sang the *Marseillaise* while Daladier, carried away by emotion, raised his hand in a clenched-fist salute to the men whose party he was to outlaw four years later, when war followed the signing of the Hitler-Stalin pact.

That pact stunned all the Communist parties in the world, catching them completely off guard. Duclos himself wavered nervously. Three days *after* the Nazi-Soviet pact *Humanité* ran the headline: "The French people are united against the Hitlerian aggressor." The most astonishing departure from the new Soviet line came on the eve of war, when Duclos led the Communist parliamentary group in a vote on September 2, 1939, approving Daladier's demand for military credits.

Meanwhile Thorez was in service with the 341st Engineers mobilized at Chauny, northeast of Paris. Never was it more apparent that Thorez had held the Party together, never wavering from the basic Comintern line, "defense of the Soviet Union is the first duty of all Communists." In his absence the Party disintegrated, failed to follow the Kremlin pattern. Then, on the night of October 6, 1939, Thorez walked out of a cafe near his company's billet and was never seen again in public in France until December, 1944, when he returned from Moscow.

Thorez and Duclos went into hiding together, planned the clandestine life of the Party, set up a courier system, and then parted company for their separate missions: Duclos to a Paris cellar and the leadership of the Communist partisans of France; Thorez to a street in Moscow known as "Exile Row," wartime home of international Communists. His immediate neighbors were Matjas Rakosi of

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Hungary and Klement Gottwald of Czechoslovakia. He refuses to say how he made his way to Moscow. It has been reported but never documented that Thorez went via Switzerland, posing as a Spanish refugee under the assumed name of Juan Semblatt.

Today Thorez and Duclos are back where they started out together more than twenty years ago, advocating the same "single front" policy that isolated the Communists from all other parties in 1928 and cost them most of their seats in Parliament.

Every indication points to a sharp legislative setback for the Communists in the general elections of 1951. Thorez and Duclos have both told me they are prepared for this. "We may be isolated in Parliament," said Thorez, "but we are not isolated from the broad masses of the people, and that's what counts in the end."

There is a strong hint of self-persuasion in his insistence on the Communists' roots in the country. Thorez must know, better than most men, that Communism in France passed a peak on May 5, 1947, and has been losing ground slowly but steadily ever since.

All signs point to a continued retrogression of Communism in France with the gradual recovery of agricultural and industrial production in a country that has the nearest thing to a balanced economy in Western Europe.

Once it was feared that the Communists had the power to wreck that recovery through their paralyzing control of labor. Government corruption, an unpunished black market, flagrant social inequities enabled the Communists to strengthen their labor following. The Government lived with the constant menace of a general strike. It was Thorez' time bomb, a blackmail threat that, in the fall and spring of 1946-47, seemed strong enough to propel him from the Vice-Presidency to the Premiership.

The Cominform forced his hand, as he admitted in a report to the Central Committee. The time bomb was set off in an explosion of nationwide strikes at the end of 1947. The damage was great, but less destructive than had been feared. Anti-Communist trade-unionists, rebelling against political misuse of the strike weapon, split the once all-powerful *Confédération Générale du Travail*. All organ-

ized labor in France suffered as more than a million disgruntled workers refused to renew their union cards.

With that defeat the Communists lost their power to paralyze. Still strong enough to retard recovery seriously, they no longer can frighten the opposition into peace terms by threats alone. Now the Government knows that the Communists have but two alternatives: to provoke a bloody civil war that could ruin France but would most certainly wreck the Communist Party, or reform ranks, maintaining constant pressure in hit-and-run strikes and war-scare propaganda and keeping their fire power intact for a new "revolutionary moment."

The second choice seems to have been made.

Even Thorez' sensationalized attack on the Atlantic Treaty, with its fifth-column threat, has been nothing but words. Fiery they may be, but they are not revolutionary acts. Thorez hopes that a world-wide depression, originating in America, will provide his next revolutionary moment. Unless the political contest between the USSR and the United States becomes military, Thorez is likely to concentrate on undermining French "bourgeois democracy" in the hope of eventual collapse.

Interviews with the French Communist leaders in 1948 gave me an insight into their strategic thinking. When I asked Duclos if the Communist assaults on the middle-road Government were not in fact strengthening General de Gaulle, he replied:

"No, we are not afraid of de Gaulle. Nor is the situation in any way comparable with the Communist-Socialist split in Germany that helped Hitler to power. The French proletariat has a longer, stronger tradition than the Germans ever had.

"France is not Germany, although you Americans seem to think it is. We are grateful for your ignorance.

"I'll tell you this, for what you care to make of it — the party that starts a civil war now in France will be destroyed."

A few weeks later, during a cabinet crisis, when there were rumors about a deal between some anti-Gaullist politicians and the Communists, I asked Thorez for a statement.

"We want to get back into the cabinet," he said, "but only on our minimum terms — renunciation of the anti-Soviet treaties that make France a colony of the United States. The bourgeois parties will not accept. They'll go on playing their game of musical chairs, and every

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few months there will be a so-called 'new' Prime Minister. Someday, however, the Prime Minister will be a Communist. Perhaps after I am gone.

"All that matters to us is that *the Communist cabinet shall be the last cabinet of France.*"

Maurice Thorez and Jacques Duclos are prepared to wait forever and longer than forever in the faith that Communism will triumph no matter what happens to its episodic leaders. No understanding of the nature of these Communist chiefs can be complete without weighing that quasi-religious fervor.

It is at once their strength and their weakness.

It is at the root of their tenacity, ruthlessness and daring. It is also the dominating influence that makes them as doctrinaire in their basic thinking as they are flexible in action.

No matter how many times these men pay lip service to the principle that "Marxism is a guide to action and not a dogma," they consistently behave as though it were Holy Writ. Marx and Lenin are their prophets, Stalin their Pope. Even the Thorez-Duclos initiative of the nationalist line, back in 1934, was "justified" by citations from a Lenin essay on love of country.

Chained to the teachings of the past, these men are enslaved by a fixed concept: defense of the motherland of socialism, the USSR. Yet it is a self-hypnosis with no irresistible coercion from the Kremlin, and it would be a basic underestimation to dismiss them as mere puppets. Even a Tito, far more vulnerable to physical reprisals, rebelled against dictation from Moscow.

Maurice Thorez and Jacques Duclos may someday decide that they too "have nothing to lose but their chains."

CENTRIFUGAL COMMUNIST: TITO OF YUGOSLAVIA

By LEIGH WHITE

LEIGH WHITE, *author of The Long Balkan Night, has visited Yugoslavia six times in the last nine years. He began his career as a foreign correspondent in Spain in 1937, and has since covered most of the countries of Europe and the Middle East, including Soviet Russia. In 1946, after his last visit to Yugoslavia, he wrote a series of much-discussed articles for the Chicago Daily News, in which he revealed for the first time the true nature of Tito's Communist dictatorship.*

ST. VITUS'S DAY, or *Vidov-Dan*, the 28th of June, is a fateful day in the history of Yugoslavia. It was on that day in 1389 that the Ottoman Turks defeated the Serbs at Kosovo, and began a military occupation that lasted for close to five centuries. It was on St. Vitus's Day in 1914, at Sarajevo, Bosnia (then under Austrian occupation), that Gavrilo Princip assassinated Archduke Franz Ferdinand and thereby precipitated World War I. On St. Vitus's Day in 1919 the Treaty of Versailles was signed. Among its "ugly offspring," as V. M. Molotov has been pleased to call the national states of Eastern Europe, was the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes which, in 1929, became the Kingdom of South Slavia, or Yugoslavia. And it was on St. Vitus's Day in 1948 that the Communist Information Bureau, straining for historical symbolism, chose to excommunicate the Communist tyrants who, since World War II, had been ruling Yugoslavia in the guise of a "South Slav Democratic Federal People's Republic."

Until that day it had seemed to most observers (myself included) that Yosip Broz, or Tito, as he prefers to call himself, was Stalin's most successful foreign disciple. None of the other Communist subdictators of Eastern Europe had so ruthlessly or so completely sovietized his fief. None had adapted the Kremlin's methods to local conditions with greater disregard for the wishes of his subjects. Yet Tito and his personal followers in the Yugoslav Communist Party were the first to be excommunicated by the Cominform as heretics.

Although I had foreseen a day of reckoning in Yugoslavia, which I had expected to take the form of a blood purge, I had not expected it to produce a schism in the international Communist movement. I had expected Tito (in the first purge, anyhow) to play the role of Grand Inquisitor, exterminating, with the help of Andria Hebrang, Sreten Zhuyovitch, and other members of the Yugoslav political bureau, the opportunistic Neo-Communists who had joined them only after their wartime victory seemed assured. Among the first to go, I thought, would be men like Vladimir Ribnikar, the publisher of the newspaper *Politika*. Ribnikar, at the age of 43, read Karl Marx for the first time when he was a hanger-on at one of Tito's mountain hideouts during the latter days of the war. It was Hebrang, I believe, who twitted Ribnikar when he found him one day with a copy of *Das Kapital* in his hand. "Only now just reading Marx?" he said. "I knew his works by heart before I was 21."

In a subsequent purge, I thought, when he had finally grown too big for his breeches, Tito himself would also be exterminated — but not until someone like Hebrang or Zhuyovitch was fully prepared to inherit his imperial responsibilities. Instead it was the Hebrangs and Zhuyovitches who were themselves disposed of, and the Neo-Communist sycophants and hero-worshippers with whom Tito and his lieutenants chose to cast their lot. National Communism, a wartime product of Russia's internal weaknesses, has thus proved stronger — for the time being, at any rate — than Stalin's imperial apparatus.

Power does strange things to those upon whom it bestows its doubtful favors. It not only corrupts them but it also changes their historical identities. There can be little doubt, I think, that Tito had every intention, in the beginning, of loyally serving his master Stalin, just as Stalin himself, in all probability, intended to be faithful to the teachings of his master Lenin. Power combined with history and geography, however, produced the phenomenon of Stalinism, which is as different from Leninism, in its dialectical way, as Communism is from Socialism. Titoism is merely a local variant of Stalinism, itself a variant of Caesarism, by which the tables have been momentarily, perhaps permanently, turned against the supertyrant who would found a Soviet empire on the anti-imperialist principles of Marx.

Tito's origins are even more obscure than Stalin's. We at least

know that Stalin was born in Gori, Georgia, 69 years ago, the son of a shoemaker named Dzugashvili. No one can be certain of either the year or the place in which Tito was born, nor even of his true nationality. Louis Adamie, his leading American apologist, hedges in *My Native Land*, stating merely that Tito, in 1941, was "in his early fifties; a Croatian, a former [sheet] metal worker in Zagreb." Michael Padev, Bulgarian apologist, writes in *Marshal Tito* that his hero was born of a Croatian blacksmith in the village of Klanyets. Temple Fielding, in *Harper's Magazine*, tells us that Tito was born on a "thirty-acre farm in Zagorye, Croatia," which is a region, not a town. Ernest Hauser, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, identifies his native village as "Kumprovitch, near Zagreb," though others say Kumrovets and Kumovats. His father, according to the writers already cited, was a blacksmith; according to the *Daily Worker's* Howard Fast, the party-line historical novelist, his father was a peasant. M. W. Fodor, for his part, once assured me that Tito had told him personally that he was born in Rogatska Zlatina, on the border of Croatia and Slovenia, where his father was employed as an attendant in the local mineral baths. Tito's age, as nearly as I can judge, is now 57.

Fodor's story, if true, would explain Tito's curious accent, which has led many of his fellow countrymen to believe that he is a Russian in disguise. And he may be, for all I know, though Hauser calls him "a green-eyed Croat if there ever was one." Fielding, on the other hand, describes his eyes as "the blue of Wedgwood jasperware." (I forgot to look at his eyes, myself; I was too bedazzled by his uniform.) It is a fact that, though Tito is supposed to have a mother, he has never gone back to see her in the village where she is supposed to live, nor has he ever invited her to visit him in Belgrade. It is also a fact, according to Fodor, that the people in the vicinity of Rogatska Zlatina speak Serbo-Croatian with a soft accent resembling that of the Russians.

Yugoslav school children, at last reports, were still being taught the following ode:

You ask, who is Tito? . . .

He was born of an angry father and the people. . .

You ask, who is Tito?

Write, my darling machine gun, write Tito!

Tito is the army, the earth, and the river!

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At the opening of class each day, they must also recite a sort of catechism that begins, "Tito is our father. Our mother is the republic. . . ."

When I was last in Belgrade I spent an evening on the Terazija watching youngsters dancing and singing in praise of their *Vodja*, or Fuehrer, as Tito is also known. "Tito is ours and we are Tito's, Tito is ours and we are Tito's, Tito is ours and we are Tito's," they chanted in a frenzy. Instead of carrying flags, they carried framed portraits of Tito and Stalin decked with flowers. Later they danced a *kolo*. The steps and melody were old, but the words were entirely new. They ran: "Tito is our white violet, and our hearts must make him grow."

According to Padev, the White Violet had no formal education; according to Fodor, he attended the University of Vienna, where he learned to speak German with what Fodor considers a pleasing Viennese accent. On one point, at least, all sources agree — that, educated or not, this son of a peasant, blacksmith, or bath attendant was conscripted into the Austro-Hungarian Army during World War I. Once on the Eastern Front he promptly deserted to the Russians; and, after a stretch as a prisoner of war in Khirgizia, he joined the Soviet Army, from which he graduated to the Bolshevik Party after becoming a Soviet citizen. In the course of time he learned to speak six foreign languages — Khirgizian, Russian, Czech, German, French, and English.

Yosip Broz was arrested in Yugoslavia in either 1928 or 1929 for illegal activities in connection with the sheet-metal workers' union of which he was then the leader. On his release from prison in 1934, he proceeded to organize, as "Tito," a secret network of Communist cells throughout the country in preparation for the coming revolution. Tito has never bothered to explain the origin of his alias. Others have variously identified it with the Roman emperor Titus; St. Titus, an early Balkan missionary; a thirteenth-century Slavic warrior of the same name; Titus Tatius, the legendary king of the Sabines, who avenged the rape of his womenfolk by waging war on Rome; and the initials of something called the *Tajna Internatsionalna Terroristschka Organitsatsia* (Secret International Terrorist Organization).

During the Spanish Civil War, Tito was the chief political commissar of the Balkan troops who fought in the International Brigades.

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So many of Tito's henchmen received their practical training in Spain that they have come to be known in Belgrade as "the Spanish nobility." Lieutenant General Constantine ("Kosta") Nagy, a former Yugoslav army sergeant, who commanded the Dimitrov Battalion in Spain, is now a member of Tito's general staff. General Constantine ("Kotcha") Popovitch, Tito's Chief of Staff, is also a veteran of the International Brigades. Popovitch became a Communist after failing to make a name for himself as a surrealist painter in Paris. Lieutenant General Peko Dapchevitch, commander of Tito's First Army, was a political commissar in Spain at the age of 23. At one time even the Lincoln (American) Battalion of the International Brigades was commanded by a Yugoslav — a certain Vladimir Chopitch, who had been an unsuccessful opera singer in Rome. Edvard Kardelj, Tito's Vice-Prime Minister, and Lieutenant General Milovan Djilas, Tito's Minister of Agitation and Propaganda, also fought for the Communists in Spain. So did Alesh Bebler, the Yugoslav delegate to the United Nations.

Howard Fast informs us, in *The Incredible Tito: Man of the Hour*, that, after the Communist defeat in Spain, the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee "provided funds and means for Tito's return to Yugoslavia." Fast and ten other members of this committee are still appealing their conviction for contempt of Congress in 1947. They were fined and sentenced to brief terms in jail for refusing to let the Un-American Activities Committee inspect the records of their organization, which had been chartered to collect money in the United States for the relief of needy "Spanish" refugees.

Tito's record in World War II is so well known that I need only recall its highlights here. In the early days of the war, when Russia was a German ally, the Communists in Yugoslavia, as elsewhere, refused to fight for their native land. Tito, having adopted the pseudonym of Tomanek, and posing as a Czechoslovakian engineer, lived in Zagreb unmolested by the Gestapo. He had by then been appointed Secretary General of the Yugoslav Communist Party, a position which he still holds. It was not until after the Germans invaded Russia, then his spiritual home, that he moved to organize his National Liberation Front. From then on he was to do as much fighting against the Serbian resistance forces of General Dragolyub ("Drazha") Mikhailovitch as against the Germans. His objective was revolution

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rather than restoration. He had no interest in preserving Yugoslavia as it had previously existed. Unlike Mikhailovitch who, like Roosevelt and Churchill, was interested in saving lives and protecting homes, Tito was interested chiefly in destroying the social fabric of his country. He encouraged, rather than discouraged, Italian and German reprisals. His hit-and-run guerrilla tactics were founded on the effective, if brutal, theory that the desperate survivors of gutted villages would have no choice but to turn to the Communists in self-defense.

Tito's victory in the war was essentially political. With the help of British and American Communists and their dupes, who were especially influential in the wartime propaganda and intelligence services, he managed to win the support of the Western Allies away from Mikhailovitch and his "reactionary" patriotism over to the "progressive" treason of the partisans. To be sure, our leaders explained that they were shifting their support to Tito because he was "killing more Germans," but the effect was exactly the same. Propagandists like Fast and Adamic were able to influence our government's policy by reproducing, as David Martin has pointed out in *Ally Betrayed*, half of a German poster offering a reward of 100,000 marks for the capture of Tito dead or alive. They carefully concealed the fact that the other half of the same poster offered the same reward for the capture, dead or alive, of Mikhailovitch, whom Tito was later to execute for "collaboration" with the enemy.

Tito was enabled to seize power and exterminate Mikhailovitch and most of his other rivals principally because of the military support he received from Britain and the United States. It was the belief of our wartime leaders (Churchill excepted) that we should "win the war first and play politics afterwards." It was Tito's belief, as a good disciple of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin, that Clausewitz was right in defining war as "but a continuation of politics, mixed with other means." Churchill, after failing to engineer an Anglo-American invasion of the Balkans, switched his support to Tito in the hope of eventually winning him away from Stalin.

Tito is thus unique among the Communist subdictators of Eastern Europe. He is the only one who installed himself in power with the help of Anglo-American rather than Russian arms. He is the only one who engineered his own revolution, his own mythology, his own

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system of hero worship, his own political hierarchy, and his own secret police. He is the only man besides Stalin who has ever constructed a working model of national Communism; more than that, he is the only man besides Stalin who has used Communism as a means of establishing an empire. And by the same token he has become the first to be excommunicated for refusing to pay unlimited obeisance to the Kremlin.

Next to his effort to create an independent South Slav empire in the guise of a Balkan federation, Tito's greatest crime, in the eyes of the Cominform (which is but the Kremlin's colonial office), has been his decision to nationalize but not to collectivize the peasantry. Tito was excommunicated, among other reasons, for straying from the "path of Marxism-Leninism to follow that of kulak nationalism," for "abandoning . . . the key positions of the working class . . . by placing individualistic peasants on the same footing with workers," and for declaring "against all evidence, and in spite of the teachings of Lenin, that farmers are the most solid base of the Yugoslav state." And, indeed, how could he do otherwise? Yugoslavia, after all, is an agricultural country composed, for the most part, of small proprietors. The urban proletariat, in so far as it exists, is so little removed from the peasantry that, in the absence of any large-scale industry, it is hardly conscious of its own identity. A fact that seems to have escaped the Pooh-Bahs of the Kremlin is that Tito's revolution was a pre-industrial peasant revolution, a revolution of impoverished peasants against wealthier peasants; and it will so remain until such time as the Balkans are industrialized. There are limits even to the powers of Communist dictators. Tito found that he could not survive, except as a "kulak nationalist," so long as Russia itself was incapable of providing Yugoslavia with machinery in return for raw materials.

I had a good look at Tito in Belgrade, in November, 1945, when his constituent assembly voted (unanimously, of course) to abolish the monarchy and declare Yugoslavia a "democratic federal people's republic." (The same rubber-stamp assembly was soon to adopt for Yugoslavia a legal code that was almost identical to the "Stalin Constitution.") The meeting was held, in the conspiratorial Soviet tradition, in the early hours after midnight. Tito, who had but recently been "elected" by ninety per cent of his subjects, in a depraved

burlesque of the democratic process, was greeted by raucous laughter when he pretended not to recognize the name of Broz when it was called. Feigning embarrassment as he made his way to the rostrum, he was again greeted with belly laughs when he parodied the rustic behavior of some of the frightened peasant delegates who had preceded him. Tito knew his audience. Instead of conforming to the mock solemnity of the occasion, he clowning, as one of the Caesars might have clowning, or as Mussolini often clowning in our own epigonous era.

Howard Fast, that eminent hagiographer, has emphasized his hero's "physical similarity to Abraham Lincoln, the same large jaw, the big, bony build, the lined face, the deep-set eyes, the large nose." (Even at that, his description of Tito is probably as accurate as his description of Thomas Paine.) Tito is a small stocky man, about five feet seven in height, with a thick neck, a large paunch, and a profile strikingly reminiscent of the late Hermann Goering. A rather handsome man, for all his girth, he is usually brisk and jolly in manner and never at a loss for a joke. Unlike some observers, I was not impressed with his vaunted "charm." I was even less impressed with the resemblance that Senator Claude Pepper professed to find between Tito and George Washington. The numerous Americans who have fallen under Tito's spell, I venture to say, would have found Goering equally charming in his heyday.

Next to bullying his fellow men, and murdering his political opponents, Tito's favorite sport is hunting. His sense of sportsmanship is such that he prefers a machine gun to a rifle. He is usually accompanied by scores of secret policemen who double as beaters, driving the game in his direction. He is also attended by a military surgeon, whose principal job is to save Tito's life on the day that he himself is shot, as it seems likely that he will be. Tito once sent a pistol as a gift to the late Fiorello LaGuardia, who had conveniently overlooked the Communists' systematic misuse of UNRRA supplies. Sava Kosanovitch, Tito's ambassador in Washington, described the pistol as "one of the things that are closest to the Marshal's heart." Among the gifts that Tito has received from his American admirers is a Thompson sub-machine gun, presented to him by Richard C. Patterson, our former ambassador in Belgrade, who has referred to Tito in my hearing as "a scholar and a gentleman."

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There is also a remarkable feminine streak in Tito's personality. The Vodja's eyes are hard, but his pudgy hands are soft. He delights in silk underwear and gaudy silk pajamas. He wears a large diamond ring on the little finger of his left hand. He smokes cigarettes in a pipe-shaped holder. He continually wavers between sentimentality and cynicism, and combines a ruthless brutality with a sensuous love of comfort. He shares with his prototypes, Goering and Mussolini, a consuming passion for medals and fancy uniforms. He now has uniforms of almost every color—white, gray, green, black, and several shades of blue, replete with stripes, as well as a number of two-toned jobs in varying hues. All have been designed with loving care by Tito himself and executed by former colleagues of General Alexander Rankovitch (the head of Tito's secret police, the UDB), who, like Trotsky, was once a tailor himself.

Tito, like Stalin, has named several communities in his own honor. The former Italian town of Zara, on the Dalmatian coast, is now called Titograd, while the Serbian town of Uzhitse has been given the suffix, *Titove* — literally, "Tito's Uzhitse." So much official praise has been heaped on the Vodja's head that a new word has been added to the Serbo-Croatian language. The verb form, rendered into English, is "Titovize," and usually occurs in combination with the admonitions, "don't," or "stop." A chronic praiser of Tito is known as a "Titovist." Tito himself is contemptuously known as "Titler."

Tito is a big eater, a heavy drinker, and (reputedly) a great lover of women, though during the war he was a stickler for celibacy on the part of his male and female troops. He lives in a large villa in the Belgrade suburb of Dedinye. His only regular companion is his aging and ill-tempered German shepherd dog, Tiger. His offices are in the White Palace of former King Peter. There was once a time when Tito lived with his secretary, Olga Ninchitch Humo, the Communist daughter of Yugoslavia's Foreign Minister at the time of the German invasion. But Olga, who is rumored to have had a son by Tito, has since returned to her legal husband, a Communist government official in Sarajevo. Tito's second wife, a Slovenian woman, has been left behind in Zagreb with the son she bore him, Misha, who is now six or seven. Zharko, Tito's playboy son by his first wife, a Russian woman, is now about 26. He makes no secret of the fact that he prefers Moscow, where he was born, to Belgrade, where he

is now required to live. Zharko was wounded in the arm in 1946 in a gunfight with a Russian officer. The dispute, it seems, was amorous rather than ideological; they both had their eyes on the same café entertainer. Stalin was so concerned that he had two Soviet surgeons flown down from Moscow to see that Zharko was properly attended.

Whether he would do as much today for Tito is a question. Edgar Snow, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, would have us believe that Tito's heresy "marks the end of an era of communism as an extension of Russian nationalism. . . . Tito is the beginning of a true heterodoxy in the communist 'universal church.' In the long run, that is no comfort for capitalism. But it does mean that the Kremlin's monopoly of moral authority over the world movement has been gravely weakened."

I usually disagree with Snow, but for once I hope he is right. Meyer Handler, of the *New York Times*, who is one of our most reliable correspondents, has been warning us, however, between the lines of his sober dispatches from Belgrade, that all may not be what it seems. It may indeed be possible for us, if we play our cards with sufficient skill, to win Tito away from Stalin to the benefit of Greece and Turkey and the rest of the Mediterranean world. But it is a dangerous game, and a game at which we have proved ourselves in the past to be singularly inept. Cavendish Cannon, our present ambassador in Belgrade, was taken in by Tito during the war. Let us hope that Cannon has learned his lesson; and let us not forget that Tito, whatever his difficulties with the Kremlin, is as repugnant an enemy of the United States and all it stands for as Stalin is himself.

World War II was the incubator of our maturity; and, though we have matured too rapidly for anybody's good, it is nevertheless a fact that we are the leading power of a world that depends on us for guidance. Power politics, willy-nilly, is the game that we must play, and Tito has provided us, perhaps, with our first opportunity to play it well. God willing, we shall be able to turn his heresy to our own ends, which are the ends not only of capitalism (or what passes for such) but the ends of what remains of the world's civilized tradition.

We must never forget that it was Tito, above all others, who used our armies to sovietize the Balkan peoples against their will; who has done as much as Stalin to obliterate Christianity; who has shot

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down unarmed American airplanes after the war without compunction for the loss of life; who has killed and jailed our friends and made a mockery of the Balkan Federation for which so many good men have sacrificed their lives; who has imposed a thought control as strict as Russia's; who has terrorized minorities and subverted every element of the "people's democracy" which he pretends to defend; and who has drenched his country in the innocent blood of hundreds of thousands of inoffensive people.

Let us deal with Tito — and let us deal with Franco — in the cold-blooded interests of our foreign policy. But let us be wary, and let us remember that Tito is a far more dangerous opponent than Franco ever was and that, if we lose, we shall have jeopardized the future of Greece and Turkey and, possibly, of Austria and Italy as well.

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH: POPE PIUS XII

By THOMAS B. MORGAN

THOMAS B. MORGAN represented the three major American news agencies in Rome for twenty-seven years and probably knows more about the Vatican than any other American correspondent. Himself no Catholic, he has written four books on the Church and is considered an authority on matters papal and cardinalial. He was present at the bedside of Benedict XV, attended the conclave of cardinals to elect Pius XI, and has known the present Pontiff since 1931.

IT WAS Arnold Toynbee who postulated that the one institution which more than any other had made Western civilization was the Roman Catholic Church. The challenge to that premise emerged less than a century ago in the theory of economic determinism, proclaimed by Karl Marx. Colossal forces on both sides are assembling today in this challenge of conflicting claims. The leaders of Soviet Russia captain the millions rallying to Marxian materialism. Divine Will in the eyes of other millions has marked Pope Pius XII as the defender of Roman ecclesiastical heritage.

In this conflict, Pius XII is the child born and guided by destiny to serve destiny. Thirty years of active leadership have fashioned his defiant arm to the call. And like the spiritual cause he defends, his weapons can be forged only out of the spirit. His is the Pauline conception of the warrior armed with faith, love and steadfastness.

As if to place Eugenio Pacelli — the name with which he was born — in early touch with the currents of world affairs and with the great of the day, fate and the decision of the Pontiff sent him, at 25, from the Chancellery of the Holy See, where he worked as a simple functionary, to the court of Protestant England: first to attend the funeral of Queen Victoria, and later to carry the Pope's greetings at the coronation of George V. At 34, he was made Assistant Papal Secretary of State. At 41, came promotion to Archbishop. Then he was entrusted

with the arduous, not to say mighty task of trying, in 1917, to end World War I through a conference with Wilhelm II, Emperor of Germany. He would have succeeded had not the Kaiser refused the advice of his own ministers, advice which would have saved the lives of three million men, and likely the monarch's own throne.

Up to that time, the Marxian cult was winning only sporadic skirmishes on the periphery of the ideological conflict. Late in that year, it finally succeeded in becoming master of Russia. A year later, Germany fell. Communist forces attempted seizure of German cities. Here Eugenio Pacelli was caught in the midst, as he was Nuncio to Bavaria.

His very first encounter occurred in 1919. Archbishop Pacelli was then 43. Communist bands were scouring the city of Munich to seize the belongings of the rich, the wealth of the government, and the patrimony of ecclesiastical institutions. One night, a band invaded the Nunciature, where Pacelli was in charge.

The Nunciature was thought to be a rich haul. It had automobiles, tapestries, damasks, works of art, and, allegedly, money. The squad assigned to seize the treasure broke into the locked and barred residence. From downstairs, the leader shouted orders that all descend to face the invaders.

Archbishop Pacelli waited with calm but also with determination. With his assistants he came to the head of the stairs. Dressed in his black cassock piped with purple, wearing his pectoral cross, his head adorned with a purple zucchetto, the tall, gaunt form slowly descended. The pistol of the squad leader was cocked. The rest of the detachment, their rifles held ready, formed a circle in the spacious reception hall. As the stately figure came down the staircase, step by step, there was not a sound except the sliding of the beslippered feet of the prelate and his aides on the stairs. As they reached the reception hall, the Red guards seemed transfixed. They were motionless, overcome by the dignity and even majesty of the unyielding prelate. He was the first to speak.

"What is it you want?" he said to the leader in German.

The hard face of the revolutionary had softened. His manner had changed. But he mustered what bravura was left.

"We are here to take possession of the house and its furnishings," he murmured, with far less dash than had characterized his shouts

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a moment before. "Our central committee wants your automobiles and all the money in your safe."

The tall, stately figure lifted his arms in a sign of resignation, but it was the resignation of the futility of their taking anything.

"You have not invaded a private home," said the unruffled prelate. "This is the residence of the representative of the Pope. The Government of Bavaria and the Reich itself would deplore your entrance here."

"If they would," returned the insurgent chief, "it is nothing to us. We have taken over the Government of Bavaria and will soon take over the Government of the Reich."

"And if you do," the rigid figure replied, suavely and calmly, "even then you would respect this house, because it is the residence of the dean of the diplomatic corps. So you would leave it alone."

"Not we," the rebel spokesman objected. "We respect no bourgeois authority."

"Well, the Soviets seek to do it," the prelate parried.

At that, there was a momentary pause.

"Let's get out of here," the squad leader said nervously. The men relaxed their rifles. Without any fixed order, they all converged toward the door. Out they went into the night, visibly glad that it was not necessary to oppose the still small voice with a show of force. Eventually, regulars under General Epp drove the Communists out of Munich. Never again did a Communist squad disturb the Nunciature.

Remaining in Munich, Pacelli could still feel the pressure of the Red wave. The following year, the Communist tide swept into Poland. It reached the gates of Warsaw. There Archbishop Achille Ratti was Nuncio. The Red Army was preparing an assault to take the city. Just as the attack was launched, Archbishop Ratti exhorted 800 young high-school boys to charge the Red lines. This daring episode has been called another Charge of the Light Brigade. The schoolboys of Warsaw, by the *élan* of their onslaught, broke the Red lines. The tide of battle turned. The Red Army retired in defeat to beyond the border. A grave peril was averted. Many believe that had the Red Army, then under Leon Trotsky, swept into Poland, it would have continued westward to the already warworn countries of the West and might have reached the Atlantic. The crusading priest

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credited with rallying the charge was the devoted friend of Eugenio Pacelli. The next year, he became Pope Pius XI.

While Ratti went to Rome, however, Archbishop Pacelli stayed at Munich. He was present in that city when the sinister insurgency headed by General Ludendorff and Adolf Hitler broke out — the Beer Hall *Putsch* of 1923. Ludendorff was arrested and paroled. Hitler escaped but was finally captured and imprisoned. It was while he was in prison that he wrote *Mein Kampf*. Destiny had not yet unfolded her scheme. Pacelli and the Führer did not then meet.

Pacelli was transferred from the Catholic state of Bavaria to the Lutheran enclave of Prussia. He was made Nuncio of Germany as well as of Prussia. Now the work was harder. Pius XI desired a concordat with Germany. This was a most difficult assignment for Pacelli. Delay followed delay. Upheavals were shaking the German Government. Hitler was rising to power. In 1931, Pacelli, by the wish of Pius XI, was called to be Papal Secretary of State in Rome and made a Cardinal. In January, 1933, Hitler became Chancellor of the Reich. The perverse scourge began. By that time, Pacelli had met Hitler. Destiny, in her way, was truly molding him.

Work as tactfully and untiringly as he would, the concordat with Germany constantly met obstructions. Though it had been in the process of drafting since 1930, it had never become a completed document. It was still uncompleted when Hitler came to power. The crafty Führer conceived the uncompleted agreement as a stroke of luck. He immediately began using the failure of the previous government as a decided advantage. If they had not been able to draw up the document, he would. His aim was to win the support of the German Catholic bishops and clergy, needed then to consolidate his own position.

As if to give great and imposing importance to his decision, he chose Vice-Chancellor von Papen to go to Rome to negotiate directly with Cardinal Pacelli and the Pope. It was with relative ease that the clauses which had been in dispute were settled. The concordat was drawn up, assuring the Church the right freely to choose the German bishops, to superintend its own education of the young, to perform its own marriage contracts, and to enjoy full liberty in the exercise of the Faith. This was a perfect concordat for the Holy See.

But as soon as Hitler gained the ascendancy in the consolidation of

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his power, his real intentions were revealed. A few months after the document had been signed, he issued decrees disbanding all church youth organizations, forbidding free attendance at parochial schools, and limiting the activity of the clergy to purely ceremonial functions, while exercising a strict censorship on their preaching. The bishops took up the challenge and in their annual meeting at Fulda in August, 1934, condemned the anti-Christian aggression against the Church.

And now the Holy See supported the challenge. Pacelli stepped into the conflict girded with all the weapons of the spirit. Here he assumed, as the chief of staff of the Pontiff, the command of the forces of the Church against the despoilers of human dignity. The strength of benevolent power was felt on a world scale. On Pacelli's advice, the Pope issued a burning encyclical denouncing Nazi duplicity. Smuggled into Germany by Catholic grapevine, it was read in churches to millions.

It was a spiritual offensive. The Nazi anti-Christian drive was condemned, the regime castigated. Nazi prohibitions affecting Catholic schools were denounced. The revival of the pre-Christian cults of the Germans was condemned. With peculiar Hitlerian reasoning, the Führer called the issuance of the document a breach of diplomatic procedure, since the Holy See had delivered its message to the people instead of passing it to the government.

The situation grew worse instead of better. Priests were thrown into jail on the slightest provocation. Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich, was attacked. Police were present whenever a sermon was delivered. If there were phrases to be construed as anti-Nazi, the priest was immediately arrested and summarily punished. The clergy were smeared with trumped-up charges of immoral acts. Teaching in Catholic schools was forbidden. The Catholic Boy Scouts were ordered disbanded and their members forced to join the Hitler Youth. Persecution was widespread.

Pius XI was aging. One prelate stood out alone, with the vision to view minutely and intelligently the world horizon. With astute foresight, the failing Pontiff decided to prepare Pacelli for the papal throne. Actually it was not his right to name a successor. This he knew. Nevertheless, he prepared a successor and with tactful though unerring skill recommended Eugenio Pacelli to the Sacred College of Cardinals.

As has already been said, the successor-presumptive had already obtained an experience and knowledge of world affairs unmatched by that of any other statesman in the world. To round all this out, the wise though failing Holy Father decided to give him contact also with the Western Hemisphere, which he foresaw would rise to assume an undisputed leadership in world affairs within a generation.

In September, 1934, the Pope chose Pacelli as his legate to the International Eucharistic Congress in Buenos Aires. Late that month, the Papal Secretary of State set out aboard the Italian steamer *Conte Grande* to be the first prospective Pope ever to set foot in the New World. In Rio de Janeiro he was received with the honors of a sovereign. In Buenos Aires, the outpouring of people from all over the Americas showed him a welcome never before accorded there to a visiting dignitary of any rank. Pacelli achieved contact and communion of soul with people in these far-flung papal domains. In the New World he gained an insight into problems and ways which enriched his own wide knowledge of men and things in the Old World. This was another lesson.

And then in October, 1936, another swing into the distant domains of the Pope's spiritual kingdom was arranged. Pius XI decided that he should visit the United States. The time chosen was during the Presidential campaign. Pacelli arrived, but so deftly did he avoid any hint of politics that hardly any of his exploratory aims were known. In New York, he was met by Monsignor Francis J. Spellman, then Auxiliary Bishop of Boston, who later became the Cardinal Archbishop of New York.

The visit lasted six weeks. Seemingly oblivious to the fierce political campaign then being waged, Pacelli flew to every great city in the United States. In Chicago, he visited all the Catholic institutions of learning and said Mass in the Cathedral. Similar programs were carried out in St. Paul, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Returning, the Cardinal visited St. Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Washington. Everywhere he concerned himself with purely ecclesiastical affairs. Bishops would be gathered from all the surrounding dioceses in the places where he stopped. The tableau of Catholic strength in America was before him.

By the time Cardinal Pacelli's strenuous tour of duty was over, President Roosevelt had already been re-elected. It was then that

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exchanges between men of state became possible. Accordingly President Roosevelt invited the Cardinal to a family luncheon at Hyde Park. For the first time in American history, a Papal Secretary of State sat with an American President. Many rumors spread as to the purpose of the visit. More than anything else, the true purpose was to give Pacelli the feel of the power of the Catholic Church in the United States. It was part of the curriculum for the Pontificate.

Fascism joined Naziism to harass the practice of the Faith. Hitler had flagrantly repudiated his signed agreement with the Holy See. With less bluster but with as much roguery, Mussolini cooperated in active persecution. Pius XI lifted his voice against the wily Duce and as Primate of Italy summoned all Italian bishops to a meeting in Rome. The avowed purpose was to stir the episcopate to an action of faith against the dictator. But Pius XI had been ailing a long time. The exertion caused by the latest assault was too much. He died on February 10, 1939.

Sixty-two cardinals from all over the world met to elect a successor. Tradition is a strong factor in the councils of the Church. Tradition almost dictated that no Papal Secretary of State could succeed to the papacy. There were four or five eligible candidates for the throne of Saint Peter. None had had the preparation of Eugenio Pacelli. Rarely in the history of the Papacy had a candidate been so finely tempered for the tiara. This rendered the Secretary of State an overwhelmingly impelling choice. Accordingly, tradition was set aside and the conclave chose him on the first ballot by unanimous consent, an event never before recorded in the annals of the Roman Church. Eugenio Pacelli became Pius XII.

The state of the world no doubt had forced the choice of the firm and penetrating leader. Experience, knowledge, practice, and political and diplomatic sagacity were all necessary in the cruel scene which was evolving. The dictators not only were defying the Roman Church but were also challenging humanity. When Hitler crossed the Polish frontier on September 1, 1939, the great defiance had developed into the menace of full-scale suppression. The new Pope tried to find a friend for peace in the King of Italy. Victor Emmanuel was but a weak reed, and within a year Italy had joined Hitler in the bloody bid for world conquest.

The on-the-spot experiences of Pius XII in the clash of national

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interests and ideologies had equipped him with rare aptitude for drawing up a peace plan after the first four months of war — his blueprint for general international peace. He made numerous exhortations to cease hostilities, but Hitler had already swallowed all of Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland. To expect him to recant at the height of his military success was futile. Triumph begot greater gluttony. True to pattern, Hitler defied the principles of national integrity, disarmament, and the sanctity of treaties enunciated by the Pontiff. As opposed to the Führer's ruthlessness, the Allies were fighting a war in defense of the small states. Coincidentally, every point stressed by the Pope agreed with the principles later enunciated in the Atlantic Charter, signed by President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill on the high seas on August 14, 1941.

The long and toilsome struggle went on. Gigantic forces enlarged the field of operations. Russia was attacked. The United States was attacked. The crime of genocide attained a scale which made all the human wastage of Genghis Khan, Mohammed and Napoleon seem minor in comparison. The still small voice cried out for surcease, but it was lost in the thunder of bomb, shell and torpedo.

While the struggle to crush Nazism and Fascism strained the world's resources in men and material, the doctrine of Communism was rising to challenge the Faith. Especially in Italy did Communism grip large portions of the population before right-wing totalitarianism had received the *coup de grâce*. German armies still held the Italian peninsula. Nevertheless, Pius XII raised his episcopal staff. He issued a call to Italian workmen and welcomed 100,000 to St. Peter's Square. There he raised the battle cry of the Papacy.

Attacking Communism, he said:

"Like the other social systems and orders which it claims to fight, it classifies, regulates and presses all into a fearful war instrument which demands not only blood and health but also the goods and prosperity of the people. Even any material advantage is never a fair recompense for the renunciations imposed on each one which injure the rights of the human person, freedom in the ruling of the family, in the exercise of one's profession, in the conditions of citizenship, and especially in the practice of religion and even in the realm of conscience.

"Your salvation, beloved sons and daughters, does not lie in revo-

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lution. Woe to him who forgets that true national society incorporates social justice and demands a just and fitting sharing by all in the goods of the country. Salvation and justice are not to be found in revolution but in an evolution through concord. Violence has ever achieved only destruction, not construction. Let your thoughts and the feeling of your hearts quicken your faith and renew your life."

When the Italian peninsula was finally cleared of the Nazi enemy, the Communist Party took hold with unleashed vigor. This was the challenge to seize Italy in its entirety for the hammer and sickle. For the nations of the West, it meant a penetration of Soviet power reaching down to the Mediterranean. It would have meant an iron curtain across that most important of seas.

On the side of the Faith, the Pontiff was faced with a challenge to the existence of his Church in his own Primatial See. With his whole strength, he braced himself for the impact. Like other popes in Rome before him, who had stopped Attila, Henry IV and Frederick Barbarossa, he rallied his spiritual subjects to the fight. He fired the bishops and priests with a holy zeal. Three-fourths of Italy was inducted in the battle for the Faith. And then, not with the sword but with the ballot, he stemmed the Red tide. Twenty million Italian voters on April 18, 1949, rejected the Communist appeal. Italy remained steadfast to the democratic West. Destiny was turned by the uplifted cross and stirring war cry of the Pontiff.

The clash between East and West is continuing with increasing severity. The Red hold seeks to become tighter in the countries now under Soviet domination, where there are millions of Roman Catholics. There it is that the successor to Saint Peter is holding the line with unseen spiritual ties. In Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Germany and Austria, the invisible zeal of faith prompts millions to hold fast against the Soviet tide. It is the only great force marshalled in those unhappy lands against the Stalinist machine.

In the spring of 1946, I witnessed an expression of the spiritual strength of Pius XII at an assemblage in Rome of all the cardinals of the Roman Church. Before the altar of the Confession in the massive basilica of St. Peter's, the Pontiff, seated on the throne high above the floor of the great edifice, received three score and ten cardinals from all over the world. They were the personal embodiment of his

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spiritual power from a score of nations. Four represented the United States, three the British Empire; others represented France, Germany, Poland, Hungary, China and the whole of South America. This was the living symbol of the power of Catholic Christendom throughout the world. These were the men highest in the spiritual domain from their separate nations. They answered the call from the throne, are still answering it, and will continue to answer it in unity with the commanding authority of their Supreme Pastor. Their strength lies in the weapon of faith. Faith, too, is the weapon of the Pope.

Destiny, which guided the path of the child and the young man through the conflict of interests and ideologies culminating in two world wars, has again set him at the breach. A lifetime of experience has prepared him for the struggle against Communism. He has donned the miter and raised the Shepherd's staff. Rallying the faithful, he cries out with the earlier defenders of the faith: "*Non prevalebunt.*"

CAGEY CAUDILLO: FRANCISCO FRANCO

By PAUL P. KENNEDY

PAUL KENNEDY is another of that group of diligent correspondents who daily cram the New York Times with so much foreign news. He hails from Oklahoma, which he knows only slightly better than he does the Iberian Peninsula. Kennedy was stationed in Spain for over four years and knows personally how it feels to live under the Franco regime.

Generalissimo Francisco Franco, never one to be coy with fate or fortune, stared stolidly at his destiny in a Burgos hotel on the first day of October, 1936. General Miguel Cabanellas, head of the junta of the Provisional National Government tapped him with a sword and said: "General Franco, in the name of the Lord and by the will of the Spanish people, I hand you full power over the Spanish State."

The occasion was dramatically weighted in that no one, not even Franco, had more than a vague notion what portion of the Spanish people were lending their "will" to this ascendancy. That matter was at the very moment being debated in steel on three ragged fronts.

Foreign observers have never ceased to wonder why Spaniards, whether for or against the regime, refer to the phlegmatic, temporizing, indecisive general as having all the qualifications of a good poker player. Yet a glance at the record will show that from his graduation on July 13, 1910, in the National Infantry Academy in Toledo, he has consistently employed top-notch gambling techniques. In addition to being phlegmatic, temporizing and indecisive, the Caudillo is extremely patient and a dangerously clever manipulator in human and political relationships.

Within a space of twenty-six years of service Franco had beaten his way from a first lieutenantcy to chief of all the Spanish armies. That, in a service-heavy nation, bristling with competition and suspicion, required a gamble at every step.

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He gambled heavily when early in his career he wrote an indignant letter over the heads of his superiors directly to King Alfonso XIII complaining that he had been by-passed in his regular promotion to a majority. That procedure could and should have landed him in the military doghouse; as the cards fell he not only received his majority, but soon afterward received a medal from his king inscribed "Fight For Me."

Under his oath of loyalty to the Crown he did fight for Alfonso in Africa. Later, under another oath of loyalty, he fought briefly for the Republic in the Asturias uprising. His third and, thus far, last oath of loyalty was given to the dictatorial regime which was set up in Burgos and which overthrew the Republic.

To be technically correct, Franco's career as generalissimo and head of the Spanish State began on September 21, 1936, when a junta of generals under General Alfredo Kindelan drew up a decree in Salamanca conferring on him the twin responsibilities of chief of government and chief of all Nationalist armed forces.

The Burgos occasion, however, is an appropriate point from which to chart Franco's trajectory across the international scene. Before Burgos he had been a vaguely defined figure in the nationalist revolutionary leadership. Once he had been tapped by Cabanellas' sword he took immediate shape and form in the world's consciousness. The day following the ceremony he became "Caudillo" and he clambered into the gallery of the world's dictators with a radio broadcast in which he declared: "Spain will be organized within the totalitarian concept respecting its traditions, yet with an eye to national welfare, unity and historic continuity."

A bruised and perplexed political observer once remarked about Franco: "The only way to tell what's going on in his mind is to crawl inside it, and even then the chances are you'd get lost."

The term "historic continuity" is a case in point. Over a period of years he has employed it frequently, and each utterance sends unwary correspondents to their typewriters fumbling with thoughts of a restored monarchy. But thus far it has meant nothing except possibly to incite some somnolent monarchists to rash declarations of independence, for which they generally land in jail or exile.

It is indeed an ironic fact that soon after the Caudillo decreed unequivocally that Spain was a kingdom and that monarchy would

eventually be restored, dozens of monarchists were jailed, others exiled and at least one died in prison from lack of proper hospital care.

Of late inside Spain it has been neither fashionable nor overly healthy to talk publicly of Franco as a "dictator" or of his regime as "totalitarian." "Organic democracy" is the politer term just now. Franco himself, however, shortly after the Civil War began, wrote an article for a North American news service in which he declared: "I think that a military dictatorship will mean cooperation of all sections of national life . . . my reorganization of the State will be based on a corporate system resembling Italy and Germany, preserving, however, the traditional Spanish characteristics."

At the time of this affirmation of totalitarian faith, the Generalissimo presented something less than a reasonable facsimile of the two models he was setting out to follow. He was then, and so remains, a complete contrast to the bombastic, mercurial Mussolini and to the agile, frenetic Hitler. The only predominant dictatorial characteristics he shared with them was a tenacity of purpose, a cynical opportunism, and a ruthlessness toward opposition as calculated as it is cold.

The pomp and ceremony considered necessary ingredients of the Nazi and Fascist regimes are, for the most part, lacking in the Franco order. Those that remain are pale and gray by comparison. Franco, with the prodding of his brother-in-law, Ramon Serrano Suñer, made an early attempt to install some of the old Berlin and Rome glitter into his shows. But now, with the exception of the April 1 Victory Day parade (an annual opening-up of old Civil War sores), and an occasional appearance of the Moorish guard on their gilt-hooved Arabian horses, nothing of color remains. Even the blue shirts of the Falangists have faded.

Neither does Franco's appearance set him apart as a leader, "by the Grace of God," of men. Short (five feet three and a quarter inches), he is comfortably paunched despite much exercise. He is swarthy in complexion and his sparse straight hair as well as his small mustache are an iron gray. In civilian attire he dresses simply and in fair taste. He looks less impressive dressed as a captain general than in his admiral's uniform. The latter gives the impression of added height and less bulge before and aft. In service dress he rarely wears more than one of his bushel of decorations, which include, of course, the highest from his former dictator colleagues.

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Francisco Franco was born into a prosperous middle-class family on December 4, 1892, in the Galician port city of El Ferrol, now officially named El Ferrol del Caudillo. He was the youngest of five children and spent the boyhood of any Gallegan boy — fishing, swimming and dreaming of sailing the seas as had his father and grandfather. The United States, often bitterly accused of having aided Franco to power through non-intervention, and of having helped maintain him in power through indecisive policy, indirectly sent him into a military career in the first place. His original plan to go into the Navy was abandoned when the Spanish-American War left his country practically navy-less. Instead of going to sea, he entered the Infantry Academy.

The Caudillo's impact on world events did not become seriously felt until the close of the Spanish Civil War on April 1, 1939, or perhaps it would be more precise to say on September 3, 1939, when, after consultation with his Cabinet in Burgos, he issued a decree proclaiming Spain's neutrality in the just-begun World War II.

The Spanish people, whipsawed as they had been by myriad rumors and all sorts of propaganda, were for the most part surprised and delighted at the decree. The prevailing feeling, understandably arrived at, had been that Spain would enter the war immediately on the side of the Axis.

Spain's neutrality, as recounted in diplomatic documents, captured Nazi papers, and so forth, was a tenuous thing tied to the will of the Caudillo. His shrewd Gallegan bargaining with the Axis and later with the Allies is now a record compiled by witnesses both for the defense and the prosecution. The United States State Department went into it thoroughly in its *White Book* of 1946, presenting documents to prove Franco's Axis leanings. It remained, however, for a Madrid newspaper to supply the remarkable summation to the entire argument. The monarchy-sympathizing *ABC*, in its March 6, 1946 issue, declared: "The undisputable fact which constitutes our main contention is that none of the promises in those documents was fulfilled and none of the expressions therein was other than literary."

In order better to understand the gyrations of Franco Spain during the war years, one should go back into the nation's political history during those years and the period leading directly to them. At the time of the neutrality declaration Franco still had not fully established

his government in Madrid. There had been a significant difference between his first national government established in January, 1938, and the second formed in August, 1939, which considered the neutrality decree. This difference lay in the fact that between the two dates Franco and Serrano Suñer had all but completed an enveloping movement on the old Falange Party. The movement had begun in April, 1937, with Franco's Unification Decree.

This "unification" maneuver may well be considered Generalissimo Franco's debut in major political strategy. Through it he united on paper two ideologically incompatible organizations — the neopagan revolutionary Falange (including the syndicalist JONS) with the fanatically Catholic Traditionalist Communion. That the unification was then and still is bitterly denounced by the old guard Falangists as a *coup d'état* and by the Traditionalists as near sacrilege is beside the point. It did give Franco full military control and was an important factor in winning the Civil War. It was also the first of several subsequent operations which painfully but decisively removed the revolutionary stinger of the original Falange Party and reduced it to its present position of subservience.

During the early stages of World War II, the Allies were understandably anxious concerning Franco's objectives. He himself had left no doubt as to where his sympathies lay. But a large part of the apprehension arose from the influence Serrano Suñer was at that time exerting over his brother-in-law. This violently anti-Allied and hotly pro-Axis Madrid attorney had acquired such political power at one time that the incorrigible Madrileños were calling Franco instead of Serrano Suñer, "the most famous brother-in-law in Spain."

There was no doubt that when Serrano Suñer became Franco's Minister of Interior he planned to become Spain's strong man, second only to Franco. Many felt his dreams went even one level higher. Later, when he merged the Department of the Interior with the Ministry of Government, he took control of press, censorship and the Spanish police system, thus making his position still stronger. Finally, after a determined campaign he ousted Colonel Juan Beigbeder in 1940 as Foreign Minister and assumed the portfolio himself.

The incident was not only significant politically. It provides an insight into Franco technique. On October 15, Colonel (later General) Beigbeder told the then British Ambassador, Sir Samuel Hoare, he

was certain he had come off victorious in his fight with Serrano Suñer and would continue indefinitely in the Foreign Ministry. On October 16, he read in the morning papers that he had been dismissed. Almost the identical thing happened when José Felix Lequerica was replaced by the present foreign minister Alberto Martin Artajo.

It has been observed that the Spanish decree of neutrality was generally received with surprise and pleasure in Spain. Actually it raised Franco's personal popularity with the Spanish people to a height never reached before or since. Aside from the fact that an extremely large part of the Spanish population have a deep hatred for him and for the regime he heads, Franco himself has been either unwilling or unable to win personal popularity with his people. He has been able to command respect from many and martial obedience from nearly all, but no amount of drumbeating in his tightly controlled press or equally tightly controlled radio has been able to establish him as a likable human personality.

When the Civil War ended he was readily accepted by those who had fled the Republican zone and who were now able to return after almost three years of exile. He has not lost his popularity with many of this group. He also gained immediate popularity with non-Republicans who remained in the Republican zone and who heaved sighs of relief when Franco's armies rescued them and their property. But his popularity with this second group waned quickly. Its members soon realized that while they labored long for Franco in his fifth column, the victory they had been promised somehow had turned sour. They emerged from sooty cellars to breathe the promised fresh air of totalitarianism only to be brushed aside by the job-hungry hordes of the first group.

In his excellent book, *The Spanish Labyrinth*, Mr. Gerald Brennan writes with justification: "Had General Franco made a wise and merciful use of his victory, he would have had the whole war-weary Spain at his feet." Whether the personal triumph could, in any circumstances, have been so all-inclusive, is debatable, but certainly Franco squandered a vast good will when he permitted or perhaps encouraged vindictiveness, proscription and wholesale personal revenge to follow his victory.

It is doubtful if Franco has more than a dozen intimate friends in all of Spain. There are a number of persons, of course, particularly

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army officers, for whom he has a certain fondness and to whom he occasionally goes for counsel. But their standing, with very few exceptions, is as dependent on his personal whims and political exigencies as is that of the most casual army or government officer. As a rule he has seen to it that his staunchest supporters of the early days get preferred positions in or out of the army, but even here, a mistake will not be condoned.

The private life of the Caudillo is, so far as is known by friends and enemies alike, impeccable. He is a devout Catholic and in this his press agents derive at least some of the comfort they miss in his lack of personal magnetism. He permits and even encourages photographs of himself at religious observances.

It is extremely important, however, to dissociate Franco the devout Catholic from Franco the Caudillo. As the latter he has no compunction whatever to bending the Church in Spain to his political aims or, if necessary and convenient, to collaborating with the Church in a mutually acceptable objective. His foreign policy for years has been geared as much to the acceptance of his regime on a religious basis as to any other factor.

The Generalissimo's personal bravery has never been questioned and this is significant in a land where an inbred fatalistic disregard of death and danger makes cowardice the crowning sin. The record indicates he had personally led his men in a majority of the 152 engagements he is credited with in the Riff campaign. He was wounded twice, once so gravely that he was considered beyond recovery. He survived to become the nominal leader of the "Tercio," the Spanish Foreign Legion, and became, at the age of 34, the youngest brigadier general in Europe at that time.

The authority given to Franco at Burgos and Salamanca had envisioned him solely as a coalescing and driving force among the rebel contingents until such time as victory had been won and tranquillity sufficiently restored.

In addition, Franco knew he was assured of the physical force of Italy and Germany and the tacitly assured moral force of large numbers of Roman Catholics and extreme conservatives in other parts of the world, especially North and Latin America and Britain.

After victory there lay ahead the great imponderables of North American, British and French liberal reaction once the suspicion had

been confirmed that Franco was taking out full membership in the totalitarian club. Against that he bet on his top card, anti-Communism.

But a severe test of his anti-Communist policy came with Russia's adherence to the Allied cause. As an enemy of an Allied friend and as a supporter of an Axis enemy, Franco watched his international stock diminish steadily until it reached its lowest point with the cessation of hostilities in Europe and the Pacific. A new France and a new Italy turned savagely upon him. The United States seemed on the verge of forcing his removal, and Britain appeared to be ready to follow. The guerrillas within the Spanish mountains were fighting full-dress battles with the army and the Guardia Civil. From the summer of 1945 to that of 1946, Franco was ready to be counted out of the game. But even then he continued to put his diminishing chips on anti-Communism.

The break in his favor began appearing in the spring of 1946 with the appearance of the tragic tripartite note, a bluff that not only failed but reduced the morale of the Spanish people to a depth from which it has never recovered. To Franco and his government the note was an obvious indication that the United States, England and France could not make up their minds. In essence the note said that the signatory nations believed that the Spanish people had taken enough of a beating from an evil leader and his evil regime and it was high time they, the Spaniards, should do something about it. To which a well-known Socialist underground leader replied bitterly: "What do they want us to do about it, throw rocks at the cops?"

Whether the tripartite note was the actual breaking point or not, from the time of its issuance the political pressure on Franco began easing up appreciably. The strongest oppositionary force, the National Alliance of United Democratic Forces (ANFUD) was hopelessly split, with some of its leaders escaping to France and others going to jail. The intransigence of Soviet policy began to send a great fear of Communism over the Western World. And Franco, stone-faced and cold-eyed as usual, pushed his anti-Communist bet to the limit.

The North Atlantic Treaty, together with a possible Mediterranean Pact, would create a huge arch extending from the uppermost tip of Western Europe through nearly all of the Mediterranean basin. The keystone of this arch would be the Iberian Peninsula, and now

that Portugal has entered the Atlantic group the only stone left out of place is Spain. This situation, which has been shaping up for more than a year, can best be attributed to the time lag between diplomacy and military expediency.

Abounding in good health and in high confidence, Franco gives the impression that his tenure as Spanish Caudillo will be terminated only by old age or a desire to retire voluntarily at some undetermined time in the future. It is certain that he believes he is the only man who can hold his country together, and he has convinced a large body of opinion outside Spain of this. The price the United States originally placed on its closer relations with Spain was that Franco would have to step down before negotiations began. That demand has since been watered down to a point where Franco may stay but must revamp his governmental structure and restore civil liberties.

That is a demand as impossible as it is unrealistic. Franco can no more allow a free press, freedom of speech and congregation, or a free vote than can Stalin. A note of minor importance is that Franco himself hardly understands the meaning of these things except that they would be bad for his regime and his health. As a lifelong militarist and disciplinarian, he cannot possibly see anything in the life of a common man that would give him the right to choose his superiors or the right to talk back to these superiors once chosen. He is convinced that his people, even with the best of intentions, are too ignorant to exercise the right of suffrage.

Thus the demands and counterdemands made on Franco before he can be accepted by the Western World must fail. What then? The chances are that he will continue betting the same old bet — anti-Communism — and that, if his shaky economic position allows him to hold out long enough, he will be admitted, little by little and just as he is, to the family circle. Whether it be through the front or the rear door, makes little difference. Furthermore, there is a distinct possibility that the United States will end by pouring money into a regime that is bankrupt now and has been ever since it was organized. Francisco Paulino Hermengildo Tedulo Franco y Bahomande, that is, Franco the Gambler, is betting his job and even his life on it.

DICTATOR IN A TOGA: ANTONIO SALAZAR

By JOSEPH S. ROSAPEPE

JOSEPH S. ROSAPEPE, *who is business editor for The Associated Press world service in New York, hails from Ohio but knows Europe equally well. He spent the war years working for various official United States agencies on the Continent, including almost a year as Press Officer for the American Embassy in Lisbon. The chapter below is based on material assembled during that period.*

PORTUGAL's dictator, Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, on April 27, 1949, completed twenty-one years in office and is still going strong.

Unknown to most of the world, and a completely enigmatic figure to those who do know him, Salazar wields an influence far beyond that warranted by the size and population of his country.

Because of a paradoxical quality which makes it difficult to get a clear-cut impression of either the nation or its leader, popular opinion has generally tended to by-pass both. This unconcern, however, does not extend to the foreign offices and war ministries of the world, which find Portugal's policies and actions of vital import.

Washington, London and Moscow all deem it expedient to maintain broadcasts in Portuguese, directed to a country whose area is less than that of New England and whose entire population is less than that of New York or London.

Portugal's importance today goes far beyond its unique experiment in government — a political system that rejects Communism and capitalism without embracing Socialism. Her influence also extends beyond the fact that her vast overseas possessions make her the fourth largest colonial power in the world.

In the cold war between East and West, Portugal wields tremendous influence, being strategically situated astride the main air lanes between Europe, Africa, and North and South America.

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Even more significant is the fact that Portugal owns the Azores, strategically situated islands, located exactly midway between United States air bases in Labrador and the European continent. The crucial location of the Azores was high-lighted in the spring of 1949, when an American bomber — making its first nonstop flight around the globe — used planes based on these Portuguese islands for the first of its four refueling operations.

As a colonial power, Portugal possesses vast unexploited resources of raw materials in her territories, stretching from fabulous Macao in the Far East to Mozambique and Angola on the east and west coasts of Africa.

The nation which gave the world Magellan, Vasco da Gama, Albuquerque and others is proud of its colonial tradition. The Portuguese claim their policy has been one of expansion and civilization rather than exploitation. They point out that they have not been reluctant to settle in their colonies. Today there are six times as many white European residents in Portuguese colonies as there are in those of Britain, France and Belgium.

Added to this, the Portuguese say, the Christian motivation of their political rule has kept the country free of postwar colonial problems. Unlike Britain, in its experience with Israel, India and Burma, Portugal has not had to contend with native independence movements.

Neither has Portugal had to face military efforts toward freedom, as have the French in Indo-China and the Dutch in Indonesia. Thus Portugal has been able to avoid the drain of maintaining large forces overseas, as France and Holland both are forced to do.

Critics in and out of Portugal assail Salazar's regime as no better than those of Hitler, Mussolini and Franco on the one hand, or Stalin and the heads of the leftist satellites on the other, so far as fundamental liberties are concerned.

Salazar's admirers, however, point to his "corporative state" as an example of the middle road. They say it avoids the evils of Communism and of unrestrained capitalism without compromising with Socialism.

Salazar himself says his government is neither fascist nor democratic. He describes it as a system that fits the Portuguese temperament.

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"Our regime is popular, but it is not a government of the masses, being neither influenced nor directed by them," he says quite candidly.

Yet, it is an elected government.

The contrast that one finds in Portugal's internal affairs is duplicated in the path of Salazar's activities in international diplomacy.

In 1945, Portugal was one of the two nations in the world (Eire was the other) officially to mourn the death of Hitler. Yet in 1947 Britain and the United States were urging her admission into the United Nations.

Still another paradox appears in Portugal's financial relations with the rest of the world.

Portugal admittedly is a "poor" country. She has no iron ore or coal mines. Her farm lands are inadequate to provide food for her own people. Her principal exports — sardines and anchovies, wines and cork — all are relative luxuries which nations trying to economize can dispense with easily.

Yet in 1948, when the Marshall Plan began operating, Portugal and Switzerland were the only two of sixteen participating nations not to ask for loans or grants from the United States.

At the same time, many newspaper readers throughout the world were surprised to learn that the Portuguese "escudo" was listed with the United States dollar and the Swiss franc as the world's only three "hard" currencies.

These contradictory elements help intensify the mystery which surrounds the dictator-philosopher who, after more than twenty years in office, still acts less like a dictator than like the university professor he once was.

During World War II, Portugal acquired considerable glamour as spies met in her neutral territory, and refugees, correspondents and diplomats passed through Lisbon in their flight to North or South America.

Stories were told of the country's unparalleled variety and beauty — palm-lined Atlantic beaches that rival the Italian and French Rivas, hilltop castles near Oporto that remind one of the Rhine, snow-covered alpine mountains in the north, and white-painted villages in the south reminiscent of North Africa.

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But little information was forthcoming about the country's shy dictator. He did not strut about in colorful uniforms. He did not endlessly review parading troops, nor shout from balconies.

His interviews with newsmen, either domestic or foreign, have been the exception rather than the rule.

A sensitive, mild-mannered man who dislikes publicity and generally shuns society, Salazar has been called the recluse-statesman. His supporters say he would rather work in private than perform in public. This has done much to make him the least known among world leaders.

According to Western political thought, there is no question that Portugal has a dictatorship. Yet sincere and staunch lovers of democracy have excused it as a "benevolent" or "mild" one. Some liberals, however, contend that there is no such thing as a "mild dictatorship" just as there cannot be a "slight case of pregnancy." Either it is or it isn't, they say.

Despite several attempts at revolt against Salazar's rule, there has never been any serious threat to his government, since opponents have been unable to arouse sufficient popular support.

The people of Portugal remember (and their memory is refreshed, if need be, from time to time) that things were quite different before.

In the sixteen years from the fall of the monarchy in 1910 until the military dictatorship took over, Portugal had eight presidents, 44 ministries, 24 revolutions, 158 general strikes and many political assassinations. In those days Portugal often was referred to as the "Latin America of Europe" because of her frequent political upheavals.

Since then internal stability and "order" have permitted Portugal to progress in many ways, including a considerable gain in prestige and respect abroad. Salazar's authoritarian policies brought to an end the conditions which threatened her sovereignty and self-respect.

Salazar acquired considerable prestige with his own people when he prevented Portugal from becoming embroiled in the Spanish Civil War which raged next door during the thirties, and later when he kept his country neutral during World War II.

The latter policy was realistically appraised by the Portuguese people. Neutrality meant that their colonies were not lost as were Italy's, their cities were not bombed as were those of other European countries, and their ships were not sunk as were England's.

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In the heyday of the Axis, Salazar was reputed to have joined most of the Western World in admiring Mussolini for making the trains run on time, and Hitler for giving Germany a "strong government." It was in the thirties that Salazar had an autographed picture of Mussolini on his desk. (Now he has a picture of Pope Pius XII.)

By the forties, Mussolini's bombastic theatricalism and Hitler's racial persecutions had run counter to Salazar's businesslike Christian attitude. Nevertheless, many felt he was partial to their eventual victory as a guarantee of the survival of the dictatorial form of government.

This reaction was effectively dissipated when Salazar risked the enmity of the Germans as early as 1943 by granting to the Allies use of air and submarine bases in the Azores for decisive action against Nazi submarines in the Atlantic.

With this action he gained the right to claim later that Portugal's neutrality had been a "collaborating one" and increased his popularity with his own people, who were generally considered about eighty per cent favorable to the Allied cause.

In 1949, Portugal joined the Atlantic Treaty and Salazar's stock went up still higher, for it actually was the realization of an acutely correct political prediction made by the philosopher-dictator back in 1943.

Then the Allies were busy proclaiming the provisions of the Atlantic Charter, with Russia hard pressed by the massed force of the German armies, and England and the United States doggedly inching ahead in North Africa. This is the way Salazar then saw the shape of things to come: "I see the outlines of an Atlantic system emerging from this war, which will readjust all previous geopolitical concepts and make the Atlantic area of the future equivalent to the Mediterranean of the past.

"In the path of pressure from the East, the United States now enters the whirlpool orbit directly and irrevocably, and becomes to this hemisphere as a whole what England used to be to the limited continent of Europe — the detached but everlastingly involved sentinel in whom will rest the balance of power.

"Even with all of Russia's vastness and demonstrated potentialities, the balance of power cannot center in that landlocked nation. . . . At the same time, it is equally evident that the balance of power per-

manently has passed beyond the British Isles. For this century it will be in the United States.” *

For a so-called recluse statesman, this analysis of world affairs exactly six years before the signing of the Atlantic Treaty in Washington was extremely acute.

His scholarly approach to political facts — contrasting sharply with the repeated mistakes in judgment which preceded the fall of other dictators — perhaps offers some clue to an understanding of Salazar.

When I first saw him, I was particularly impressed by a sense of his intellectual alertness. There was a mildness in his attitude, yet you got a definite feeling that lurking behind it was a determination that would not be crossed.

His keen, penetrating eyes that don't miss a thing do much to create the feeling that here is a man gifted with intelligence far above the average.

A distinguished-looking man nearly six feet tall, with graying hair, Salazar, dressed in his usual dark business suit, might be catalogued on sight as a bank executive or successful industrialist.

He was born April 28, 1889, in a typical Portuguese whitewashed stone cottage with a thatched roof, in the tiny village of Vimiero, between the towns of Coimbra and Viseu in North Central Portugal.

Son of peasants who had a small agricultural holding, Salazar attended the village school until he was eleven. For the next seven years he studied at the seminary at Viseu, but left when he decided he did not have a vocation for the priesthood. Salazar then went to the university at Coimbra, where he helped pay his way by tutoring.

After graduating with high honors, he stayed on at the university as an instructor in economics. In 1917, on his birthday — April 28 — he became a lecturer on the economics faculty. In 1918 he was promoted to a professorship at the age of 29.

A review of Salazar's lectures of that time, reveals that the principles he acquired then seem to have remained with him to this day. “Indeed,” says a British writer, “one of the most striking facts about this man's career is its unswerving directness. It would be difficult to find any other statesman whose course has been so consistent throughout the years.”

* Interview by Henry J. Taylor, copyright by *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1944.

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Salazar's principles are founded in religious doctrine. Despite the contrast created by the Arabic cast of Salazar's name, which reflects many years of Moorish domination of the country, he is a very devout and practicing Catholic, who believes in the practical application of Christian teachings in government.

After he became Prime Minister, Salazar explained his theory this way: "The bases of our social revolution are . . . not to aspire to power as a right, but to accept it as a duty; to regard the state as God's minister for the good of the community, and to obey wholeheartedly whomever is invested with authority; not to forget, if one is in a position of authority, in the name of Whose justice one issues commands . . . thus power is freed from the greed of ambition, from hampering obstacles, from dangerous revolutions. Thus authority is free, and the subject respected. Thus human law is ennobled by justice, power held in check by the law of God and bounded by the rights of conscience."

Salazar's deep interest in political economy did not keep him secluded in the lecture hall at Coimbra. In 1921 he was elected one of the three Catholic deputies to Parliament. After attending one session, however, he gave up in disgust at the futility of trying to cope with what he felt was the self-interest of parliamentary politics.

He withdrew from active politics, but continued to speak and write. The idealism of Christian principle sincerely expounded, combined with the realism of cold economic scholarship, gradually brought the young professor to the attention of the country. By 1923 his views on public finance were discussed at the annual convention of the Commercial and Industrial Association of Portugal.

Continued political and economic instability and disorder resulted in a *coup d'état* in May, 1926, led by three military men. They were: Gomes da Costa, who headed Portugal's forces in Flanders in World War I; Mendes Cabecadas, who twenty years later was to be imprisoned for revolting against Salazar; and Antonio Oscar de Fragoso Carmona, who in July, 1926, became president and has been ever since.

More than anything else, the military dictatorship needed a financial expert. Salazar, then 37, and full professor of political economy at Coimbra, was called in. He remained in Lisbon five days, found that political strings attached to the job would make it untenable, gave it up and returned to the university.

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Portugal's finances, meanwhile, were going from bad to worse. In 1927, an attempt was made to borrow money from the League of Nations. Officials from Geneva came to Portugal, saw that the hard-working Portuguese had the resources and the will to work, and recommended the loan. The League imposed one condition — that there should be a slight measure of international control of Portugal's finances. After 800 years of independence, Portugal was not yet ready to go into hock.

Again Salazar was prevailed upon to become minister of finance, this time on his own terms. When he took office April 27, 1928 (this time the day before his birthday), he said:

"I know quite well what I want and where I am going, but let it not be insisted that I shall reach the goal in a few months. For the rest, let the country study, let it suggest, let it object, and let it discuss, but when the time comes for giving instructions, let it obey."

The military dictatorship of General Carmona now became the financial dictatorship of Professor Salazar.

For sixty-eight of the previous seventy years, Portugal — either monarchist or republican — had operated on an unbalanced budget. Each year the deficit was passed on to the next, and every so often it was temporarily reduced through foreign loans at high interest.

Salazar's task was not an easy one. But by application of rigorous principles of financial administration, cuts in government bureaucracy, increased taxes and sacrifices in the form of reduced social services, the budget was balanced.

This was the beginning of the application of sound finances to the running of the government — a policy which has continued ever since. Salazar has said his policy is that of any good housewife — that of not living beyond one's income, and spending well what one has to spend.

As a surplus began to appear, it was laid aside to provide reserves for the currency to put Portugal on a sound financial footing. Restoration of confidence resulted in a repatriation of capital so that borrowing abroad could be eliminated.

Next step was to put the national debt in order. This was particularly high after seventy years of irresponsible deficit financing. Various conversion operations did much to bring order out of the chaos

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of many issues at varying rates of high interest. Over a period of years many were refunded at lower interest rates.

Despite the size of the national debt — both domestic and foreign — Salazar never considered defaulting on a loan. On this subject he had something to say about Russia's achievements since her revolution:

"I have not the slightest intention of denying the achievements of the Soviet state, its great workshops and its imposing public works. But we must bear in mind the fact that Russia has not recognized the national debt which it incurred before the Revolution. If we admit for a moment that any European nation might take up the same attitude, shall we not come to the conclusion that, even without changing its system of government, any state would be capable of working similar miracles — for a time?"

One of Salazar's most successful financial-conversion deals was the nationalization of Portugal's foreign debt. When the offer was made to convert bonds payable in foreign currency into a new escudo loan, eighty-one per cent of the holders came forward. Besides indicating the degree of confidence inspired by Portuguese finances, the conversion resulted in a further substantial repatriation of capital which tended to strengthen the country's financial independence.

Salazar also achieved other successes in the field of finance. He reorganized the banking and credit structure, and placed the currency on a sound basis in relation to the British pound and the American dollar.

"This is surely a record of which any country might be proud," commented the august *Times* of London, "and which marks Senhor Salazar as one of the greatest finance ministers of modern times."

From here it was only natural that General Carmona should entrust Salazar with the responsibility of the political and economic goals of the "national revolution" of 1926.

So, on July 5, 1932, Salazar succeeded a now-forgotten general as premier, or, officially, as president of the Council of Ministers.

He immediately plunged into rebuilding the country's institutions. First was the new constitution. This established the corporative setup which ever since has governed Portugal's economy.

The simple word "corporative" has been at the bottom of most of

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the confusion in world public opinion when comparing Mussolini's dictatorship with that of Salazar. Mussolini used the word "corporative" also to describe his economic policy. But the Portuguese claim that their version stems from their own tradition of the guild system as it existed in most of Europe in the Middle Ages.

Portugal's corporativism, they say, also comes directly from the social teachings of the Catholic Church. The doctrine expounded by Pope Leo XIII in the encyclical *Rerum novarum* and later brought up to date by Pope Pius XI in *Quadragesimo anno* in 1931, was embodied in the Portuguese constitution of 1933.

In stumping for its approval, Salazar did not use any of the phraseology of previous politicians by referring to "freedoms, rights, privileges, or democracy." Instead, he spoke of the need for "discipline, duty, responsibility and authority."

The campaign for the constitution was pushed by the "National Union," an organization launched in 1930 to replace the traditional political parties banned by General Carmona.

The constitution, approved in a plebiscite in March, 1933, from Salazar's point of view marked the end of military dictatorship. President Carmona, who had been elected without opposition in 1926 and re-elected in 1928, was re-elected under the constitution in 1935 and 1942. He was re-elected again on February 13, 1949, but the story of that election is something else again.

The constitution provided a label for Salazar's movement. He was not to be outdone by President Roosevelt in the United States, who at that time had launched the "New Deal." Salazar called his program *Estado Novo* — the "New State."

As the college professor who gave his country its first businessman's government and gained fame because "he balanced the budget," Salazar believes economics is the basic function of the political state.

The state, in his opinion, must not be the owner of the nation's wealth, nor allow itself to be corrupted by it. It must be the supreme arbiter between all interests and the slave of none. It must protect both wealth and labor from capitalistic and socialistic excesses, he says.

Under the constitution the General Assembly's functions are mostly advisory, as are those of the corporative chamber, which is com-

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posed of representatives of labor and management from the various industries as well as professional delegates.

The President of the Council, as Salazar is called (in Mussolini's heyday Salazar also was called "Head of the Government," a title Il Duce thought up), is not responsible to either elected chamber, but to the President, who is elected.

Accent in the whole "New State" is placed on the family as the basic unit of the nation, with the aim of guarding its economic and social welfare. This phase of government policy is reflected in the "Labor Charter" which supplemented the constitution and provides machinery for social insurance, pension plans and other welfare provisions. The charter also provides for compulsory arbitration and bans strikes and lockouts.

After nearly fifteen years of corporativism, an attempted revolt in 1947 (led by Cabecadas of the 1926 coup) fell through, and the 1949 elections swept the "New State" back into power for another seven years.

Salazar's supporters credit this to widespread popular support for the "New State's" reforms and accomplishments. Critics explain that a streamlined army, a secret police — called PVDE in Portugal (Police for the Vigilance and Defense of the State) — lack of freedom of the press and of assembly can keep the Salazar regime in office indefinitely.

When I talked with Portuguese workers in their own language, they seemed to believe that Salazar had the interests of the workingman at heart and were willing to go along with him. Businessmen, too, although generally grumbling at the regulations of a planned economy, expressed willingness to cooperate. The alternative, they feared, would be Communism.

Opposition to the "New State" comes primarily from army and navy officers who have been abroad, from professors and newsmen who value freedom of thought, and from social-minded doctors and lawyers who come in contact with the underprivileged. They feel that business men are being frightened by the bugaboo of Communism. The workers, they say, are kept in ignorance by censorship and are bribed by promises of future social progress.

Greater progress could be made, they say, by enhancing the element of human dignity through elimination of the terrorism of secret

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police who enforce the dictatorship. This, they claim, would free the wellsprings of individual initiative under a real democratic government.

Salazar's corporative state, while eschewing unrestrained economic capitalism, is equally far removed from the minute economic planning of the Russian Communists or the British Socialists.

The labor charter states that "private enterprise is the most prolific instrument of progress in the economy of the nation." It also specifically provides that the state is not to undertake works of commercial or industrial nature even when they are meant to be totally or partially used by the public services.

The right to own property is considered one of the essential bases of social preservation and progress, says the charter. In essence, though, the corporative state provides for control of what is to be produced, of what prices are to be put on products, and the means of securing a fair distribution of wealth.

From 1933 on, Salazar has attempted to put all these principles into operation. But events outside his control have complicated or delayed achievement of his goals.

The program provides for building public housing, schools, highways, hospitals; modernizing the ports, the merchant marine, rail and highway transport; improving agriculture, developing industry and exploiting abundant water power resources.

So far, after twenty years, some progress has been made in all these fields. But balanced budgets have slowed down social progress. And Portugal still shares with Spain the doubtful distinction of being the most backward nation in Europe.

This country, headed by a college professor and an internationally renowned economist, has the highest illiteracy rate in Europe. Twenty years ago eighty per cent of the people could not read or write. Today the official government figure is fifty per cent, but of those listed as literate, at least ten or twenty per cent can do no more than sign their names.

Portugal also is credited with having Europe's highest rates of venereal disease and tuberculosis.

At the same time, progress has been made in the construction of public housing, schools and hospitals. The merchant marine has been doubled. Industrialization has been encouraged, as has been the development of water power.

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The greatest advance has been made in highway construction and repair, and her motor roads compare favorably with any in Europe.

Critics say the highways were put in first-class condition as part of the dictatorship policy of making it possible for the army to move fast to quell revolt wherever it might appear.

Among outside events which affected Portugal internally was the Spanish Civil War. Energies were diverted from reconstruction efforts, doubts were aroused and passions were kindled. In 1937, Salazar was subjected to the only attempt ever made on his life — a bomb was thrown at him as he was entering the cathedral in the town of Braga.

To top it off, Largo Caballero, a Communist leader on the Spanish Republican side, soon found it opportune to proclaim that "a Union of Iberian Soviet Republics" was the Communist aim.

"The Iberian Peninsula will again be one country. Portugal will come in, peaceably we hope, but by force if necessary," Caballero declared.

Such remarks on the heels of the attempt on Salazar's life brought about in 1938 the formation of the Portuguese Legion. Some observers find these "green shirt" troops similar to Mussolini's "black shirts" and Hitler's "brown shirts." Others say they are no different from national guard units in American states, except possibly for being less expensively equipped.

The Spanish Civil War also brought on intensification of the Portuguese youth movement. This was started in 1936 with the stated purpose of helping the youth to develop physical fitness, character and civic consciousness.

Nationalism in Salazar's "New State" has never implied the aggressiveness of other dictators or a threat to other nations.

Salazar himself is said to feel that the reforms his regime has accomplished so far are only a beginning, and there are many obstacles to their successful completion. He stresses that his critics should remember how backward the country was when he came to power.

Most foreigners who knew Portugal before the advent of Salazar and see it today, agree that he has brought about great improvements.

Men who know Salazar say he believes Portugal is helping to show other nations the means by which economic organization can be made to fit into political organization. That, they say, is his ambition. It

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explains partially why, disclaiming a love of power, he shows no intention of relinquishing it.

Although Portugal held to her neutral status throughout World War II, Salazar soon found that his country could not be kept completely aloof from the principles for which that war was fought.

He got a taste of overt criticism from his own people for the first time in 1945 when he relaxed the ban on freedom of the press during the Assembly election campaign.

The democratic-minded opposition got nowhere in the election, lacking organization or practice, but Salazar was reported surprised and disgusted with the sharp criticism which came from most of the liberated press.

Then in 1946 and 1947, the efficient secret police was able to thwart two revolts among military circles and some labor and intellectual groups.

When the presidential election of 1949 came around, 79-year-old President Carmona faced his first opposition in twenty years. The rival candidate was 82-year-old General Norton de Mattos.

With a rival candidate in the field, Salazar and Carmona took a leaf from President Truman's notebook and personally stumped the country. Freedom of press and assembly again were granted during the election campaign. As one report had it, the opposition was given permission to publish whatever it wanted to, provided it used discretion. It also could hold meetings if it got permission from the civil authorities.

Salazar and the administration were shocked by the vehemence and apparently ungrateful attitude of opposition leaders and the rank and file. De Mattos took advantage of the freedoms granted for the elections and, despite his age, campaigned with the vigor of a man forty years younger.

Salazar was confident that the contest, "not so much between two men but two regimes," as he put it, would result in victory for Carmona. Moscow's broadcasts in support of the opposition injected the Communist issue into the campaign.

The Church urged Catholics not to remain indifferent before what it called the greatest menace to Portugal in many centuries. Then an army spokesman reassured the country that "those who marched in 1926 will be ready to march again if the basic interests of the nation

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and the welfare and independence of the people is threatened by Moscow."

With that de Mattos, charging intimidation by the army, withdrew the day before the election. Carmona and the corporative state were swept back into office by great majorities.

On January 7, at the annual convention of the National Union in Oporto, in the heat of the campaign, Salazar declared: "I cannot deny that I have not been able to achieve all that I desired, but I have achieved enough so that it cannot be said that I have failed in my mission."

Conscious of the one great criticism against his regime, Salazar candidly faced it and said: "The real exercise of public freedoms presumes a level of civic education, a spirit of tolerance, a notion of responsibility, and a sense of justice which are not equivalent in all nations. Freedom is not made through laws but through customs."

Some time previously Salazar had said: "One of the great mistakes of the nineteenth century was to consider that English parliamentary institutions and English democracy were capable of being adopted by all the peoples of Europe."

The essential element about Salazar's government is that it is thoroughly Portuguese. Effort has been made to have the constitution and the government interpretation of it consistently jibe with Portugal's traditions and the character of its people.

Salazar's basic policy has been an insistence on the need for a predominance of the spiritual element in government. These fundamental principles involve devotion to truth, sacrifice, and recognition of nationhood. "If by a policy of the spirit we mean the defence of spiritual values against the growing wave of materialism, we declare that this is our policy," Salazar bluntly told an audience. F. C. C. Egerton, a British biographer who has described Salazar most effectively, characterizes him this way: "Salazar devotés himself to the government of Portugal in the spirit of an apostle. In these days, outside the cloister it is possible to find a parallel to him only in the field of big business where alone, it would appear, men now surrender themselves to the pursuit of achievement with the wholehearted devotion which he gives to the service of his people."

In his private life Salazar lives simply and austere. His daily life is without ostentation or luxury. What little time he has free he

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devotes to cultivating roses or listening to classical music on the radio.

A lifelong bachelor, the Portuguese dictator recently adopted two orphan girls. Until recently, too, there was no woman in his life. About three years ago the Countess de la Seca, a widow with two young children, was asked to act as his hostess at social functions.

Shortly afterward *Time* magazine published a picture of the two of them together and commented: "The most significant fact about Salazar's relationship with the Countess is that not even the gossipy Portuguese, not even Salazar's thousands of enemies, suggest that she is his mistress. His reputation for piety is so great that a liaison is considered unthinkable."

This article, which caused *Time* to be banned from Portugal, went on to say: "The real news from Portugal was that another European dictatorship had failed, though it might hang on for years. In the way of dictatorships, it had stunned and shackled the wholesome forces that might replace it."

But Salazar, as he began his twenty-second year as dictator of Portugal, took an optimistic view. He made no extravagant predictions, nor did he swerve from his original course. "And we, what do we promise?" he said. "Nothing beyond what we already have talked about — and to try to achieve the very much more that still remains to be done."

NEW WORLD SUPERMAN: JUAN PERÓN

By JOHN WILHELM

JOHN WILHELM spent three years in Argentina for the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company and the National Broadcasting Company, and is now in Mexico for the same organizations. Before going to South America Wilhelm was a European correspondent for the Chicago Sun. This picture of President (and Madame) Perón is based on his many meetings with them and on his scrutiny of their methods and results in the period 1946 to 1949.

IN THE orange dawn slanting on broad Avenida Alem in Buenos Aires, anyone caring to rise between five and six A.M. on a workday morning can see the President of Argentina speeding to work.

President Juan Domingo Perón's title of "superman" is not wholly a figure of speech. His black sedan, preceded by a lone policeman on a motor-cycle, is apt to bring him to work by 5:45 A.M.

His huge bulk immaculate in the uniform or business dress of the day, he will probably be grinning broadly as he steps out of his sedan. Anybody that is anybody in Argentina uses a Cadillac preferably not over a few months old. Perón's is distinguished only by its lack of a license plate.

The soldiers at the gate of the presidential palace, garbed in the bright red and blue musical-comedy costume of San Martín's Grenadiers, will snap to attention. His personal secretaries, trying to wipe the sleepiness out of their eyes, will scurry in with the first of a mountain of papers to which he will give his personal attention.

For here is the man, by his own word, who has come to change the destiny of South America's wealthiest and possibly most important country. Argentina, long the fabulous beef-raising state owned by 2,000 families (who spent most of their time in Paris), is the clay which he seeks to mold into the industrial economy of a world power.

This, of course, sounds like so much backwoods political talk to

realistic onlookers north of the equator. But, before dismissing Perón's so-called poppycock, we might just take a look at it from the Argentinos' viewpoint for a moment.

This is necessary because probably no country in the world is the subject of so much misinformation as Argentina. There is neither need nor desire to defend Perón's dictatorship. It is an ugly fact that he is indeed a dictator, and it is even an uglier one that apparently not much can be done about it.

On the other hand, an American journalist living in Argentina and trying only to give an honest interpretation of events with at least a rough evaluation of various occurrences, is profoundly mortified by the articles on Argentina that often seem to appeal to magazine editors in the United States.

Recently one came out dwelling on the fact that President Perón and his blond ex-radio actress wife were "slugging it out" in a battle for power. This is, of course, pure piffle, as almost anyone living in Argentina can confirm. His wife is, it is true, a powerful woman. But her power stems almost one hundred per cent from her husband. And so far he stands by her unflinchingly.

When some of the rumors (that apparently appeal to North American editors more than actual events in Argentina) stated that the army was telling Perón to get rid of "Evita," as his young wife is known, they received a certain prominence in United States newspapers.

But no one bothered to give any space, except one New York daily, to the fact that President Perón personally gave the lie to these rumors by taking his señora directly to the parade grounds of the West Point of Argentina, Campo de Mayo, and making certain that each and every general came forward to pay his respects — and with the generals' wives at their sides.

Could any husband have performed a more unequivocal act to show his support not only of his wife but of his confidence in her work? Certainly not in prestige-minded Argentina. But this is only one example of the misinformation on Perón and Argentina that is apt to appear before the American people.

Perón is 54 years old, a product of the Argentine military society that is not unlike the onetime professional German militarists, the Junkers. He is a big man, over six feet two inches tall, with a charm that overwhelms all his visitors.

Last September, when his political boat got a little rocky due to economic reverses, he staged a sudden demonstration of the strength of his Peronista party, or "*descamisados*" as they are called, because he likes to refer to them as "shirtless ones."

On this particular morning, labor leaders suddenly began getting urgent calls to gather their unions together and march them to Plaza de Mayo — the square in front of the presidential palace.

Iron shutters began clanking down on all shop fronts, department stores hurriedly dismissed their employees at about 10:30 A.M. and closed their doors, mothers began to call offices demanding their secretary daughters be sent home, so fast did panic spread on just one order from Perón.

As the mobs began to gather in Plaza de Mayo, banners, obviously prepared beforehand, began to unfurl. They said: "We will give our life for Perón." "Down with the oligarch opponents," "Gallows for our Wall Street enemies," and "Perón's cause is our cause."

But this time a new note had been added. Other banners said: "To the gallows with the Yanquis" and "We will defend our General from Yanqui Imperialists." And they were carrying the gallows, hemp rope and all, right with them. This, mind you, was not the war years, but less than six months ago.

Perón spoke at about 7 o'clock that evening. What he had to say was to the effect that the United States was trying to strangle Argentina economically.

The fact, of course, was that Perón's economic boss, Don Miguel Miranda, had tripled the prices of all Argentine exports (through use of a state trading monopoly) and killed off the markets. Nobody was willing to buy wheat at \$5 when it was selling in the United States for about \$2.50, nor did they want linseed oil at 41 cents a pound compared to the OPA price of 16 cents.

However, Perón, who is no mean orator, talked for nearly an hour and called the *Norteamericanos* everything from "imperialists" to "plotters trying to take [his] life." And he wound up by saying that the North American newspaper correspondents were spies.

Fortunately, as the mob with the ropes began to show impatience to be on with their duties, Perón told them all to go home quietly as he, the President, could handle their enemies.

In the meantime, the entire city was deserted except for his listeners

and hardly a vehicle could be seen on the streets. A few rocks were thrown through the window of the great Argentine daily, *La Prensa*, which opposes the government almost singlehandedly in the journalistic field, and the incident passed into just another unpleasant chapter in United States — Argentina relations.

At that time, Ambassador James Bruce, who represented the United States in Argentina, was in Washington trying to get some of the Marshall Plan purchases to be made in Argentina (against strong opposition from various parties in Washington who held grudges against the Perón government).

"You have ruined everything I have done," Ambassador Bruce told Perón soon afterward. And, because the ambassador had been quite successful in striking up an informal friendship with Perón, he was able to ask the Argentine President: "Why did you make such an ill-timed speech? You practically undid every bit of work I had completed to get some dollars down here to Argentina," Bruce added.

Perón was most apologetic. He was surprised that everyone didn't realize it was just a political speech designed for the moment. Certainly it was not intended for foreign consumption. He had no idea it would reach any foreign country.

"After all," he explained with easy simplicity, "it was only a *demonstración politico*. It has nothing to do with the real relations between the United States and Argentina. Why, we are *amigos buenos*. Nothing must come between the two great countries of the Western Hemisphere."

Ambassador Bruce, incidentally, followed the much-disputed tenures in the same office of former Ambassadors George Messersmidt and Spruille Braden. They were pro and contra Perón, in extreme degrees. Ambassador Bruce, getting a clean slate, has tried to be a good enough friend of Perón's so that he could influence the dictator for the better. He was successful at becoming friendly, but almost one hundred per cent unsuccessful at influencing him, though Perón's dumping of Economic Boss Miranda was a very big step to better trade relations and one recommended openly by Bruce. Bruce is a big-time businessman whose unrehearsed approach to diplomacy has been refreshing.

The romance between Perón and his attractive blond wife, Evita (Little Eva), as she is generally called, has been the subject of much

speculation and the true answer will probably never be known.

As a widower, and a very sophisticated Argentine army officer who had traveled in European capitals, Perón seemed like an unlikely person to become so enmeshed with a radio actress that he couldn't ditch her when his big opportunity came.

But Evita, meeting Perón when he was just emerging from obscurity, was so successful in helping his personal publicity and in addressing labor meetings, that she became at once one of the clique of Perón followers who planned to get such a hold on Argentina that even the army couldn't shake them loose.

Whether he married her to regularize her position sufficiently so that she could campaign unhampered by moral charges, or whether he just married her for the sweet sake of love, has remained a secret, and why shouldn't it?

In any case, her appeal has been tremendous and she singlehandedly has seen that the Argentine women were given votes, that old-age pensions were paid by the government to all citizens for the first time in history, and that 300 ambulances (Cadillacs, of course) were bought for use of the poor who could not pay for private service.

Perón has shown no hesitation in placing her as a full-fledged cabinet minister in charge of the very ministry in which he himself built up his strong labor organization — the *Secretaria de Trabajo y Provisión Social* (Security of Labor and Social Welfare).

Evita, on the other hand, has been a real asset in the post. She immediately set up three offices. In the largest of them she receives all comers once a day and hands out hundred-peso notes, or new homes, or gets jobs for the unemployed. The recipients are screened by secretaries. In a second and smaller office with ordinary business furniture, she receives trade delegations. In a small, intimate office, exquisitely feminine, with wine-red tapestries on two walls, soft rugs, antique mahogany desk, and air conditioning, she receives intimates and important visitors.

On the wall is a large brass plaque stating "on this hallowed spot, our great leader General Perón founded the great social movement of *Peronismo*."

So let us look at the political aims of the Perón government before we get down to the man himself. For the Argentine position today is little more than the Perón position.

Much hoopla has been made in Argentina over what was called the "*tercera posición*," or third position. This phrase is based on the theory, correct in at least its premises, that the world now consists of two great political doctrines, capitalism and communism, which face each other in inevitable conflict.

Perón wants Argentina to subscribe to neither of these political beliefs, nor to belong to either grouping of nations. The destiny of Argentina, Perón repeatedly proclaims, is to set a third political pattern and one which will offset the conflict between Wall Street and the Kremlin.

How well this works on the international political front can only be judged by the performance of the Argentine foreign minister, Bramuglia, at the United Nations meeting in Paris in the fall of 1948. He grabbed headlines all over the world, when, as chairman of the Security Council, he held endless meetings trying to "mediate" the differences between the East and the West — particularly in relation to the Berlin crisis.

Perón, through his foreign minister, had the whole world praising Argentina's work, whether they knew what they were cheering or not.

What they were cheering, of course, was a representative of Fascism.

There is little use in dodging the word. You can call Perón's super-government anything you want, but upon close examination it bears a strong resemblance to Mussolini's "corporate State," or Hitler's "super Reich." They are, indeed, basically the same.

There are many reasons why Perón should be inclined this way. And there are just as many reasons why his wife should be doing social work that deserves something better than the sneers and jeers it receives whenever her name is mentioned.

It isn't surprising that Perón should be inclined to the Germanic way of looking at government. Since the age of fourteen he has been in one military phase of life or another. Be it a military school or as military attaché in the Chilean embassy, he has spent his lifetime in uniform, and most of that time under German instructors.

When he was not studying military history or theory, he was teaching it and receiving his guidance from leading German political and military teachers. In every case the emphasis was on the "leader"

type of philosophy and he came to believe, as he does today, that without a great leader the people can do nothing.

He is not an unintelligent man, for he did well at his military studies and to this day visitors to the Casa Rosada, the presidential palace, come away remarking that he is indeed a man quick to grasp ideas.

And his personal charm is of the magnetic nature that came to be associated with the late President Roosevelt. More than one important United States visitor, including a United States Senator, have come away practically reeling under the influence of the friendly manner that can be turned on and off like a light.

Gene Tunney, the former heavyweight champion and no lightweight himself, reacted typically when he called on Perón during a South American tour a year or so ago.

"I admire the man," Tunney told reporters afterward.

"Why do you admire him?" the newspapermen, largely from United States news organs, pressed him.

"Because he is a strong man," Tunney answered. "I like strength. Furthermore, he has the hands of a fighter."

While his reasoning, and his conclusion, can be questioned, Tunney was right on the beam in calling Perón a strong man and a fighter.

Perón, coming from the family of a small landowner, entered military school at the age of fourteen as just another student from the upper-bracket families. Although he was a tall and rather handsome lad, he had no influential backing.

From just another second lieutenant, Perón fought his way up to leader of a young group of colonels — over a twenty-four-year period — by strictly holding to the military code and by his excellence at sports.

Entering the Sargento Cabral officers' school, he concentrated on sports with a fierce attention that made him a champion fencer (an important skill in a country where dueling persists to this day), a crack pistol shot, and, as Tunney noticed, an expert boxer.

It was this superiority at sports that made him a leader among his class. When his class gradually rose to be the colonels of the Argentine Army in the early 1940's, it was natural that Perón should by then have been an accepted leader of their group.

When the colonels' revolution in 1943 deposed the government of

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the "generals," it was almost inevitable that Perón should have begun calling the orders for much of the new governmental organization.

At that time, it is doubtful that Perón himself had any ideas of rebuilding the entire country around his radical doctrine for a dictatorship based on the theme of social aid for the peons.

It is traditional that revolutions in Argentina, a country which has largely been under dictatorship since its discovery (except for a brief twenty-year period from 1911 until the early thirties), should begin at the great military reservation outside of Buenos Aires, the Campo de Mayo.

And it was a revolution from Campo de Mayo that first placed Perón in an influential position. He had grouped around himself a body of elite army colonels known by the initials GOU for their motto, "Gobierno, Orden, Unidad" (Government, Order, Unity).

It will undoubtedly be a revolution from Campo de Mayo that will in the end take Perón from power, but it is an uncautious person who would care to say whether this will be tomorrow, next week, next year or ten years from now.

But to get back to the group of young colonels who held undercover meetings as the GOU. At a meeting one night in 1943, they decided that they had had enough of the unpopular and corrupt government of President Ramón S. Castillo. He had been placed in power by the rich ranch owners who had controlled Argentina for many years while flitting from their *estancias* to Paris and back.

Within hours after the thud of marching boots was heard on the broad Avenida General Paz, leading from Campo de Mayo to the presidential palace, the regime of President Castillo was ended.

It was at this point that the political star of Perón began to rise, though imperceptibly at first. Into office as President of Argentina went a crusty old General, Arturo Rawson. Two days later amazed Argentinos saw Rawson resign to be replaced by yet another General, Pedro Ramirez.

It was soon found that Ramirez was President in name only. Behind him stood the group of young colonels of the GOU, and most influential among them was the tall, handsome Colonel Juan Perón.

When, several months later, President Ramirez showed signs of yielding to the United States State Department's plea that he get

tough with Axis spies then admittedly operating from Argentina (Ramirez actually went so far as to break off relations with the Axis upon the demand of the United States), the young officers' group was incensed.

Yield to foreign pressure! Indeed not, the young colonels said proudly.

Out went the unfortunate Ramirez, and this time in went Peró's personal friend, Edelmiro Farrell, who moved up from Vice-president to President.

Perón became Vice-President, War Minister, and Secretary of Labor. Not only was his name at that time virtually unknown outside of Argentina; it was also unknown in Argentina. But there was no mistaking that he was the power behind the throne.

If he had moved from obscurity, he had moved into the number one spot, which was that of Minister of War. However, his chance selection for the simultaneous post of Minister of Labor was even more significant.

Perón for the first time was coming into contact with many of the men who were later to form his own cabinet and the pillars of the entire Peronista movement. They included Juan Bramuglia, a labor attorney who was to become Foreign Minister, a post which he still holds at this writing, and Minister of the Interior Borlenghi, who headed a powerful labor group.

It was at this time, for reasons that were undoubtedly connected with his own political ambitions, that Perón began his plan to cultivate the support of labor.

It might be well to remind ourselves of the state of the Argentine laboring man or peon at that time, in 1943. He was indeed one of the most miserably treated workers in the world, considering the production he helped achieve.

Although Argentina was able to ship 400,000 tons of prime beef to England each year, and raise perhaps 150,000,000 bushels of wheat, plus some four or five million tons of corn, the average worker on the large *estancias* or ranches was an illiterate who could neither claim a home nor marry without permission from the owner of the *estancia* on which he worked.

According to one authority on Argentina, it was demonstrated as late as 1942 that 259 individuals in Argentina held properties aver-

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aging 47,000 acres each and 47 corporations (favorite way for a family to hold their *estancia* jointly) had properties averaging 63,000 acres.

The great *estancias*, their five to fifty thousand acres ranging over great unbroken expanses of probably the most fertile land in the world, had large parklike central areas where homes of incredible luxury were maintained not only for the owners but also for a majordomo or foreman who actually ran the estate. Needless to say, the foreman was interested in turning out big profits and not in the social rights of the poor unfortunates who, in return for working the land, were treated like the cattle they cared for.

(It was noted by one observer that very often the prize bulls, manicured and given every care and comfort, enjoyed a comfort that the peons could well envy.)

It was in this state of affairs that the new Minister of Labor, Juan Perón, began the political scheme that was to carry him to a power temporarily beyond the power of the army itself.

Acting as Minister of Labor, Perón issued a decree establishing minimum wages of \$15 to \$25 a month for farm laborers, who probably averaged about half that amount at the time. The measure of the narrow outlook of the *estancieros* was that they took this with such ill grace (they could easily afford it at that time) that they let their peons see they were being compelled to follow Perón's edict.

It had been the custom of the *estancieros* to vote the peons in the same manner they drove the cattle to market. The peons automatically voted as instructed by the owners of the *estancia*. There was no opportunity for them to know of issues or candidates.

Perón set up regional offices of his labor secretariat, now broadened to the Office of Labor and Social Welfare, and had his own men visit the *estancias*, telling the peons face to face of how Perón had given them a raise, and, more startling news, that he planned to confiscate the larger estates and divide them up among the employees.

It was to be noted that this is a plan upon which the success of the Chinese Communist Party was largely based, and it might be said that if Perón hadn't beaten them to it, the Communists might well have advanced their political fortunes in Argentina through a similar scheme. The Argentine was overripe for such propaganda.

In the subsequent elections of 1946, when Perón achieved the

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undeniable election victory confirming his position in an office he had originally seized by revolution, his method followed these lines very successfully.

Perón would announce through the press that if he were elected, he would confiscate some of the larger *estancias* and split their land up among the peons — each peon getting a small plot of his own. Then Perón's agents from the Labor Ministry would canvass all the *estancias* and invite the peons to come to the nearest labor office branch, where they would be shown maps of the subdivisions and each one allotted a plot — to take effect if Perón were elected.

It was said that some of the simple peons became so sure of receiving their plot that they went back to the *estancia* and tried to sell it back to the owner from whom it would be taken if Colonel Perón happened to be elected.

At the same time Perón, from the central Labor Ministry in Buenos Aires, was consolidating his position by bringing in various labor leaders to work for him and, incidentally, draw their unions closer to the Perón machine.

It was at this stage of affairs, in 1944, that, as has been mentioned, Perón fell in with the woman who was to play such a big part in not only his personal but his political life.

Eva Duarte, whose powerful position has earned her the name of "La Presidenta" or Lady President, sprang from one of those humble homes that are certainly as much a part of Argentina as are the large *estancias* and their haughty owners.

She was born on May 7, 1919 (which puts her in her thirtieth year at the time this is written), in the tiny village of Los Toldos at some distance from Buenos Aires. Her father was said to be a handsome small landowner, Juan Duarte, who was lured from his wife by a pretty Basque girl, Juana Ibarguren. These two established themselves in a tumble-down house, and there five children were born, of whom the youngest was Eva.

After Duarte's death, or disappearance, Eva's mother was forced to turn for help to a local politician, who moved the family to the near-by city of Junín. The oldest sister found work and eventually the mother became a respectable boardinghouse keeper.

While the rest of the family settled down to the life to which they had been born, Eva left for the great metropolis of Buenos Aires,

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after completing two years of what would correspond to our high school. This was the end of her formal education.

But her career, fired by her ambition to be an actress, was only beginning. She managed to secure a few bit parts in some films made in the Buenos Aires studios, and as her knowledge of the ways of the city developed, she got a permanent job at Radio Belgrano, the largest in the Argentine capital.

There has been many a snickering story told about this stage of Eva Duarte's life. As far as this chronicler is concerned, no evidence has ever been brought forward to establish that it was much different from the lives of many thousands of other girls who come to the big city to make their way. And not only in Argentina. It is true that a girl with a figure like Lana Turner's and legs like Marlene Dietrich's had a favorable influence on many men who could give Eva the things she wanted.

One of these men, whom she met after she had grown fairly well accustomed to the life of a radio actress, and had developed an admirable aptitude for selecting the clothes and manners that help to make up such a life, was none other than General Ramirez, a few weeks after he had been named President of Argentina in the 1943 colonels' revolution.

"Girls," she is said to have told her associates at Radio Belgrano one day, "watch me." Picking up the telephone, she called Ramirez and said casually, "Ola, General, is that you? Why, yes, I would like to dine with you again tonight. You are very kind."

From that moment on, the owner of the station could not do too much for her. And shortly thereafter she met the young Colonel who had helped to put Ramirez in power. This was Colonel Juan Perón, then not too well known although already heading the Labor Ministry.

The event that brought Eva Duarte and Perón together is said to have been the catastrophic 1944 earthquake that destroyed the isolated Andean town of San Juan, leaving its 35,000 residents homeless (they still are, which is the ironic note behind the following intrigue).

Colonel Perón, hearing the increasingly serious reports of the damage in San Juan (at first only 3,500 persons were reported killed but later this rose to over 10,000), saw that here was the opportunity

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to play the hero's role that would give him the publicity he then lacked.

Perón quickly named himself head of a volunteer committee to provide emergency relief for the unfortunate San Juaninos, and he went to the various radio stations to have them broadcast hourly appeals for funds for the relief work.

At Radio Belgrano, by chance, the handsome colonel, who then was a widower, was told that Eva Duarte would handle any material he wished to go on the air. And Evita, by this time well versed in the Who's Who of the capital, quickly recognized Colonel Perón as not only a personally attractive man, but also the power among the colonels who ruled the country.

Needless to say, the San Juan relief project was publicized day and night over the transmitters of Radio Belgrano. And just in case the Colonel didn't notice, lavish praise of Perón himself began to be included and his name was mentioned at every opportunity. The Perón team was on the way.

Eva began to arrive at Radio Belgrano in a War Ministry limousine (Perón was then also Under-Secretary of War, although he spent most of his time on his labor work), and as the summer months of January and February faded into a March fall, Colonel Perón and Eva Duarte saw more and more of each other. They relaxed among the orange trees and the jacaranda blossoms in the Tigre Delta, or on the launches of various friends, and as they looked more and more affectionately at each other, they decided to become a team.

Eva, earning 35,000 pesos a month from Radio Belgrano then, was well able to move into a deluxe apartment building on Calle Posadas, and by chance her next door neighbor was Colonel Perón. Eva and Juancito (Little Juan) became the talk of the capital, but it worried them not at all.

It was at this time that the decisive turn of affairs occurred that changed them from a minor Latin military politician and his mistress into the leaders of a social movement unmatched in Latin-American history.

The publicity Perón was receiving began to irritate other members of the military clique, and certainly his private life didn't help much. Other officers had mistresses, but the officer's code demanded they be kept in the background.

Eva organized the radio workers into a union, under the guidance of Perón's labor ministry, and she publicized Colonel Perón, then in his triple role of Minister of Labor, Minister of War, and Vice-President, in a program of her own devising titled "Toward a Better Future."

Accordingly, on October 9, 1945, a realigned officers group had Perón arrested and deposed by the simple process of marching into his office with soldiers who seized him. Perón was escorted to an island in the Río Plata, a short way from Buenos Aires, where his resignation was announced.

By all known rules of military dictatorships, this should have been the finish of handsome young Colonel Perón. But Perón was blessed by two facts. First, he had anticipated such a turn of events and had friends strategically placed in the army who could start a counter-revolution. And, secondly, he had Eva.

Eva is said to have engineered the entire gigantic demonstration of workers who in the next few days appeared in the main plaza shouting for the reinstatement of Perón. Perón himself aided the plan by feigning illness and being retransferred to the mainland where doctors could examine him. Although a man may be deposed in a Latin military coup, the understanding is that he will suffer no personal injury. After all, the victor this time may be the vanquished at some later date.

At this gloomy moment in Perón's career, only three persons are said to have stuck by him. All others were hedging their bets by playing with the new administration. One of these was Evita, another was Miguel Miranda, a pudgy businessman who later became a tragically bad economic director, and the third was a Colonel Mercante who arranged the military side of the counterrevolution.

But Evita herself telephoned labor leaders, had them call their unions together to appear simultaneously with banners demanding Perón's reinstatement. Some of these, such as Borlenghi, who became Minister of the Interior (and police boss), responded almost immediately and in face of the likelihood that they would encounter nothing but trouble and loss of position.

The present Foreign Minister of Argentina, Juan Bramuglia, probably the most promising man in Perón's cabinet from a democratic viewpoint, was the labor lawyer whom Evita summoned to

make a legal attempt to secure Perón's release. Because he took several hours to respond, Evita has harbored a personal grudge against him and to this day his name cannot be used in any of the newspapers or radio stations she controls or influences.

However, on October 17, the combined pressure of the demonstration by the "*descamisado*" mobs and the friends of Perón in the army succeeded and he was restored to power. October 17 is now virtually a religious holiday in Argentina and the Perónista party insists that on this day each year every restaurant and store, including even tobacco shops, close tight. Needless to say, they do.

With his restoration to power, Perón went ahead with his main plans to become President. An election was called for the following March, and Perón's candidacy was made known.

At the same time, Juancito and Evita were secretly married. The documents have never been made public, but it was officially announced and has been accepted as a fact. Evita was named to her position as Secretary of Labor and Social Welfare, succeeding her husband, while Perón began his formal assumption of power as the Chief Executive, and the inauguration of his much-vaunted five-year plan.

It is their aim to become immortal in Argentine history, and, while the five-year plan has now proved to be a five-year fiasco, many of their social innovations and institutions will undoubtedly become a permanent part of the Argentine way of life. If nothing else, Perón wrote a big finish to the great landlord chapter in Argentine history.

INTO THE PROMISED LAND: CHAIM WEIZMANN

By GEROLD FRANK

GEROLD FRANK is a recognized authority on Palestine and has been there six times in the past six years, either to accompany an official commission or to secure material for a new book or lecture series. An Ohioan by birth, he covered just about every angle of the violent parturition and lusty infancy of the new state of Israel. He is on terms of personal friendship with Dr. Weizmann and most of Israel's leaders.

FEW MEN can be measured against their time with such perfection as Dr. Chaim Weizmann, President of Israel. Unquestionably one of the great figures of this generation, his career is so inextricably bound up with history that it is hard to say how much he shaped events, and how much he was their product. Some have called him the greatest living Jew. Others, paying tribute to his gifts as a research chemist, point out that, had he never been a Zionist, he would still rank as a world personality because of his laboratory achievements. Still others think of him as the head of state who, more truly than any of his contemporaries, embodies in himself the characteristic faith and genius of his people.

Whatever the case, Dr. Weizmann's political labors will have to be assessed in terms of centuries, rather than years. It is sufficient to say — and this tribute comes from Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion, who has not always seen eye to eye with him — that Dr. Weizmann, more than any other living man, helped create the State of Israel. That is the single, incandescent fact about him which puts all else in shadow. That is to an extent his measure and his monument. For while many men helped build Israel, it was Dr. Weizmann who played the role of political alchemist through the years, who blended science and Zionism together to work their combined magic upon the course of history.

What was it that Dr. Weizmann did? The great hope of Zion reborn is as old as the exile of the Jews. But it was Dr. Weizmann

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who became chief of those in this century who took the stuff of dreams and made substance of it. He and the movement he led took the yearning of the dispossessed, the inarticulate striving for dignity of a persecuted people, the centuries of bitterness and lamentation and dogged faith, and wove the pattern for millions of Jews. Because of their labors, Israel exists today.

It is impossible to discuss Weizmann without discussing Zionism, this movement of which he has been world leader for most of his adult life. From his earliest days he was a spokesman for Zionism. In his later days he became its principal ambassador to the world. He was at once its theoretician, interpreter, advocate, champion. For a man of peace, he has lived a highly embattled life. He fought the anti-Zionists in England and America, many of whom were wealthy Jews who thought Zionism an attempt to turn the clock back, or feared their support might impugn their loyalty as citizens of other countries. He fought those who feared the impact of a modern democratic industrial state upon the backward, feudalistic world of the Middle East. As a theoretician he fought Theodor Herzl, founder of modern Zionism, who wanted the Jews, in a moment of stress, to accept British Uganda, in Central Africa, as a temporary refuge on the way to Palestine. He fought Louis D. Brandeis, leader of the American Zionists in the early 1920's, when the latter began to stress the sociological and economic aspects of the movement at the expense of the cultural and political. In a final sense, Weizmann synthesized two great approaches in Zionism. The first was based on the idea that the Jews should strive for political recognition of their right to return to Palestine and establish a state there. The second was based on the idea that the Jews, without waiting for political recognition, should go at once to Palestine and build the land — "create facts in Palestine," as Weizmann once put it — and that ultimately, their achievements would lead to recognition. Weizmann successfully harnessed this "political" and this "practical" Zionism together.

It was, however, as advocate to the outside world that he was pre-eminent. Because of his work, such men as Arthur James Balfour, David Lloyd George, Lord Robert Cecil, Leopold Amery, Field Marshal Jan Smuts, and other British statesmen became supporters of the Zionist cause. It was the British Government which in 1917

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issued the Balfour Declaration, by which it pledged its assistance in the building of a Jewish national home in Palestine. This document — a kind of Jewish Magna Carta ratified a few years later by the League of Nations — gave international recognition to the return to Zion. It opened the path — though the road proved long, arduous and bitterly fought over — to the establishment, more than a quarter of a century later, of the State of Israel.

Zionism and Weizmann, Weizmann and Zionism. They are interchangeable in the story of the man and the movement.

A major key to the man is to be found in the world into which he was born on November 27, 1874. He was the third of fifteen children of Oser Weizmann, a lumber merchant in an obscure Russian village called Motel. The family's budget never exceeded \$300 a year. Young Weizmann's education was typical of the time. It began in a "Cheder," a one-room Hebrew school, which was also the home of the teacher, his family, and even the family goat. Here Weizmann was taught the Talmud, the book of Jewish law, and here he grew up at a time when the return to Zion was in the very air.

Motel lay in the heart of the notorious Russian "Pale of Settlement." This was an area outside of which Jews were forbidden to live. It was a Russia of Jewish repression, of pogroms, of anti-Semitic terror. Life for the Jews was all but intolerable. What enabled them to bear their indignities was their almost messianic dream of a great free Jewish people again.

Under such conditions, protest and revolt were inevitable. For some this revolt became part of the general restlessness of all the Czar's subjects, Jew and non-Jew alike, which turned toward revolution. For others — and Weizmann was among these — the direction was toward the Jewish renaissance. Weizmann has described this beautifully in his autobiography: "In the depths of the masses, an impulse awoke, vague, groping, unformulated, for Jewish self-liberation. It was saturated with Jewish tradition; and it was connected with the most ancient memories of the land where Jewish life had first expressed itself in freedom. It was, in short, the birth of modern Zionism."*

At the age of eleven, young Weizmann was already at work on

* *Trial and Error*, by Chaim Weizmann (New York: Harper & Brothers) © 1949.

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a Zionist mission, trudging through the spring slush of neighboring villages. He was collecting pennies for what surely must have seemed one of the most absurd of causes: funds from the poverty-stricken Jews of Russia to buy land for Jewish settlement in a distant Turkish territory called Palestine to which, at that time, Jews were not permitted to emigrate!

It was far-fetched, visionary, unrealistic. Weizmann himself has said repeatedly that it could only be understood in terms of faith. "This faith was part of our makeup," he wrote. "Our Jewishness and our Zionism were interchangeable; you could not destroy the second without destroying the first."

This was his credo throughout his life. At eighteen, rather than accept the *numerus clausus* of Russian universities, he studied chemistry in schools in Germany and Switzerland; and at the same time, he founded the first Zionist Society in Switzerland. In 1900, he became lecturer in biochemistry at the University of Geneva; there he met his wife, Vera Chazman, a medical student from Rostov-on-Don. After their marriage in 1904, Weizmann took an appointment as lecturer in chemistry at the University of Manchester, England. There he made his name as a chemist. In World War I, through a fermentation process, he solved the problem of manufacturing synthetic acetone, vitally needed as an ingredient of smokeless gunpowder, and helped Britain and the Allies win the war. But paralleling his scientific career was his Zionist career. He rose to be leader of the British Zionists; later, President of the World Zionist Organization, a position he held, save for one brief interlude, until 1946.

As leader of the movement, Dr. Weizmann faced many crises. In later years there were the Arab riots of 1929 in Palestine. Then came new riots, particularly in 1936-39, this time inspired by the Axis, which sought to turn the Arabs of the Middle East against the Allies. There was the British *White Paper* of 1939, fruit of the appeasement era, which cut off Jewish immigration into Palestine at the very moment the need for a refuge for Hitler's victims was most pressing. There was World War II, in which Weizmann suffered a bitter personal loss — the death of his younger son, Michael, an RAF pilot, who was missing in action. There was the upsurge of Jewish terrorism in Palestine, and Britain's decision, finally, to turn the Palestine problem over to the United Nations; and then the

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partition of Palestine, voted by the United Nations on November 29, 1947, and the establishment of Israel on May 14, 1948.

The way was not easy. No orator, no emotional speaker, given to understatement rather than emphasis, cautious as only a scientist can be, he was not popular with various segments of the Zionist movement. For nearly fifty years he pursued his careful, precise way, attacked for his moderation, for his pro-British orientation when Britain was progressively more unfriendly, for his early support of partition when partition was unpopular, for his endless patience. In May, 1948, thirty-six hours after the provisional State was proclaimed, he was elected its President. "I doubt whether the Presidency is necessary to Dr. Weizmann," said Prime Minister Ben-Gurion, "but the presidency of Dr. Weizmann is a moral necessity for the State of Israel."

Weizmann is a curiously complex man. He can be cold, detached, precise, more Anglo-Saxon than the Anglo-Saxon. Yet he can also be as moody as a caged lion, impatient, cutting, bitter, ironic. In political battle he has given hard blows and taken them. He is not a Jew of the ghetto, yet his talk has all the charm and anecdotal familiarity of the ghetto, and Yiddish, with its intimacy, is his favorite language. He is not an Englishman, yet he has the reticence, the horror of display of the Englishman. He is not a Frenchman, yet he has a Frenchman's rapier-like wit, a Frenchman's sense of the perfect word. He speaks six languages fluently, yet each with a curious accent. He is, perhaps, that most elusive of persons, the true cosmopolite. What makes all this rather paradoxical, is the equally unmistakable fact that Weizmann is, above all else, a Jew, steeped in Jewish culture, expressive of Jewish aspirations, and single-mindedly an exponent of Jewish nationalism.

His remarkable success as a spokesman for the movement of Jewish independence may be traced to many factors. First, he is gifted with a luminous personality, a quality of personal charm which rarely fails to captivate all who meet him. "I do not want to see that Dr. Weizmann," Winston Churchill once confessed when he learned that Weizmann wished to protest unfriendly British acts in Palestine. "I must resist him, and I cannot resist him." Secondly, Weizmann's chemical renown provided a calling card which opened

doors to him that Zionism never could have. Thirdly, he was an authentic carrier of the folk feeling of the Jewish masses for Palestine. This faith which he bore with him from Motel, burned in him with a kind of radiant intensity. No one who met him was likely to be unaware of it.

There was, for example, the occasion when C. P. Scott, then editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, first encountered Dr. Weizmann. The meeting, a casual one, took place at the home of mutual friends in Manchester shortly after the outbreak of World War I. Scott became interested in this tall, slow-speaking man and asked him: "Are you a Pole, Dr. Weizmann?"

"No, I am not a Pole," Weizmann replied. "I know nothing of the Polish question. I am a Jew, and if you wish to talk to me about that, I am at your service."

This sort of refreshingly direct approach was a challenge Scott could not fail to accept. Out of that meeting came a warm friendship. Scott became an ardent Zionist. Since he was the most influential journalistic voice in all Britain, he played an important part in the early days of the Zionist movement. He was a noted liberal; he knew virtually everyone of importance; and he proceeded enthusiastically to introduce Weizmann to them.

Another example was Weizmann's meeting with Lord Balfour. Balfour, in the course of an election campaign, came to Manchester, where Weizmann was then still a comparatively unknown lecturer. Balfour consented to meet him when he learned that Weizmann was one of the Zionists who had turned down the Uganda offer.

Weizmann had been in England only a short time. His English was still quite bad. He worried as to what he could say to Balfour, but he went to him in his hotel, and was ushered into the great man's room. Their meeting was scheduled to last fifteen minutes. But Weizmann spoke so persuasively, opening horizons to Balfour that the latter had no idea even existed, that Balfour kept him nearly an hour and a quarter, although his constituents were clamoring outside to see him.

"Supposing," Weizmann said to him at one point, trying to explain why Uganda was out of the question, "supposing we were to offer you Paris instead of London?"

"Why, we have London," Balfour replied.

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"Yes," said Weizmann, "and we had Jerusalem when London was a marsh."

At another point Balfour, still wrestling with this idea of Jews who wished to return to Palestine, and only Palestine, asked: "Are there many Jews who think like you?"

"Mr. Balfour," Weizmann replied, "I believe I speak the mind of thousands of Jews whom you will never meet but with whom I could pave the streets of the country I come from."

Weizmann made an impression upon Balfour that the latter never forgot. Years later, it was Balfour who, as British Foreign Minister in 1917, signed the historic Declaration.

There have been stories that the Declaration was a gift to Weizmann in return for his chemical discoveries. Weizmann himself has indicated that this is not true. Actually, the future of Palestine was a problem being discussed on the highest political levels by the Allied Powers. Their plan, if victory came, was to free the peoples of Europe under Austro-Hungarian rule, and those of the Middle East under Turkish rule. The liberal British point of view was expressed by the *Manchester Guardian*. In 1915, it declared editorially that Palestine should be established as a buffer state by the Jews, to protect the Suez Canal and Egypt from attack.

At the same time the moral aspects of the Palestine issue interested many persons. If justice was to be the fruit of this war, it was necessary not only that the Arabs be freed, but that the People of the Book be returned to the Land of the Book. They saw, too, that a Jewish state at the junction of East and West would be a bastion of democracy for both Britain and America. They felt, also, that such an act would bring the Allies the moral support of the Jewish people throughout the world, and thus ensure an Allied victory.

Before any final decision was made, the British Government canvassed the Allies. President Wilson was consulted. He supported the idea. France, Russia, Italy, and the other Powers agreed, and the Balfour Declaration became history.

In the years that followed, Weizmann carried on his advocacy of Zionism all over the world. He traveled year after year, collecting funds for Palestine along the systematic lines he was convinced must be followed. Palestine must be a new kind of state. He saw no point in Jews coming into Palestine and living there as they had lived in

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Warsaw or Berlin. Instead, he wanted to see established a labor society, the kind of society which is today the backbone of Israel. He felt that the unhealthy economic groupings of Jews outside Palestine — the emphasis upon trades, commerce, and the professions — must not be transferred to Palestine. There he wanted to see a Jewish peasantry grounded in the land, and a people who held to the dignity of labor, who would build the land acre by acre, tree by tree.

"A State cannot be created by decree, but by the forces of a people and in the course of generations," he insisted. "Even if all the governments of the world give us a country, it would only be a gift of words. But if the Jewish people will go and build Palestine, the Jewish state will become a reality."

And so, indeed, it came to pass.

Dr. Weizmann the scientist has been somewhat eclipsed by the recent, more dramatic, political and military events in Palestine history. But Israel today bears Weizmann's stamp as scientist as surely as it bears the mark of his social vision. He has constantly urged that scientific research must precede every practical enterprise. Years ago he founded the Daniel Seiff Research Institute at Rehovoth, a town of some 6,000 population about half an hour's automobile ride from Tel Aviv. This became the nucleus of the present Weizmann Institute of Science, the first million dollars of its cost being presented to him on his seventieth birthday by a group of American friends. Today the Institute is undoubtedly one of the finest of its kind, with outstanding physicists, chemists, technologists and researchers.

In the building of Israel, the problem of space is a major one. Dr. Weizmann has attacked it in characteristic fashion. There is a classic tale that in 1937 Lord Peel, head of a British Royal Commission in Palestine to investigate Arab-Jewish difficulties, came upon Dr. Weizmann in his laboratory one afternoon, working among his test tubes.

"What are you doing, Dr. Weizmann?" he asked.

"I am creating absorptive capacity," Dr. Weizmann replied.

Absorptive capacity has been one of his major preoccupations in Israel. In practice it means: how can you make ten blades of grass

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grow where none grew before? How can you make one acre of wasteland, which furnished scarcely enough sustenance for a handful of goats, become fertile enough to support half a dozen families? In Israel this problem is a fundamental one. Land once fertile has been eroded through centuries of neglect. Deserts exist where gardens once flourished. A country into which immigrants are pouring at a rate of nearly a thousand a day must have absorptive capacity. In this task Dr. Weizmann's scientific contributions become a key to the future.

Israel is small, but Dr. Weizmann calls upon science to achieve what nature cannot do in solving the problem of space. He likes to recall that nearly twenty years ago Lord Passfield (Sidney Webb) turned to him, and with the authority of a recognized economist, declared: "But, Dr. Weizmann, do you realize there's not room enough to swing a cat in Palestine?"

Since that day, Dr. Weizmann likes to point out, approximately half a million more persons have come into Palestine and have been absorbed there.

Today at the Weizmann Institute, the early discoveries he made in far-off England in World War I days are bearing fruit. At that time, he was able to produce acetone by discovering a bacterium that converted carbohydrates — sugar and starch — into acetone and butyl alcohol. What excited chemists then was that for the first time bacteria had been used in the production of industrial chemicals. Dr. Weizmann, on the basis of this work, was able in World War II to discover a method for the manufacture of synthetic rubber. He was called to the United States to give the benefit of his work to this country during those critical days.

But his work in other fields has rather awesome possibilities as well. Weizmann assistants are experimenting in the production of cheap foods which may help solve starvation in such countries as China and India. At the Institute, peanuts and peanut cake, soya beans and soya cake — waste products usually fed to cattle — are being "upgraded"; that is, being transformed into nutritious, easily digested food for human beings. This product, as Dr. Weizmann has pointed out, is entirely of a vegetable nature, and although it contains no meat, has a meaty taste. It is a particularly valuable diet in countries where religious laws forbid the eating of meat.

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The recent war between the Arabs and the Israelis pointed a lesson for the Institute scientists. They tapped resources they never knew existed. What they created in the white heat of emergency, intended only for war purposes, is now being used in the reconstruction of the country.

A few examples are instructive. Lack of water is one of the most important problems in Palestine. There is water to be found, but much of it is brackish, salty and of no use to men or land. As a result of researches at the Institute, it has been found possible to turn millions of gallons of this brackish water into sweet water.

Weizmann scientists are also turning castor oil into nylon thread. The castor bean grows on the arid soil of Palestine. This opens the way to a plastics industry. They are taking marsh weeds and hard grasses, and turning them into a synthetic wood which can be nailed, hammered, sawed, glued and otherwise used as a building material. Weizmann sees the Institute as a great "pilot-plant" of the Middle East.

Weizmann pins great hope on harnessing science to the efforts of a highly skilled population. And here he points to Switzerland as a model. "Like Israel, Switzerland is a small country," he explains. "And like Israel, it has no natural resources. It has water power, and it has a skilled population. These are its resources. Yet it has developed a first-rate agriculture, a fine dairy industry, an excellent textile industry, and a world-famous precision-instrument industry."

In Israel, he likes to say, "Our people are our finest raw material. I think we shall see new forms of industrial development in this country, just as we have new forms of agriculture. We are still engaged today in raising agriculture to the intellectual level of the urban population."

Not only does he see Israel as a Switzerland in an industrial sense, but in a political sense as well. He would like his country to become the perennial neutral: a small nation which does not become involved in Great Power politics, and which has a particularly significant role to play in this century as a bridge between East and West.

Involved in the problem of Israel's foreign policy is, of course, the attitude of the Arab States. Dr. Weizmann does not foresee an indefinite period of enmity between Jews and Arabs in the Middle East. On the contrary, he anticipates a Middle Eastern Federation in which the two great Semitic peoples will work together. In terms of

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history, it may not be so strange if the bond of friendship sealed between him and the Arab leader Emir Feisal, in 1918, should come to fruition.

Israel is here to stay, Dr. Weizmann points out. The Arabs have come to face that fact. Now he wants them to realize that Arabs within Israel will be treated precisely as Jews within Israel. He wants the Arabs to understand that if they wish to achieve true independence — independence from foreign powers and foreign exploitation — they can follow no better pattern of social and economic reform than that presented to them by Israel. For the countries of the Middle East need, above all, science and technology. Most of the cultivable lands of Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, Transjordan are idle. The standard of living among the Arabs is abysmally low. Modern Israel has emerged in their midst, a twentieth century civilization in the heart of a seventeenth-century environment; and Dr. Weizmann hopes devoutly that, by precept and example, Israel's Arab neighbors will reap benefits from the fact that Israel exists.

But these questions are properly not within his province. The day-to-day conduct of foreign affairs is in the hands of Moshe Sharett, the brilliant and indefatigable Foreign Minister who has always been close to Weizmann. And the conduct of internal affairs is in the capable hands of Prime Minister Ben-Gurion, for whom Dr. Weizmann has a tremendous respect.

Today, at 74, Dr. Weizmann is an alert, broad-shouldered man, of medium height, with somber dark eyes under a high, domelike forehead, a goatee touched with gray, and an air of infinite patience about him. He bears himself with great dignity, and is fastidious almost to a fault. He is probably the only President who has a complete wardrobe of clothes awaiting him in London, Paris, Geneva, and New York — the result of years of traveling about Europe and America on his Zionist missions.

He lives a simple life, but a gracious one. His home, which he built in Rehovoth, not far from the Seiff Institute, is one of the show places of Israel. It has a sentimental significance: it overlooks the site of the camp where Dr. Weizmann, in the midst of World War I, stayed as a guest of General Allenby, who was then commanding the Allied forces fighting the Turks to liberate Jerusalem.

Twice each week Dr. Weizmann goes down to his presidential

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offices in Hakyria, on the outskirts of Tel Aviv. But these are really little more than token visits. For he is an elder statesman rather than a policy-making President. His personal influence is tremendous; his political power, as President, is limited. He prefers to spend most of his time at the Weizmann Institute where, he feels, he really has his pulse on the Israel of the future.

What interests him today is the fact that as the United States becomes more and more interested in the uplifting of the standards of living of depressed peoples, Israel emerges upon the world scene to sharpen and focus that interest. There is a kind of poetic justice about this. For it was United States support at the United Nations which helped bring about the passage of the partition resolution, which in turn served as the moral authority for the proclamation of Israeli statehood.

Dr. Weizmann sees in Israel — the only nation really called into being at the behest of the community of nations — a symbol of the unified world of the future. He believes in the oneness of the world; he believes that Israel can make a substantial contribution to human brotherhood. He points out that the world today lives on the residue, as it were, of what was created in Israel more than 2,000 years ago — the entire Judeo-Christian heritage — and that the time has come for some new word to emerge from Israel to help unite all peoples.

The remnant of the Jews have been preserved for this great mission, he believes. And he goes on to observe that no one has ever replaced the Jew in Palestine. Palestine was not only a physical desert in these last twenty centuries: it was a spiritual wasteland as well. Nothing new, nothing inspiring came from it: it was derelict in almost every way.

Now that the Jews are returning, enriched with the experience of all that is best in the Western World, they may contribute greatly to the world, he believes. They may help achieve the oneness of man again. This may not be done in a decade, nor in a generation; but it may well be part of the inevitable forward movement of history. And being a patient man, and dedicated man, he is content.

AMBITIOUS ARAB: KING ABDULLAH

By RICHARD MOWRER

RICHARD MOWRER, a second-generation member of the famed Mowrer clan of correspondents, has passed most of the last fourteen years in Europe and the Middle East for the Chicago Daily News and the New York Post. The distinction of being expelled from Italy by Mussolini in 1939 preluded his war reporting from Egypt and many other fronts. In 1946, he was blown up in the King David Hotel explosion in Jerusalem. The turbulent Middle East has been his beat ever since.

ABDULLAH IBN HUSSEIN, descendant of the Prophet, son of a displaced king and ruler of an artificially created kingdom, is a little man with big ideas.

Physically he is short and slightly plump. Politically he is a man of stature, and growing. Barring the restraining hand of Britain or an act of God, Abdullah proposes to make some changes in the pattern of things in the Middle East. Indeed, he has already begun: Palestine is but a first step toward the fulfillment of Abdullah's ambitious "Greater Syria" scheme which would unite Jordan (formerly Transjordan), Iraq, Syria, part of Palestine, perhaps some of Lebanon, under one Hashimite crown: his own.

Abdullah is king of Jordan by the grace of Britain and as a result of a combination of circumstances which followed World War I. He is not a Transjordanian and he leaves no one in doubt about this.

"I am not a Palestinian, I am not a Transjordanian," His Majesty told me in the course of an interview. "I am from the Hedjaz, I am from Mecca." Not that I had asked him. His next phrase made it clear why he wanted to set me straight about his antecedents. He said: "I am from Mecca, I am at the service of *any* Arabs who wish my help."

In other words, it is unwise to classify Abdullah as merely king of Jordan. That he happens at the present time to be ruler of Jordan is

merely an accident of history, a flaw in the Middle East picture which Abdullah feels impelled to remedy, if he can. He lets no one forget that he is a direct descendant of the Prophet Mohammed and son of Hussein, King of the Hedjaz and Protector of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina (until driven out by Ibn Saud in 1924). As such he believes it his duty to be solicitous of the complaints and complaints of Arabs anywhere, regardless of frontiers. In his eyes (and this goes for many wandering Bedouins too) nearly all of today's frontiers in the Middle East are artificial, of no more permanence than a line traced in wind-blown sand. The fact that the Arab lands newly liberated from the Turks should have been carved up by the Allies and in large part denied to the Hashimite royal blood, which had fought with and for the British, was a miscarriage of justice, Abdullah feels. The "Greater Syria" plan is simply his idea of what-should-have-been at the close of World War I.

Abdullah is a shrewd and astute man. He plays chess and evidently he thinks chess when playing politics. He is patient. He moves his pieces quietly into position, watches his opponent's moves, bides his time. Having built up his game he is capable of sudden aggressive moves, but to date he has never risked everything he had in a reckless gamble. Perhaps his restraint is due to British pressure, which is undeniable where Jordan is concerned. People have often speculated on what Abdullah might actually do if he were entirely on his own. Nobody seems to know for sure. My own impression is that Abdullah will never do anything rash, that he is not likely to embark on any adventure where the outcome is in doubt, that he will never burn all his bridges.

I suspect that Abdullah feels that he can be the Arabs' Man of Destiny, that it's worth the try, that he may pull it off if the British don't hamper him, if things work out right; in short, if Allah is with him. For these reasons, considered against the fluid state of things in the Middle East, Abdullah is a man to watch. He is a perplexing figure — certainly an interesting one.

Abdullah was born in 1882 in Mecca, capital of the Hedjaz and holiest of Moslem cities. His father, Hussein ibn Ali, was then Sherif of Mecca, a title denoting direct descendancy from the Prophet Mohammed through the Prophet's daughter, Fatima. Abdullah himself is supposed to be the Prophet's descendant in the 39th

generation, and his family is of Beni Hashim, whence the term Hashimite.

The Hedjaz was then part of the Ottoman empire. When Abdullah was eleven years old, Sultan Abdul Hamid summoned the Sherif Hussein to bring his family and household to Constantinople. The Sultan suspected Hussein of subversive thoughts and he distrusted Hussein's growing influence in the Hedjaz. So for more than fifteen years Hussein and his sons lived in Constantinople. They were treated as honored and respected guests, but they were under the Sultan's close surveillance and at no time were they permitted to return to Arabia. Abdullah obtained a Turkish education and a knowledge of the world which he otherwise might not have acquired. Eventually he entered Turkish politics and became a deputy in parliament.

The advent of the "Young Turks" was a turning point in the lives of the captive guests as well as in Turkish history. Hussein was re-proclaimed Sherif of Mecca over the objections of Sultan Abdul Hamid and allowed to return to the Hedjaz. As it turned out, the old Sultan's suspicions of Hussein were well founded. When World War I broke out Hussein secretly negotiated an alliance with Great Britain and plotted the Arab revolt of 1916, which was to help end four centuries of Ottoman rule over Arab lands.

Abdullah's fortunes are closely bound up with Britain's position in the Middle East. The partnership had its beginnings in February, 1914, before the outbreak of war. Sherif Hussein wanted independence for the Arabs. He was prepared to organize an Arab rebellion against the Turks. The British were up against the same enemy, Hussein argued, why not join forces, and achieve victory together? Negotiations dragged on for months. Finally an agreement was reached. Sherif Hussein was to proclaim an Arab revolt against the Turks, Britain was to supply arms and money, and pledged herself to recognize and uphold Arab independence when the war was won. The Arabian peninsula, excepting Aden, was to become independent. As for the region between Arabia and what is now Turkey's southern border, no clear-cut understanding was reached, and just what was and was not pledged is still a subject of controversy.

In June, 1916, the Arab revolt flared. The Sherif's first and second sons, Ali and Abdullah, together with the youngest, Zeid, began operations against the Turks in Arabia. Hussein's third son, Feisal, com-

manded the Arab forces which comprised the right wing of General Allenby's army pressing toward Jerusalem. As the war developed Feisal's forces took Aqaba, then Ma'an, and, together with the British, triumphantly entered Damascus. Homs fell to them, and Hama. In Arabia the isolated Turkish garrisons surrendered; at Aleppo the Turks made a last stand, then capitulated. The war was won.

Turkish rule over the Arabs was ended, but the Arabs were in for that long period of disillusionment that seems to beset so many newly liberated peoples. Arabia became independent and sovereign as agreed, but the region to the north came under Allied occupation. The Arabs became increasingly anxious and impatient as the months passed with no definite postwar settlement in sight. Finally, on March 8, 1920, an Arab congress, convened in Damascus, proclaimed Feisal King of independent Syria and Abdullah King of independent Iraq.

The Allies, however, had other ideas. The following month the San Remo conference partitioned Syria and Mesopotamia into mandates which were allotted to France and Britain. Syria and Lebanon came under French rule, Palestine and Iraq went to the British. Clashes occurred between the occupying French troops and Arabs; the French moved inland from the coast, occupied Damascus, and expelled Feisal. In Iraq large-scale anti-British disturbances developed.

Up to now Abdullah had remained in Arabia, engaged in fighting the forces of Abdel Aziz ibn Saud, a powerful tribal chieftain from the Nejd who challenged Hussein's self-proclamation as King of all Arabia. But now Abdullah showed up at Ma'an at the head of tribal forces, apparently bent on marching into French Syria to avenge the expulsion of his brother Feisal.

At this point Winston Churchill, then Colonial Secretary, stepped into the picture. He called a special conference in Cairo to try to straighten out the increasingly chaotic situation in the Middle East. It was decided to shift kingships around a bit in order to find a place to put Feisal, whom the French refused to tolerate. Feisal was offered the throne of Iraq but he refused it, saying that it belonged rightfully to his brother Abdullah. T. E. Lawrence (of Arabia) was then put to work to persuade Abdullah to let Feisal have Baghdad. At length Abdullah agreed, and Feisal was taken care of.

There remained Abdullah, who had to be restrained from marching on Damascus and clashing head on with the French. So the Cairo

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conference proceeded to carve out of southern Syria a territory specially for him. This is how Brigadier Glubb Pasha, chief architect of Jordan's Arab Legion, describes the creation of Abdullah's kingdom:

. . . The wild and unwanted territory east of the Jordan was out of hand and without a government. Negotiations were opened, and the Amir Abdullah was persuaded to accept the sovereignty of the unwanted territory. Transjordan was born. . . .*

Abdullah maintains that the British promised him Syria if he would agree to let Feisal have Iraq, which the Damascus congress had, after all, allotted to him, Abdullah, in the first place. What the British did do was to give him a piece of southern Syria, the Amirate of Kerak, today known as Jordan. They could not give him more, since the rest of Syria was under French mandate. Today the French are out of Syria and Lebanon altogether and Abdullah's hopes of getting the rest of what he considered his due after World War I are at a new high. This is the substance of the "Greater Syria" plan.

While Jordan was being created, in Mecca things were not going well with Abdullah's father, the aging Sherif Hussein. Ibn Saud and his fanatic Wahabi warriors were gaining the ascendancy in battle. By December, 1925, Ibn Saud became master of all Arabia and old Hussein fled to a life of exile on Cyprus. His great-grandson is Iraq's boy King, Feisal II.

In March, 1946, Britain relinquished the Transjordan mandate in exchange for a twenty-five-year treaty which grants Britain the right to maintain bases in the country. The Amir Abdullah became King and forthwith a source of worry and anxiety to his political opponents in the neighboring Arab countries.

Years ago Lawrence described Abdullah this way:

. . . Aged 35, but looks younger. Short and thick built, apparently as strong as a horse, with merry dark brown eyes, a round smooth face, full but short lips, straight nose, brown beard. In manner affectedly open and very charming, not standing at all on ceremony, but jesting with the tribesmen like one of their own sheikhs. On serious occasions

* *The Story of the Arab Legion*, by John Bagot Glubb. Copyright 1948 by Hodder & Stoughton, London.

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he judges his words carefully and shows himself a keen dialectician. . . . He is obviously working to establish the greatness of the family, and has large ideas, which no doubt include his own particular advancement. . . .

Even now Abdullah fits this thirty-two-year-old description well, except that his beard is gray and his eyes are pouchy when he is thoughtful, but his hands have strength; also with the years he has gained weight, and wisdom too.

Abdullah's reputation as a redoubtable chess player is well established and he has achieved renown in the Arab world as a poet. He likes a nicely turned phrase and delights in poetry-quoting contests which he will keep going hours on end. He possesses a lively sense of humor and is reputed to enjoy funny movies. It is said that love stories bore him. Perhaps. At any rate he married his cook. She is a Negress and the newest of his wives (the Koran allows a Moslem to have four wives at once, no more, but he can take on replacements and still stay within the quota simply by divorcing any one of his wives). Abdullah has two grown sons: the Amir Talal, who received some of his military education at Sandhurst, England; and the Amir Teif, who has served as an officer in the Arab Legion.

The first time I saw Abdullah he was whizzing by in a chauffeur-driven car preceded and followed by jeeps, each painted chocolate-brown and mounting a Bren gun and four Arab Legion soldiers. Instead of a front license plate the first jeep had a sign in English and Arabic, reading: "Halt! Royal Vehicle Approaching"; instead of a rear license plate a sign on the second jeep warned: "Do not overtake. Royal Vehicle Ahead."

I saw the King next at the Winter Palace at Shuneh, in the Jordan valley, where His Majesty graciously received Farnsworth Fowle (representing the Columbia Broadcasting System), Eric Bigio (of the London *Daily Express*), and myself. Abdullah is probably the most accessible monarch in the world. He tours his kingdom on camel back, horseback, or by car with the two jeeps, to maintain firsthand contact with his subjects. And he likes to see visiting newsmen, partly because it is a chance to pump outsiders about political situations abroad, partly because a newspaper interview gives Abdullah an opportunity to toss one of his political bombshells. For Abdullah is a political

prankster. He gets a kick out of making startling statements at odd times, often to see how his opponents react, or maybe just to keep them guessing.

For our interview with King Abdullah we first had to go to Amman to "clear" through the Prime Minister — simply a matter of courtesy, we were told. Then it rained and the scheduled interview was postponed till the following day because, stated a message from Shuneh, His Majesty had gone to see the waters of the Jordan rise. The next morning, however, the sky was clear and the Jordan where it belonged. The Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Abdel Moneim Rifai, an intelligent and cultured man, escorted us to Shuneh. He checked us past the Arab Legion guards outside the palace, which turned out to be a low, unpretentious building built of yellow brick.

We were ushered into a large room neatly furnished in the European manner. Most of the Winter Palace's furnishings, incidentally, come from a well-known Jewish decorator's on Princess Mary Avenue, in Jerusalem. Then King Abdullah entered the room in quick, short steps, unannounced. He greeted each one of us, then went to a chair against the wall and sat down. Everybody else sat down too. There was a sort of lull and general silence all around, then the coffee was brought in on a silver tray and poured out into little cups, about one swallow apiece, flavored with spice.

In this part of the world it is good manners to dillydally before getting down to business, but on this occasion the preliminary chit-chat was quite brief. Farnsworth Fowle, who speaks Turkish fluently, addressed the King in this tongue, mentioning that he, like His Majesty, had spent some years in Istanbul. Abdullah expressed interest and reeled off, as he remembered them, the names of villages on both sides of the Bosphorus. Then he reverted to Arabic and the interview got under way. But in reverse.

Since we had come from Palestine, Abdullah wanted to know how strong did we think the Jews were, and could the moderate elements in the Jewish community bring the terrorists under control if they wished? He was referring particularly to the Irgun Zvai Leumi, a Jewish extremist organization that claimed Transjordan as well as all Palestine for the Jewish state, as yet unborn. At this time the British had declared their intention of pulling out of Palestine altogether; the United Nations General Assembly was within four days of voting

for the Palestine partition plan, which was intended to divide the country into a Jewish state and an Arab state, with Jerusalem and Bethlehem internationalized. The Jews' defense organizations were still underground and their strength and armament a subject of wide and wild speculation. Haj Amin el Hussein, exiled Mufti of Jerusalem and wartime friend of Hitler, was already maneuvering to drive the Jews into the sea and take over Palestine as soon as the British cleared out. There was reason to believe, at that time, that Abdullah viewed with disfavor the Mufti's activities in Palestine, for they conflicted with the plans which he himself was formulating.

We asked him what he thought of the Mufti's activities. Abdullah remained silent. Then, speaking slowly and in the manner of a judge pronouncing sentence, he dropped his little bombshell. The Mufti, he said, would be checkmated.

This was a major piece of news at the time, for all Arabs were supposed to be united in common opposition to the creation of a Jewish state in Palestine, and their divergences buried, if not dead. But now it was clear that Abdullah intended to do the checkmating. As things developed Abdullah (with the help of the Jews) did checkmate the Mufti, and when, toward the end of the Arabs' war against Israel, the Mufti proclaimed an independent Arab state in Palestine with Gaza as the capital, Abdullah publicly denounced him. Abdullah's statement to us, however, was the first open intimation of his antagonism to the Mufti. It was enough of a surprise to cause Jamal el Hussein, the Mufti's representative in New York, to deny that there was any truth in my report of the interview.

Abdullah invited us to stay for lunch but Fowle had a scheduled broadcast in Jerusalem and we had only one car for the three of us, so we could not accept. If we had perhaps the King would have done by us what he did by Saud ibn Saud, son of Abdel Aziz, on a state visit to Amman in 1936 to bury the hatchet between the two houses. Glubb Pasha gives this description of the banquet which climaxed the historic occasion: "The *pièce de resistance* was a camel, roasted whole and served kneeling in the natural position on a huge tray. The camel was stuffed with sheep roasted whole, the sheep with chickens, and the chickens with hard-boiled eggs." *

* *Ibid.*

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Much of Abdullah's thinking is colored by considerations of family rights and family honor. He would be happy to rescue the Arabs of Palestine or Syria or Mecca but, it seemed to me, he had deliberately taken the style of a Hashimite king (indeed he officially renamed his country the Hashimite Kingdom of Jordan). Hence any combination that will promote the dignity of his children and grandchildren, not to mention his Iraqi grandnephew, Feisal II, will probably overrule the claims of Jordanians or Iraqis as such. This is a factor in Abdullah's own thinking which may affect his actions.

Another factor is Great Britain, to whom Abdullah owes his crown, his kingdom, and even his pride and joy, the Arab Legion. As kings go, Abdullah is a poor man. Jordan is four-fifths desert, and most of its 350,000 inhabitants (excluding the refugees from Palestine) are nomads. If there is oil it has not yet been tapped. The army depends on a yearly subsidy from Britain for its upkeep. (This year the subsidy was boosted to \$14,000,000, an increase of \$4,000,000 over 1948, which will presumably make the Arab Legion better prepared to meet whatever contingencies may confront Jordan's territorial expansion).

Then there is the twenty-year military alliance between Great Britain and Jordan. The treaty gives Britain bases in Jordan; at the same time it is a source of comfort to Abdullah in that it pledges Britain's aid in case of foreign aggression. But if Abdullah wants to go places, taking the Arab Legion along with him, his tie-up with Britain could cramp his style, although it didn't when he moved into Palestine.

In the case of Palestine Abdullah was obviously not too keen to go to war against Israel. He has nothing against Jews as such, and right up to the outbreak of open war between Israel and the Arab League States (of which Jordan was a member) he maintained contact with the Jewish leaders on the other side of the Jordan. It is no longer a secret that on May 12, 1948, two days before the outbreak of hostilities, Ezra Danin, Israeli-Arab expert, and Golda Myerson, later Israel's first minister to Moscow, secretly visited Abdullah in Amman. Danin was disguised as a Bedouin sheik and Mrs. Myerson as a heavily veiled Arab woman. The Arab Legion let them through under a personal escort of the King. On this occasion Abdullah confessed that

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he was not his own master, that he would have to make war, but that he would take in the refugees.

“It will be my redemption,” he told Danin.

For Abdullah is a God-fearing man.

VOICE OF ASIA: JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

By DON E. HUTH

DON HUTH, an AP correspondent, has done most of his foreign service in the Far East. He spent two years in India, where the highlights were generally stories of war or bloody riots. His nine-year-old son, Dennis, was one of the last Americans to converse with Gandhi before his assassination. Huth's chapter on Nehru is the fruit of long personal study and observation.

BEFORE the red sandstone gate to the Government Assembly Hall milled a crowd of dhoti-clad Indians. A chill in the New Delhi air sent shivers through them. Frequently they turned to bask their faces in the warmth of the January sun. Some stood in the dusty paths, their Cashmere shawls pulled over their shoulders or around their heads. Others squatted on the curb, resting their arms on their knees. A bidi wallah moved through the crowd selling his cigarettes and betel nuts wrapped in green leaves.

The waiting crowd centered its attention on the automobiles coming around the circle into the assembly hall compound. It peered inquisitively into each back seat. Staring eyes caught fleeting glimpses of a brilliant Burmese headdress, the loveliness of an Indian woman's sari, the impeccable Western dress of a Moslem.

The watchers remained silent while most of the vehicles passed. Suddenly a ripple of excitement coursed through the crowd. It started some distance down the street. Then the cheers in the distance became more audible. They were directed toward someone in an approaching car. Its progress was slowed because the spectators had surged into the street. As it passed, they shouted: "Panditji ki jail Panditji ki jail" (Hurrah for Panditji.) Policemen snapped to a salute as the car stopped under the main entrance portico.

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From the rear seat stepped a small, medium-built Hindu. A few bystanders respectfully applauded as the shy-appearing man acknowledged their greetings and hurried up the steps. There were more admirers grouped in the open courtyard. He returned their smiles and entered the walnut-paneled assembly chamber.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, first citizen and prime minister of India, has become accustomed to these receptions. They are typical of his welcome wherever he goes. On this occasion he had come to the assembly hall to greet the delegates to the first government-sponsored Asian conference. Nehru had summoned them to seek a solution to the strife between the Dutch Government and the Republicans of Indonesia.

The significance of this conference lay not in the resolutions adopted regarding the Indonesian case, but in the foundation it provided for the formation of an Asian bloc. It established Nehru in the role of potential leader of this force, which would represent more than half the world's population and one-third the present United Nations membership.

A new, dynamic Asia — growing in power, assertive of its rights and jealous of its freedom — is bursting from the prison stocks of Western imperialism. It is experiencing the throes of a revolutionary change certain to influence profoundly the course of world history. This teeming, ill-clad, underfed mass is becoming a potential third force in the current struggle between Communism and Democracy. It is being felt in the policy-making chambers of every world capital. From Washington, London and Moscow to the United Nations the muscle-flexing of these underdeveloped countries is being carefully watched. What Asia does tomorrow will affect not only its own future but that of the world.

A good case could be made for the statement that Asia's future now rests in the slim, expressive hands of Jawaharlal Nehru. The tremendous sway he already holds over the lives of 320,000,000 Indians, just beginning to learn the use of independence, places him among the outstanding political figures of our times. As chief sculptor of the rising Asian colossus, he can easily become one of the world's most influential makers of policy. Already his probing insight has won him attention on both sides of the Iron Curtain. He has the respect of his fellow Asians for his continual struggle against their

common problems of political weakness, economic instability and the effects of social exploitation. The efforts he has made toward Asian unity mark him as the man best suited to serve as spokesman for more than a billion persons. This 59-year-old statesman, who towers above the new leaders of a reborn Asia, deserves to be known as well as Truman or Stalin if the course of world events is to be understood.

The son of a Kashmiri Brahman, highest caste of India, Nehru was born November 14, 1889, at Allahabad in the United Provinces. His name is derived from "nahar" meaning canal. To the millions of Indians he is known as "Panditji." Pandit means "learned man" and the ji is a suffix roughly translated as "minister."

Nehru's father, Pandit Motilal Nehru, was a wealthy lawyer. He later became a prominent figure in the Indian National Congress Party, predominantly Hindu in structure and spearhead in India's struggle for independence.

Nehru lived a lonely childhood. He was eleven before the first of his two sisters was born. He acquired many of his father's characteristics. Motilal enjoyed a fight against odds. His volatile temper sometimes became violent, but a strong sense of humor and an iron will helped curb these outbursts.

Tutored in India by Englishmen, Nehru completed his education at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, England. He knew what every well-educated Englishman should know when he returned to India after seven years to enter the legal profession with his father. Nehru himself has indicated that law suffered no great loss when he turned to politics.

Nehru made a modest beginning in politics. He listened closely and read a great deal. He studied carefully political trends taking place in India and the world before and during World War I. Nehru made his first political speech about 1915 at Allahabad at a meeting protesting a new act allegedly muzzling the press.

Passage of the legislation designed to curb Indian rights and the massacre of Jallianwala Bagh in the Punjab by British-officered troops after World War I, left a deep impression on Nehru. The horror of scores of Indians being cut down by military gunfire in a street lane from which escape had been cut off, seared his memory. It stimulated his political activities against the British. But neither then nor

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later did he develop the hatred for the British which became so prevalent throughout the independence fight. He has always maintained that rare sense of balance so characteristic of many great men.

With his father, Nehru started a newspaper in Allahabad. Poor management by the Nehrus and their subordinates caused it to fail after a few years. During this period Nehru began to see more of Mahatma Gandhi. The little man in loin cloth, just returned from South Africa, began to make his influence felt in Indian politics. Gandhi frequently visited the Nehru home for conversations with Nehru's father. Nehru listened and his faith in Gandhi's political insight grew.

In the early stages of his political career Nehru lacked true understanding of the poverty-stricken, suffering, illiterate peasants whom Gandhi championed, though he was not totally ignorant of their misery. While Nehru felt the first aim of a politically free India was to meet this problem, he thought dominance by the middle class was inevitable. His outlook, he said, was "entirely bourgeois."

The Kisan (peasant) movement first interested Nehru and later influenced his outlook greatly. Of his travels through the primitive countryside in the scorching, blinding sun, Nehru has said:

Looking at them in their misery and overflowing gratitude, I was filled with shame and sorrow, shame at my own easy-going and comfortable life and our petty politics of the city, which ignored this vast multitude of semi-naked sons and daughters of India, sorrow at the degradation and overwhelming poverty of India. A new picture of India seemed to rise before me, naked, starving, crushed and utterly miserable. And their faith in us, casual visitors from a distant city, embarrassed me and filled me with a new responsibility that frightened me.*

This experience made Nehru a disciple of the peasant. His constant fight for the downtrodden won him the admiration of Gandhi. But Nehru, a man of action, found it difficult to reconcile his political beliefs with Gandhi's religious mysticism and political methods. Nehru respected religion but it was not a part of him. He felt the religious element in politics clouded the issues. He condoned Gandhi's

* *Toward Freedom*, by Jawaharlal Nehru, Copyright 1941 by John Day.

approach, however, because he felt it was understood by the masses and reached the heart of the people.

Thus, the agnostic Nehru, aflame with the spirit of direct action to gain complete political independence for India as quickly as possible, and the aesthetic Gandhi, moving in the realm of vagaries and mysticism, threw their lots together. It was a strange combination, but it remained steadfast throughout the long and bitter struggle for freedom. There arose cleavages of thought between the two, but there was no disruption in their common fight. It came as no surprise when Gandhi named Nehru his heir apparent.

Nehru rose rapidly in the Congress Party's inner circle. He first became general secretary of the party for several terms and then president. In the years between 1928 and 1947, during which Nehru helped to pilot the Congress Party, there was a succession of demonstrations, non-cooperation movements, passive resistance and riots against the British. Leaders of the party openly defied the government. A long succession of political imprisonments began. A man's greatest aid to success in Indian politics was to have served time in jail as a political prisoner. Nehru spent thirteen years of his life in confinement for his actions against the British. During these periods of imprisonment he wrote his two most popular books, his autobiography and *The Discovery of India*. Critics throughout the world marked him as a man of unusual literary ability.

In his fight for independence, Nehru remains faithful to his principle of complete freedom for India. His thinking clashed with the more moderate philosophy of his father. When the elder Nehru represented a group which temporarily succeeded in getting the Congress Party to accept a proposal for dominion status for India, Nehru opposed it but his opposition was halfhearted. Many times he questioned Gandhi's wisdom in meeting crises. Nehru, however, never failed to respect the political opinions of those who disagreed with him if he felt their reasoning did not divert India from its goal. It won him the admiration of even his most aggressive opponents.

India obtained freedom on August 15, 1947, after almost 150 years of British rule. Under the terms of independence, the country was split into the Indian Union, dominated by the Hindus, and Pakistan, the Moslem state fostered by Mohammed Ali Jinnah. This division intensified the communal bitterness between Hindus and Moslems.

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Simultaneously with independence came widespread riots between the two groups in the Punjab. It touched off one of the greatest migrations in world history. Hindus in Pakistan sought refuge in the Indian Union. Moslems in the Indian Union fled to Pakistan. Stories of wholesale murder were common. Disease brought death to thousands more.

Nehru's heart was heavy on the eventful day of independence in New Delhi as he took the cheers of hundreds of thousands of admirers. He was thinking of the crushing burden of problems that lay before him and India. The people, too, that day were seeing Nehru in a new light. They looked upon him now as the leader of their government instead of the champion of their struggle. Many wondered: Would Nehru be able to rule this free nation as well as he had fought for its independence?

The question should not have been difficult to answer. Many public officials try to construct an imaginary wall around themselves to protect their character, frailties and inner emotions. Nehru long ago cast aside this defense. His emotions are as well known as his political beliefs. He gives vent to his anger when his listeners push and crowd toward him. He becomes exasperated over delays. During the communal disturbances Nehru threatened, ridiculed, cajoled and reprimanded his listeners in the strongest terms. They listened, obeyed sometimes, but always came back for more.

Nehru plunged himself tirelessly into the task of restoring peace when the Punjab rioted. He visited distressed areas, pleading, urging, demanding that the people restore order. He was harder on the Hindus than the Moslems. Some resented it but none complained openly. Facing mobs without thought to his own safety, he literally drove the people home. He knocked their heads together and pushed them when they reacted too slowly to his words. Nehru said he would spare no one violating peace — and he meant it.

Rioting flamed in New Delhi shortly after independence day. Nehru took personal command of some police units. The knees of many policemen knocked together in fear on these occasions but they followed Nehru wherever he went. He stopped one mob in the act of violence and had as many arrested as the police could catch. He gave his own money to the family of a Moslem government employee

killed during the riots. Nehru drove to the man's home to console his family.

During Gandhi's last fast before his assassination, a group of Hindu radicals opposing Gandhi gathered at Birla House, home of a wealthy Hindu industrialist where Gandhi was staying. "Let Gandhi die," the mob shouted. Nehru emerged from the house, walked directly into the crowd and shouted angrily: "Kill me first." The mob scattered. The bravery of the man became more evident later when, during the trial of persons charged with Gandhi's murder, testimony revealed that Nehru also had been marked for assassination.

Nehru has no inhibitions about disclosing his innermost thoughts. He discusses at length in his autobiography his deep dislike for the pomp and ceremony accompanying his public appearances:

Public functions, addresses by municipalities and local boards and other public bodies, processions and the like used to be a great strain on my nerves and my sense of humor and dignity. The most extravagant and pompous language would be used, and everybody would look so solemn and pious that I felt an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh, or to stick out my tongue, or to stand on my head, just for the pleasure of shocking and watching the reactions on the faces at that august assembly!*

Public events are trying on Nehru. People gather by the tens of thousands to greet him wherever he goes. They throw flowers in his path, hang garlands on his neck, and even try to kiss his feet. Nehru rebels against this angrily, saying no Indian should have to kiss another man's feet.

First to criticize Indians for their mistakes, Nehru has been their staunchest defender. There are many who resent his criticisms and do not agree with his policies. However, their number is infinitesimal compared to the overwhelming millions who accept him, faults and all, for what he is and for what he has done for his country. Like Gandhi, Nehru has had many legends built around his life in his country, where lack of education gives rise to fantasy.

The simplicity of the Indian masses has given these stories an exceptional flavor. They have made him sound like something out of

* *Ibid.*

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the *Ramayana*, the Hindu national epic. Nehru honestly admits that there is a touch of egotism in his make-up which makes him enjoy some of the stories built around him. But many of the legends are untrue. Nehru denies he ever sent his clothes to Europe for laundering. And he much prefers airplanes to Gandhi's third class train rides.

Nehru is an automaton for work. The problems of India often keep him at his job eighteen to nineteen hours a day seven days a week. Nehru rises early, usually around 7 A.M. His day begins with a series of Yoga exercises which include standing on his head. He says he likes not only the physical but also the psychological effect it has on him because "the slightly comic position increased my good humor and made me a little more tolerant of life's vagaries."

Nehru seems actually to thrive on the crushing pace he sets for himself. Time and the heavy burden of problems he has carried have left few marks on his clear-cut Aryan features. He has the light skin typical of Kashmiris. His balding head is fringed by gray hair. But when he dons his white Congress Party cap, which resembles an American overseas cap, it gives him a youthful, rakish appearance. Many a woman's heart has fluttered when she has seen him pass by. His dark eyes are framed in the only deeply cut lines on his usually somber face. Those eyes are a study in themselves. A sadness constantly clings to them but when they light up in a smile they become infectious. There is a sensitiveness about Nehru's face that seems to reflect the slightest change in his inner emotions. His chin juts out quickly when he becomes angry and the fire flames like tinder in his eyes. There are times when his glance alone has a more cutting effect than any spoken word.

The East and the West have been woven deeply into the life of Nehru since his childhood. Nehru says it has left him partly Eastern, partly Western:

I often wonder if I represent anyone at all, and I am inclined to think that I do not, though many have kindly and friendly feelings towards me. I have become a queer mixture of the East and West, out of place everywhere, at home nowhere. Perhaps my thoughts and approach to life are more akin to what is called Western than Eastern, but India clings to me, as she does to all her children, in innumerable ways. . . . I cannot get rid of either . . . past inheritance or of my recent

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acquisitions. They are both part of me and, though they help me in both East and West, they also create in me a feeling of spiritual loneliness not only in public activities but in life itself. I am a stranger and alien in the West. I cannot be of it. But in my own country also, sometimes, I have an exile's feeling.*

These early influences loom greater as Nehru charts his country's future course. Politically Nehru is a socialist and his government generally moves in that path, despite criticisms to the contrary. In his youth, Nehru showed a great interest in the rise of Russian Communism. He admired the progress Communism had made in Russia. There were many Communist principles of government he supported. Nehru felt then that an independent India should have the same type of relationship with Russia as with the United States or its neighbor, China.

His general feelings toward Communism, however, have not prevented him from taking drastic actions against Communists in India. When a wave of Communist-sponsored strikes and unrest rocked India in 1948 and 1949, he took stringent steps to curtail Red activities. Arrests and imprisonments of Communists were widespread. Nehru openly accused the Communists of attempting to overthrow the Indian Government. The Kremlin did not let these developments go unnoticed or unanswered. Russia accused Nehru's government of being "reactionary." It said the anti-Communist campaign in India was instigated because of American pressure. The Soviet press carried frequent articles on India dealing mainly with what was described as Nehru's anti-Communist campaign.

Nehru desires for all Asia the same protection against outside pressure as he does for India itself. He believes that Asia long has been a neglected and overlooked section of the world, but a recent "political upsurge has stirred her from her static state." "It is absolutely necessary for Asia's billion people to increase their productive capacity," says Nehru. He welcomes assistance for Asia from "better placed ones," but says they must remember "the axiom that no visible or semi-visible economic domination is to be permitted by one over another."

* *Ibid.*

India today, while confronted with tremendous social and economic problems, is the most powerful of all Asian nations. Its vast population, untapped resources, great ports and industrial capabilities are slowly being developed. Because its economic, political, social and industrial policies are moving ahead faster than those in other Asian states, they may set the pattern for all nations in that continent. These considerations have given rise to the belief of many that India will replace Japan as the leader of Asia. In his *Discovery of India* Nehru refers to the past glories of India, when Indian culture, art and religion spread throughout Southeast Asia. Indian civilization took root in many of these countries from China to the East Indies. The cycle may be repeated, since strong ties between these countries and India still remain.

The Asian states have always found a consistent champion in Nehru. While still fighting the battle for independence in his own country, Nehru watched political developments throughout Asia carefully, and consistently expressed himself as a strong supporter of Asian unity. As the outstanding spokesman of this cause, Nehru is to Asia what Ghandi was to the Indian peasant. Nehru said he was not for aggression against the West, but for the freedom of every country in the Far East. Indonesia, Nationalist China, the Viet-Nam of French Indo-China, Burma, Malaya and the Philippines regard him as one of the strongest spokesmen against colonialism.

This intense interest in bringing freedom and unity to Asia led Nehru to take the first step toward this goal. As president of the Indian Council of World Affairs, Nehru called an Asian conference which met in New Delhi in March, 1947. Its purpose was to weld Asia and neighboring areas into an integrated social, cultural and economic group. Delegates from two dozen countries were present.

The conference, unlike the one to be called later, was nonpolitical. It came, however, at a time when Asians were clamoring for the end of colonial domination. Conversations and discussions on this subject outside the conference hall overshadowed all the speeches made by delegates at the regular sessions. In his address to the conference Nehru expressed the hope for an inter-Asian policy that would be "against nobody." But he emphasized that the countries of Asia could no longer be used as pawns of other nations. This first meeting of

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Asians, with Nehru prominently in the foreground, sowed the seeds of Asian unity.

In the following two years the tempo of political and economic turmoil throughout the Far East increased as the seeds of Asian unity began to sprout. India gained its independence from Britain. It became involved with Pakistan in a gigantic communal problem, and the two countries fought a war for control of the princely state of Kashmir and Jammu. India used armed force against another princely state, powerful and isolated Hyderabad, when it would not accede to the Indian Union. Burma became a free nation to the accompaniment of assassinations, economic collapse and civil war. The Indonesian republicans and the Dutch remained locked in combat punctuated by brief periods of armed truce, while a United Nations commission unsuccessfully tried to effect a settlement. Bitter fighting widened the chasm between the French and Viet-Nam in Indo-China. The Asian Communists met in Calcutta to map a campaign for seizing power. The repercussions of this 1948 meeting were felt in Burma, Indonesia, Malaya and India. Siam seethed with internal political strife and a king died an unexplained death. The tentacles of Communism enveloped more of China, putting the Nationalist Government on the brink of collapse.

Nehru watched these developments as he grappled with his own country's problems. They crystallized for him the need of Asian unity not only to free those nations still ruled by the West but as an aid in establishing political and economic stability in Asia. Continued unrest made it impossible to cope on a broad scale with the more important problem of too many people with too little food.

In December, 1948, while the flame of revolt smoldered and flared throughout Asia, the Dutch renewed their "police action" against the Indonesian republicans. Nehru acted quickly. Under the provisions of the United Nations charter, he invited the Asian nations for a conference in New Delhi to discuss the Indonesian case. Nineteen nations responded with official delegates or observers.

Speakers at the conference generally adhered to the main theme of Indonesia. However, they did not fail to emphasize the need for a regional organization. General Carlos P. Romulo, Philippines ambassador to the United Nations, put it bluntly. He said after the ses-

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sions that "the foundation was laid for the establishment of a regional association should the states decide upon it after further consultations."

Many delegates felt an Asian bloc would strengthen the hand of the nations still fighting for independence. It would assist in settling internal conflicts. It would help initiate a collective scheme for the disposition of raw materials on the world market from these important sources of supply. It would give these nations a commanding voice in the operations of the United Nations. It would facilitate the exchange of economic, technical and political information to the betterment of all members. It would promote educational programs sorely needed in their countries, where illiteracy is the highest in the world. It would strengthen the economy of every member.

Because Nehru had been such an outspoken opponent of colonialism and champion of the Asian nations, a large group looked to him for the tested leadership they need. They realized that Asia was a potential third force in world politics, midway between left and right. They knew it would take a strong man like Nehru to prevent being forced into either camp at the expense of losing what they had fought so hard to attain. They recalled that Nehru had been a strong opponent of world power politics that would put a halter around the necks of such newly free nations as India.

Nehru spoke to attentive delegates, with a full realization of this situation, the day he welcomed the Asian conference to New Delhi to consider the Indonesian problem. And in his speech he referred to the need of an Asian organization to represent what he described as "half the circumference of the globe and the greater part of its population."

"We need it today," Nehru said, "because the freedom of a sister country has been imperiled. The dying colonialism of a past age has raised its head again and challenged all the forces that are struggling to build up a new structure in the world.

"That challenge has a deeper significance than might appear on the surface, for it is a challenge to a newly awakened Asia which has so long suffered under various forms of colonialism. . . .

"The United Nations organization, a symbol of the one world that has become the ideal of men of thought and goodwill, has been flouted and its expressed will set at naught. If this challenge is not met

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effectively, then indeed the consequences will effect not merely Indonesia, but Asia and the entire world.

“Asia no longer will brook any interference with her freedom.”

CHINA'S RED NAPOLEON: MAO TSE-TUNG

By GEORGE MOORAD

THE LATE GEORGE MOORAD, an Oregonian of cherished memory, first gravitated into China during the Shanghai Incident of 1932 and stayed on as newspaperman for five years. In World War II he covered many fronts for CBS, girdling the globe for his broadcasts and serving as correspondent in Moscow. He was one of the small band of correspondents who entered Soviet-occupied Manchuria in 1946, an experience which convinced him that China's immediate future was not bright. It is described at greater length in his last book, *Lost Peace in China*.

IN 1929, a touring delegation from the League of Nations made the remarkable discovery that a Soviet state existed in the very heart of China. "It is unique!" they exclaimed. "A tiny state within a state."

Today the existence of the Chinese Communists is reasonably well known. As the Red tide rolls across the shambles of the white man's policy in Asia, their bulky leader, Mao Tse-tung, has become almost the only recognizable landmark on a scene of chaos and confusion. Whatever else he may eventually become depends largely on the turning of world power. Yet Mao, as he wrote to the *Cominform Magazine* in Bucharest, November, 1948, is supremely confident of the result:

The world revolutionary united front headed by the Soviet Union has defeated Fascist Germany, Italy and Japan. After the victory of the second world war, American imperialism and its running dogs in various countries replaced Fascist Germany, Italy and Japan, and are frenziedly preparing for a new world war. They reflect the extreme rottenness of the capitalist world and its panic in the face of impending extinction.

Here speaks the same man who, a few short months ago, was glowingly described to Americans as a *different* kind of Communist, an agrarian reformer at worst, and at best an Oriental Lincoln come to free the feudalistic Chinese masses. And, not incidentally, it is the same man who in August, 1945 — almost the instant that the Pacific

war ended — teamed up with Jacques Duclos of France to condemn and unseat Earl Browder from the American Communist Party for his policy of wartime cooperation with the capitalist nations.

Can the West do business with this man? Admittedly there is no shred of evidence to show that Chinese Communists under Mao Tse-tung are any less ruthless or any less devoted to world revolution than their masters. Slavishly through the years the written words of Mao Tse-tung have followed and in some cases have predicted the tortuous twists of Kremlin policy. Mao's "New Democracy" of early 1940 — a masterpiece of cynicism — is proclaimed by Marxist students as the most important document since Lenin conceived the principle of the "dictatorship of the proletariat." Lenin clung to the classic two-revolutions theory: the first to liquidate the ruling classes and substitute the liberals, and the second to erase the liberals and seat the proletarian dictators. Mao's contribution is a blueprint of the manner in which, by trickery and seduction, the two operations can be blended into one continuous process. The hope, if any, must spring from the essential facts and needs of China, and the perhaps wishful expectation that the roughshod Russians — as they did in 1926 — will again alienate the pride and dignity of their Chinese allies.

What slim hope for the West remains, then, can hardly be based upon Mao's lack of faith in Communism or his lack of stature in the Soviet constellation. The Russo-Chinese combine has won a hands-down decision on the battlefield, but can it also stand the strain of victory and the mighty problems of consolidation? Largely upon this enigma — and the fundamental character of Mao Tse-tung — the fate of Asia hangs.

In appearance, as in character, Mao Tse-tung is many things to many people. To Agnes Smedley he was a "tall forbidding . . . lumbering figure, with high-pitched voice and long hands sensitive as a woman's." Standing five feet eight, weighing 200 pounds or more, he seemed to me like a well-padded shopkeeper, his pleasant moon-face topped by a high forehead and thick black hair worn *en brosse*. He has a habit of staring silently down his nose, which his compatriots remark as a sign of intense mental concentration.

In contrast to the ramrod dapperness of Chiang Kai-shek, Mao is a slouching, sloppy figure, who seems to delight in wearing the plainest and most disreputable uniform he can find. He chain-smokes

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with a noisy insucking of breath, meanwhile expertly cracking water-melon seeds between his teeth and spitting out the husks upon the floor. He came to the peace conferences in Chungking in 1945 dressed in a wrinkled long gown of blue coolie cloth, wearing no single evidence of rank.

He edged always into the background in formal appearances with Chiang and the colorful American Ambassador, Patrick Hurley, declining to be photographed with the others at a reception at the Soviet Embassy. Mao gave the appearance of a man half frightened, half uncomfortable and awed at the dubious luxuries of Chungking. Among other things, he later furiously complained that Chiang had treated him "like a peasant."

A peasant Mao is — the only Cominform executive who is a peasant by birth, by conviction and by lifelong habits — and this may point the story of the future. His attachment to the earth is firm but not entirely sentimental, for, as he has observed: "Any schoolboy knows that over 80 per cent of the Chinese population consists of peasants. Therefore, the peasant problem becomes the fundamental problem of the Chinese revolution, and the peasantry becomes the main force of the revolution."

Mao was born in 1893 in Shao Shan village, Hunan province. He was the eldest son of a middle-class farmer, who tilled his own rice paddy and was rich enough to employ a helper and give his family enough to eat. Young Mao's first revolt against the ruling classes was not inspired by pity for the less fortunate, but apparently by hatred of his father, who once denounced the teen-age boy in front of guests as lazy and useless. With his father in hot pursuit, young Mao raced from the house and threatened to jump into a pond. Demands and counter-demands were made. "My father insisted that I apologize and kow-tow," said Mao. "I agreed to give a one-knee kow-tow if he would promise not to beat me. Thus the civil war ended. . . . I learned that when I defended my rights, my father relented, but when I remained meek and submissive, he only cursed and beat me the more." *

* The details of Mao's early life were taken from Edgar Snow's *Red Star Over China*. Mr. Snow was the first foreigner to penetrate the Chinese Communist state in 1937, and the story that Mao Tse-tung gave him in their long discussions is virtually the only source material published.

Mao's hard-working family, however, subsidized his curiously dilettante education. He came to Changsha, the capital of Hunan, as a student in 1910, in the last days of the expiring Manchu dynasty. It was the climax — or so it seemed — of the period that the Chinese call their "national shame." In the middle nineteenth century imperialists of the West had fastened upon China, peddling opium, seizing treaty ports and spheres of influence until the raids were stabilized by John Hay's notes on the Open Door in 1899. Defeated even by the despised Japanese in 1895, the Chinese flung themselves into the pathetic Boxer Rebellion, which proved to be the death knell of the monarchy. Hopelessly, China entered the long night of revolt and civil war that has continued to this day.

Some patriots like Sun Yat-sen turned to the United States for guidance. Some like Chiang Kai-shek sought education in Japan, and others eventually turned, like Mao Tse-tung, to the bright promises of Communism. Mao arrived there by a wandering process of elimination: police school, soapmaking school, law school, normal school and self-education from the books of Adam Smith, Darwin, John Stuart Mill and Rousseau. Finally graduating from the normal school in 1918, Mao then traveled between Changsha, Shanghai and Peking, doing the only jobs he has ever held, as a writer and librarian and collecting around him a nucleus of student agitators who later were to have profound effect upon the destinies of China. He joined study groups, a secret brotherhood, a physical culture band, all vaguely liberal and pro-democratic. In those days, he said, he believed in the Open Door and the Monroe Doctrine. But in 1920 he watched police prevent some demonstrators from raising the Red Flag on the third anniversary of the Russian October Revolution, and he thoughtfully decided that only mass political power and mass action could achieve the things he wanted. That winter he organized workers politically for the first time, and read the *Communist Manifesto*. It was the end of Mao Tse-tung's long mental struggle; it was the beginning of his great political crusade.

Mao attended the foundation meeting of the Chinese Communist Party in Shanghai in 1921, and about the same time Chinese students in France, Germany, Moscow and Japan formed branch parties. Most of the original Shanghai group were killed or recanted somewhere along the line, but members of the foreign fragments mostly escaped

the White purge of 1927 and now are leaders in the Chinese Politburo. Chu Teh, commander of the Eighth Route Army, was a member of the German party, while the smooth Premier Chou En-lai and Li Li-san, now political commissar for Manchuria, signed up in France.

For several years the Chinese Communists followed standard operations: organizing trade unions, concentrating mainly on students and industrial workers in the coastal cities. Mao discovered the class struggle among peasants, and was busily inciting them against the landlords of Hunan when the Russians made their first ill-starred alliance with the Kuomintang in 1923. The Russians had offered to help old Dr. Sun Yat-sen in his battle against the northern warlord government, and the Soviet agents Michael Borodin, Marshal Vasili Bleucher, and a weird ragtag of Comintern enthusiasts from all over the world descended upon China. In the vanguard of the Chinese Communists, Mao Tse-tung worked as a propagandist and coordinator between Communists and Kuomintang. Chiang Kai-shek, trained in Moscow, was the military commander. Mao was urging a new party line to place the emphasis upon peasant organization instead of city agitations, when Chiang launched his Rightist purge in early April, 1927, and drove the Russians and their followers out of China.

Chiang had smelled out the Russian plot to seize control. In fact, he could hardly miss it, when Stalin declared to the Communist Academy in Moscow on April 5, 1927:

"Chiang Kai-shek is submitting to discipline. . . .

"The peasant needs an old worn-out jade as long as she is necessary. He does not drive her away. So it is with us. . . . So they [the Kuomintang rightists] have to be utilized to the end, squeezed out like a lemon, and then flung away."

Chiang's bloody purge of 1927, financed by Chinese capitalists, was a staggering defeat for Russia, and but for Mao Tse-tung's fanatic stubbornness it probably would have been the end of Chinese Communism. There was a period of wild chaos — not unlike the scattering of the Nationalists, in 1949 — while the abandoned Chinese Communist leaders fought among themselves over what to do. Li Li-san, the boy orator, whose urban strikers had been bloodily dispersed in Shanghai, still had grandiose visions of seizing Hankow or Changsha. Mao sternly talked him down and led a band of about

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a thousand faithful to a bandit hideout on the Chinkanshan in Kiangsi, where he was joined by the military strategists Chu Teh, Ho Lung, Nieh Jung-chen, and Lin Piao. They fought and fled and patiently waited for the second coming of the Reds.

Mao blamed the loss of the first revolution upon the Russian agent, Borodin, Li Li-san and the famous scholar Professor Chen Tu-hsui, who was read out of the party as a "running dog of the bourgeoisie," while his two sons were captured and executed. As master of discipline in the struggling party, Mao never scrupled to use the ax. In one year he liquidated 4,300 wavering comrades.

Today the schools of Li and Mao are united in their military victory but still separated by a gulf of twenty crucial years. When his city revolutions miserably failed, Li Li-san was ordered to Moscow for corrective training, married a Russian woman, edged near to the throne of Stalin, and returned to China with the Russian troops in 1945. Mao never left his native land.

Mao's home-grown Communists are justifiably proud of their amazing battle for existence. Five times in the years between 1927 and 1933, Chiang Kai-shek mobilized enormous armies and tried to root out the Communist cancer in his country. Each time he failed, partly because of the skill and discipline of Chu Teh's guerrilla warriors, but perhaps more because Mao had learned the technique of peasant organization. It is pointless to pretend that the Chinese Reds did not live off the land in classic Chinese military fashion, but they had the distinction of living like peasants and not as mercenaries, helping the farmers with their crops, never forgetting their close attachment to the soil. Mao drummed his slogan into them: "Everybody work with hands." He tended his own tobacco patch, picked up dung in a little basket to fertilize the fields, talked with the farmers and lived as plainly as anyone of them. This remains his creed and strength in a sprawling land where industry has scarcely penetrated beyond the coastal cities and the river ports.

Of course there was some financial support from outside, the main contributions coming from sympathizers in Los Angeles. In the 1930's the purchasing power of the American dollar was enormous, and like the villages in South China that lived on funds from relatives in the United States, so were the isolated rebels sustained by the Hollywood donors. When the united front against Japan was formed, the Nation-

alist Government paid the Communist Eighth Route Army troops, and more contributions from America flowed in — among them being an ambulance donated by the American-Chinese Hand Laundry Association. In Yen-an, Mao used this as his official limousine.

In 1933, however, Chiang took a page from Mao's book. He sent well-disciplined, politically indoctrinated troops in a wide enveloping movement against the Kiangsi Soviet. General Hans von Seeckt, the famous German strategist, advised the Nationalist armies to build block-houses and strong points on each advance, slowly closing the noose. At this point, Mao's band of 80,000 men, women and children began the famous Long March that was to take them 6,000 miles in just over a year, crossing twelve provinces, eighteen mountain ranges, twenty-four rivers, including the formidable Yangtze, until they reached the cave city of Yen-an in Shensi province — Yen-an, which ironically means "Enduring Peace."

Except for a few weeks due to illness, the sturdy Mao made the entire journey on foot. Only a quarter of the original band reached safety. The rest, including Mao's five young children by his third wife, fell or were abandoned on the way. Mao's children were left with peasants and have never been heard of since. Soon afterward Mao and the third wife, a schoolteacher named Ho Tse-chun, were separated, and Ho went to Moscow for solace, taking with her Mao's eldest son by his second marriage. The son, Mao Yung-fo, now 27, returned to Yen-an from Russia in 1946, to find his father married for the fourth time to a former Shanghai movie star and begetting his third family.

There is no way of assessing what toll the Communist-Kuomintang civil war has taken from the country in almost a quarter century, but some slight idea may be gained by considering the melancholy effects of the short-lived American civil war. From 1928 until 1936 more than half the Chinese Nationalist budget was devoted to warring on the Reds, and then attention was diverted to the crushing Japanese attacks. From 1937 until 1943 there was an uneasy alliance between the two blood enemies to form a common front against the Japanese, but from the moment of the Russian victory at Stalingrad, the Chinese Communists paid increasingly less attention to fighting the Japanese and put increasingly more effort into husbanding their strength and infiltrating strategic areas of North China and the coast.

Here they were conveniently situated to make a union with the Russian army, when it poured into Manchuria a week before V-J Day.

Unquestionably the most somber blot upon Mao's record — as General Marshall noted in his report — was the frightful campaign of destruction that the Chinese Communists waged in North China upon transportation, industry and even villages; anything to disrupt the Nationalist government and seize the land. The death toll among peasants and poor Chinese was and still is, incalculable. Mao's scorched-earth policy in North China at least approximates in human sacrifice Stalin's collectivization of the Ukraine.

Mao is also credited with the following outline of Communist strategy in the war against Japan: "The war between China and Japan is an excellent opportunity for the development of our party. Our determined policy is 70 per cent self-development, 20 per cent compromise, and 10 percent fight the Japanese. . . ."

This quotation from allegedly secret orders remains to be authenticated. But he does refer in his *New Democracy* — during the period of the Stalin-Hitler friendship — to the "second imperialist war [in which] the struggle between the socialist and imperialist countries is becoming sharper and sharper. It becomes absolutely necessary that China make her choice between the two camps. If China were now to choose the path of alliance with imperialism instead of the path of alliance with the Soviet, the very word 'revolutionary' will have to be cancelled. . . . To be neutral is to do nothing but to cheat oneself."

Until the closing stages of World War II, great stress was laid both in Moscow and Yen'an upon their lack of connection, or even their active dislike for each other. Molotov in the spring of 1945 scornfully called the Chinese "milk-and-water revolutionaries," and Chou En-lai, who headed the Communist wartime mission in Chungking, continually stressed to American reporters the ideological but not the practical bonds between Yen'an and the Kremlin. In an interview with Harrison Forman in 1944, Mao solemnly compared himself to Lincoln freeing the slaves, and flatly denied the ideas of collectivism, the one-party dictatorship, or restriction of foreign investments. "You've seen enough," he said, "to know that we are no longer Communists in the Soviet Russian sense of the word."

It is conceivable, some observers would undoubtedly argue, that

under other circumstances the Chinese Communists might have been weaned or torn from their Russian masters. The handsome, personable Chou En-lai, a great favorite with the Americans in Chungking, even impressed officials close to Chiang Kai-shek with his sincerity. Chou's dream was to visit the United States, and a member of his entourage once hinted that the reason Mao Tse-tung has never sought to visit Russia is the fear that he might be imprisoned there. This may have been part of the campaign of kidding the Americans, but it is also true that Mao — alone among the bigwigs of the Cominform — has never been inside the Soviet Union.

However, the Yalta agreement that sent the Russian armies careering into Mongolia, Manchuria and North Korea, left the Chinese Communists no practical alternative but to form a common border with the Russians and to accept whatever help was offered. While the Russians — in direct contravention of their treaty, which promised that "moral and material aid will be given solely to the National Government of China" — prevented Nationalist troops from entering Manchuria, at the same time they allowed the Chinese Communist legions under Lin Piao to enter, to be armed from great Japanese stock piles, reorganized with Korean and puppet reinforcements, and then directed on their campaigns into China proper.

It was Mao Tse-tung and his veterans of the Long March who had built up the Chinese Communists from a straggling band of perhaps 50,000 guerrillas in 1937 to an army corps of more than a million by V-J Day. But with the Russian ascendancy in Manchuria, the spotlight switched to Li Li-san and the "home-office" delegates, who took their orders from Soviet Marshal Malinvosky. Li became top dog in this most fertile and strategic area of China, and last summer in Harbin, at a conference of Asiatic Communists, Political Commissar Li warned: "Some of our comrades in Asia have been in error. . . . We must avoid at all costs the spread of Nationalist Communism in Asia. We cannot tolerate a Tito. . . ."

Whether Li referred to Mao's indigenous revolutionaries is debatable, but their historic difference and their long separation make it worth considering. Furthermore, the conduct of the Russians toward the Chinese — at least in my observation — was not brotherly. The Red army in Manchuria swaggered about like medieval freebooters, looting and cuffing Chinese about, denying them passage on

first-class trains and generally behaving like a chosen people. They made no secret of their contempt for Chinese inefficiency, and at one reception where a Chinese Communist was fatuously extolling the virtues of the Russians, General Kovtun Stankevich rudely told him to shut up and called for more drinks and music.

A man who has jostled with the shifting tides of power politics as Mao Tse-tung has can have few illusions about Stalin's type of conquest. In the past quarter century he has seen countless leaders of the Comintern, and occasionally whole political parties, sacrificed for the selfish benefit of Mother Russia. Mao himself has repeatedly been the victim. From 1937 to 1939, Stalin sent war supplies to Chiang Kai-shek but nothing to Yen-an. In 1937, the Russian leader proposed to Chiang that he would disavow the Chinese Reds and assist in extirpating them, if Chiang would promise to make no alliance against Russia. Of course, the value of Stalin's promises must have been as well known to the Chinese Communists as they were to Chiang Kai-shek, for the practice of continual double-dealing has its disadvantages as well as its rewards.

Mao's veterans, at least, were bitterly unhappy about the Russian stripping and scorching of Manchuria after V-J Day, for they had calculated on using the great Japanese industrial plant to outrival other nations of the East, and it was probably thin consolation that the Soviets transplanted about two million tons of valuable machinery to their own factories in Siberia. When I visited Mao's provisional capital of Kalgan in the spring of 1946, his colleagues were quite unable to disguise their disappointment. They had been treated badly by the Russians all along the line. After V-J Day, the Chinese Reds occupied Kalgan for several weeks, and were promptly chased out by Soviet and Mongol forces. Only in November were the Chinese allowed to return, to find that the big arsenal and many Japanese factories had been looted of machinery or wantonly destroyed, and the economy and trade of Kalgan was paralyzed by a Russian blockade of Mongolia.

I asked General Nieh Jung-chen, a veteran of the Long March, a series of questions about what the Russians had been doing to Manchuria, and he professed to know nothing about it. Finally he said it seemed to him that if the Russians had completed their defeat of Japan, they should leave Manchuria. But what about their seizure of

the great ports of Dairen and Port Arthur? I asked. He shrugged and said that was one of the conditions for defeating Japan. Suppose America had placed the same conditions around the port of Shanghai, for example? General Nieh saw the point and laughed, but not very heartily.

When observers point to the vast difference between the Russian and Chinese Communists, they are fundamentally right. The Chinese of Mao Tse-tung's rustic cadres are practicing revolutionaries, still close to the earth and the problems of their land. Above all, they are Chinese who have had little or no contact with the intricacies of mechanized civilization. The Russian high command, on the contrary, is long since frozen into the bureaucratic mold, fat and cynical, with a viewpoint that is brutally imperialistic.

Until the crossing of the Yangtze River in the spring of 1949, the Russians, by practical possession of Manchuria and their control of arms supplies, were in the driver's seat. But as the Red tide advances into South and Central China and the Nationalist opposition melts away, a set of new conditions comes into play. Unless Stalin is prepared to involve himself in the vastnesses of China, he must settle eventually upon decisions hammered out by the Chinese Communists. Remembering one experience where Russian agents and flannel-mouthed agitators of the Comintern so badly botched the job, Stalin may be inclined to move with caution and give reasonable "face" and rein to Mao Tse-tung. Actually, the physical conditions that made Tito's breakaway in Yugoslavia possible will soon be duplicated in China. There is no help for it; short of a military occupation, Stalin must run that risk.

For the West, the future seems to lie chiefly between degrees of evil. If Stalin is able to persuade the Chinese Communists to forget their own position and overrun the rest of Asia, Indonesia and the Philippines, it would come quickly to the choice between World War III and the collapse of capitalism. The loss of Western trade and investment in China is relatively unimportant, but it is doubtful if capitalism — particularly the colonial powers of Western Europe — could long endure the loss of tin, rubber and other wealth-producing assets of Southeastern Asia. At some point it would inevitably come to war.

Perhaps Mao's confidence in Russian strength will stand the blood

test. Perhaps the prospect of the Western World in ruins and Russia towering supreme will rise above Mao's national aspirations. Or maybe not. It is a large decision for a peasant so lately from the loess caves of Yenan.

If Mao Tse-tung, in a spirit of blindly selfish nationalism — to speak in Moscow dialect — should prefer to feed his tired, starving people and thereby consolidate his own position, he can expect no help from a Russia unable properly to sustain her own. He will be faced then with the same tremendous problems on which the Nationalist Government foundered, but without the friendly assistance of Britain and America, who for the past half century have put much more into China than is generally appreciated. Quite aside from the financial balance, which is weighted heavily in the Chinese favor, the greatest benefits came from missionaries and from returning Chinese students, trained in the West to bring medicine, technology and education to their lagging nation. These contributions probably seemed small in the light of the enormous need, but what China would be like without them the Communists must faintly realize already.

The swirling dusts of Asia contain many possibilities, not least among them being that the Russo-Chinese allies may temporarily appease the West, seeking supplies and money to stave off economic collapse during the period of military mastication. There are signs that Mao is already leaning in that direction. At least the outrages and massacres of priests and missionaries seem to have diminished since early 1948, although there is no clear indication it will be possible for them to continue their fine work in hospitals and colleges. Mao is not yet committed (June, 1949) to confiscation of foreign industry and investments, and the immovable sum in Shanghai alone is so large that it would require little urging to persuade the British and American owners that they can do business with the Communists. A good many foreigners in China, who appear to evaluate the Communists just as carelessly as they did the Japanese, are convinced that the change-over will be a fine thing for trade. These ruddy optimists might blend nicely, for the time being, into Mao Tse-tung's conception of the "New Democracy."

Another possibility is that the Communists, despite the refined ruthlessness of their techniques, simply do not have the organization to crush the whole of China, particularly the remote, traditionally-

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warlord areas of Szechwan, Kweichow and Kwangsi. The Kwangsi bosses — Generals Pai Chung-hsi and Li Tsung-jen, who became acting President of the Nationalist Government — were always able to defy the authority of Chiang Kai-shek, and for months they have been withdrawing their crack armies from the defense of Central China to their own provinces. And on the island stronghold of Formosa, still holding the Government treasure, the navy and substantial armies, is the historic figure of Chiang Kai-shek. While he remains alive, almost anything can happen.

Until and if the dust settles, the only certain element is that the United States, and no less the Russians, are dealing with China and with Mao Tse-tung, a Chinese leader who accurately represents his nation's weaknesses and also its surprising strengths.

SAGE FROM THE SOUTH: JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS

By JOHN BARKHAM

JOHN BARKHAM is South African born, and has been a staff writer for both Time magazine and the New York Times. Now resident in the United States, he divides his time between lecturing, book reviewing and magazine writing. His study of Smuts is based on a personal acquaintance extending back twenty years. Indeed, it was to Barkham that Smuts in December 1943, after the Teheran Conference, broke the columnists' classic which Churchill had told him about Stalin: "The Pope — how many divisions has he?"

ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON in December of 1948, Field Marshal Jan Christian Smuts stood beside an open grave in a Pretoria cemetery. A breeze ruffled his sparse white hair. Friends nodded or whispered respectfully: "*Dag, Generaal.*" But the old man said nothing, his ice-blue eyes fixed on the grave.

For it was the grave not only of a friend but of his hopes. With Jan Hendrik Hofmeyr had died the most sheerly brilliant mind the South African nation had yet produced — and the chosen political heir of the old man who, more than any other, had shaped the history of that nation.

The unexpected death of Hofmeyr, on whom Smuts had come to lean more and more in domestic affairs, was the second crushing blow in a year of disaster. Six months before, the country had turned him out of office. Although the Union had scraped into World War II by a mere 80-67 Parliamentary majority, Smuts had steered it through the war years with such a supple combination of velvet glove and iron fist that even his pro-Nazi Nationalist opponents had grudgingly expected his re-election in 1948. They, and he, were wrong.

Smuts believes that his place in history will be as British Commonwealth and world statesman. But a prerequisite to this role is leadership in South African politics — and being a politician in South

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Africa is a remarkably niggling and frustrating occupation. With Hofmeyr to watch over home affairs, Smuts had been free to do what he liked best: go abroad among men of his own caliber, on a stage greater than his own remote land could ever give him.

Smuts has always liked to say: "The dogs bark, but the caravan moves on." In Europe and America after World War II Smuts offered his counsel to get the caravan moving again. At home, the dogs barked louder and louder.

In the South African general election of 1948 the race-conscious Nationalist Party of Dr. Daniel Francois Malan campaigned on a platform of naked Afrikaner chauvinism. But Smuts was supremely confident. With the example of his lifelong friend, Winston Churchill, before him, he still could not bring himself to believe that South Africans would not elect him as usual. There were limits even to ingratitude.

The result was the first of the shocks Smuts received in his 79th year. He was out, by a mere six seats, but out. Into his place as Prime Minister stepped Malan, the dour, humorless ex-parson who had dogged Smuts' footsteps like a nemesis for a generation. It was not the first time Smuts had had to learn the distasteful lesson that the only place in the world where his greatness was questioned was South Africa.

Under Malan the country veered sharply from the middle-road course Smuts had always taken. Cooperation between Briton and Boer gave way to the Nationalists' *Boere bo* (Boers on top). The Union began fast to crystallize into mutually hostile racial, religious and color groups — with Malan's Boers united against all others. Boer turned against Briton, black against white, Negro against Indian. The flow of overseas capital into South Africa's thriving industries began to dry up. Dwindling currency reserves brought the wealthiest community in Africa to the threshold of painful austerity. At the little coal-mining town of Witbank, Smuts looked about him and said bitterly: "In the evening of my life I have seen the work of fifty years destroyed."

This remark revealed again Smuts' curious inability to see himself as so many of his fellow Afrikaners see him. No doubt there is a sub-conscious rejection in his mind of the undeniable fact that while he is hailed abroad he is hated at home. To the world he is wise, to

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the Afrikaner Nationalists he is sly. This in itself is no singular phenomenon. Franklin Roosevelt was simultaneously the most reviled and revered figure in the United States. Winston Churchill was first worshipped, then whipped.

But these men have understood and accepted the political ambivalence in themselves. Smuts has never done so, although there have always been jeers among the cheers at home. His ranging imagination has either been unable or (more probably) unwilling to accept the fact that his contributions to history have been denigrated by isolationist Afrikaners precisely because these reflected upon their own isolationism.

The Boer, or Afrikaner, has lived at the shank end of Africa for three centuries. His forebears came to the Cape of Good Hope just about the time the Pilgrim Fathers came to Plymouth. Remote from the mainstreams of history, with oceans on three sides and the African bush on the fourth, he inevitably became conditioned to aloneness. Hence his attitude towards the world has been a firm keep-your-distance.

Smuts, though a product of this environment, has never shared this attitude. He has never approved any sort of exclusive nationalism. Those who know him best attribute this to his own driving desire for wholeness in all things. Smuts has in fact evolved a philosophy he calls holism, the essence of which is simply that everything in nature aspires to be a whole, and that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. Thus, for example, it was advantageous that the four autonomous provinces of South Africa should unite in 1910, and that the union they formed should be greater than the sum of its parts.

If Smuts' view of history has been holistic, so has history's view of Smuts. Few of the major events or personalities of this century have passed him by. Born and reared in the village of Malmesbury (where he acquired the rolling "r" that still brings shudders to English pedants), Smuts at sixteen was teaching scriptures in the little Sunday school at Stellenbosch. A fellow student was James Barry Munnik Hertzog, the Afrikaner Nationalist who first overthrew Smuts in 1924. Another was Malan, the more purposeful Nationalist who overthrew him in 1948. But these reverses were still far distant; of the young Jan Smuts, Cecil Rhodes said: "This boy will go far."

From Stellenbosch the weedy, yellow-haired colonial went to

Cambridge University on a scholarship. There Smuts acquired his first appreciation for the English character. His enthusiasm extended in those days from a passion for reciting *Prometheus Unbound* to a warm advocacy of Rhodes' Cape-to-Cairo imperialism. From Cambridge he went back to the South Africa of diamond fields and booming gold mines, of growing friction between British and Boers. A young and ambitious barrister, Smuts began his political career as a follower of Rhodes.

No disciple ever suffered a ruder disillusionment. Rhodes, who in his own way was also a holist, stood unmasked as one of the plotters of the notorious Jameson Raid, which was designed to draw the Transvaal Republic into the British sphere. Smuts tasted bitter ashes. None of his ties to Britain had come to him by birth. His paternal ancestors had migrated from Holland a century before; he himself had grown up as a Boer among alien but ruling Britons.

Now he denounced imperialism, renounced his British citizenship, and headed north for the Transvaal. Looking back, Smuts says his Boer War days were the happiest of his life. He came out of them thirty pounds heavier, transformed from a bookish lawyer into a lean, veld-weathered leader of men. On their tough Basuto ponies he and his commando column repeatedly outwitted Kitchener's regiments, to which young Winston Churchill was attached as war correspondent.

Through it all blond-bearded Commandant-General Smuts carried in his saddlebags, along with his biltong and coffee, a Greek Testament and Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. In retrospect, he seems to have fought not so much for a free Boer State as for a more tolerant British imperialism.

In a few years this new imperialism came, with Louis Botha as the warm heart and Jan Smuts as the cool brain of the Union of South Africa. Smuts recovered his admiration for the British. "They gave us back — in everything but name — our country." But many a Boer remained unconverted. They called Smuts *Rhodes Redivivus* and other barbed names.

In World War I Botha and Smuts smartly invaded and captured German South-West Africa for the Empire, after which Smuts led a campaign that eventually won German East Africa. The Britain of 1915-16, weary of slaughter and stalemate on the Western Front,

heard eagerly of Smuts' colonial victories and summoned him to London. There he was wined and dined, eulogized and lionized. Smuts spoke of himself as "a simple Boer;" Churchill called him "an altogether extraordinary man from the outer marches of Empire."

It was on the subject of Empire that Smuts then made the first of his historic speeches. For the world's greatest association of free peoples, the self-governing British Dominions as distinct from the London-governed colonies, he proposed a new name: the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Smuts hated the peacemaking at Versailles. In the old Bourbon palace he saw "the crack in life itself," an abyss that swallowed his hopes. From London he had brought a plan for the League of Nations. When Woodrow Wilson read the Smuts pamphlet on the subject, he fused the South African's proposals with his own ideas on world organization.

The South African general and the American President worked closely together. Both saw the League Covenant as the "Magna Carta for the whole of humanity hereafter." From Smuts' orderly, architectural mind came the ideas for mandates, sanctions, international bureaus, and the League Assembly. The subsequent failure of the League did not invalidate the conception of Wilson or Smuts or the others who helped plan the Covenant. Their structure was a human creation, and its failure was as much due to the weakness of those for whom it was built as of those who did the building.

Between the two world wars Smuts was in and out of office. As opposition leader he found time to write his *Holism and Evolution*, of which he said: "When I was young I saw a light, and I have followed that light ever since." On his own admission he has applied his holistic theory to every major situation in which he has found himself, whether it concerned South Africa, the British Commonwealth, or the world. Just as he had wanted his country united, he hoped someday to see South Africa as the base of a Pan-African Union stretching from the Cape of Good Hope to the equator.

In World War II, as in World War I, his voice in imperial councils was second to none save Churchill's. Again he spoke as the respected sage. His view, as always, was holistic and practical. In 1944 he said publicly: "The axis of the new world is the cooperation of America with the British Commonwealth." At a time when Wilkie's One World

was still the common hope, Smuts was insistently proclaiming: "Anglo-American collaboration is the inner democratic core of the future." He saw no place for militant Soviet Communism in that future.

The validity of this point of view had become so generally accepted by 1948 that Smuts's repudiation by his own people in that year startled the world almost as much as Churchill's had done three years before. The changed tempo and temper of the times had seemingly diminished the usefulness of both men. Whether or not this was really so, nothing could dim the luster of Smuts' achievement. When those hard-working functionaries, the historians of the future, begin to dissect their data, they will find Smuts guideposts at most of the salient points in and between the two world wars.

The larger Smuts, the man of history, speaks with a Boer accent but a British voice. When Britain restored to the Boers their political freedom, it won Smuts' gratitude and, later, his admiration. Realizing that Briton and Boer would have to live amicably together, he assumed the leadership of a political party consisting of English-speaking South Africans, plus enough Afrikaners to give them political control for most of the Union's first forty years. For this Smuts himself was as much responsible as any one man could be, for South Africans have traditionally preferred to follow men rather than movements.

Having kept South Africa inside the Empire, Smuts proceeded to strengthen the Empire by loosening its links. He did this in the famed Commonwealth speech of 1917. The unshackling of constitutional ties that he recommended was later embodied in the British Statute of Westminster. From Boer rebel to Empire counselor is a long road, but Smuts traversed it.

Out of these activities as imperial spokesman grew his role as world statesman. Here, too, his performance can be traced back to his own early experience and outlook. Thus his much-publicized denunciation of the Versailles Treaty *at Versailles* stemmed from his Boer War knowledge that a generous peace is more lasting than a harsh one. History confirmed that judgment to the hilt.

He tried again in San Francisco twenty-five years later. This time he drew no blueprint, but contented himself with writing the aspirations of mankind into the preamble of the United Nations Charter. He took little part in the drafting of the Charter itself. It was already

apparent to him in 1945 that world peace was out of the question while the differences between East and West remained unresolved.

The Boer in him also gave Smuts his answer to Communism. There is no more rugged individualist anywhere than a Boer, no man more allergic to authority or collectivism in any form. Hence Communism, with its complete abrogation of individual rights, has battered itself fruitlessly against the wall of Afrikanerdom. Even during the grand alliance of World War II, Smuts looked with suspicion at Soviet Russia. He sensed the intransigence of Russia's postwar policy long before it became generally apparent.

He not only sensed it but answered it. To the Empire Parliamentary Association in London on November 25, 1943, Smuts strongly advocated a Western bloc. He was the first major leader publicly to do so — and his timing raised many a disapproving eyebrow in world chancelleries. He forthrightly urged Britain to "work together with the democracies of Western Europe lest they be lost again." He and Churchill, who later sounded a similar tocsin, were the spiritual, if not actual fathers of Western Union.

Smuts' own career happened to span the heyday of British power. Like Churchill, whose outlook and beliefs his own closely paralleled, Smuts saw in the waning of British influence the birth of a new phase in the evolution of Anglo-American power. From this it was a logical step to the consolidation of the Anglo-American bloc with Western Europe into a bastion against Communism. Smuts has lived to see this conception come into being as the North Atlantic Treaty; he is confident that it will right the political imbalance of Europe and prevail against any foreseeable adversary, whether the contest be moral or military.

This, then, is Smuts' achievement on the world stage — the conquered Boer who came to stand for an enlightened imperialism (the free association of self-governing British Dominions) inside the larger concept of a world organization (the League of Nations, the United Nations). Of these, only the first has yet attained smooth working, but Smuts is sure the other will come. Sooner or later, he says, the caravan must move on.

Meantime, the dogs bark at home. South Africans still live well — on the brink of a racial volcano. Latent race hatreds threaten the stability of the nation. The emollient influence with which Prime

Minister Smuts used to soothe these undercurrent frictions is no longer there. In its first year of office the new Nationalist Government clamped down on immigration, pledged itself sooner or later to turn the Dominion into a Boer Republic, and thumbed its nose at the United Nations on its treatment of Indians and its rule over mandated South West Africa.

If the immediate future is overcast, the more distant prospects are positively forbidding. From his vantage post at the foot of the continent Smuts has always taken the long view, and what he sees ahead for the white man in Africa is not encouraging. In a talk I had with him last year he voiced his fears — fears that few South Africans ever bother to consider. I can see him clearly now, in his teak-paneled office in the House of Assembly at Capetown, a withdrawn look in his eyes, his finger tips touching in a characteristic gesture.

"When I was young," he said, "the world was a settled and orderly place. The nations of Europe ruled their empires in Africa and Asia. The white man busied himself bringing light into the darkness of those continents.

"In the fifty years since then, I have seen those links of authority snapped one by one. The expulsion of the white man from Asia is one of the great historical events of our time — and it heralds, perhaps, an even greater. If this emergence of the non-white races spreads from Asia into Africa, we in South Africa may yet have to become a beacon and an example for the world.

"The white men who quit Asia went back to their native lands in Europe, but we South Africans have no other place to go. *This* is our home. We have lived here for three centuries and here we intend to stay. Here, one way or another, we must settle our problems ourselves."

These problems haunt Smuts, although it is safe to presume he will not be present when the showdown comes. How long can two and a half million whites hold down nine million blacks? Smuts' Negro policy differs little from that of Dr. Malan, or any other Afrikaner for that matter. For him, as for them, it is unthinkable that political rights, let alone equality, should be granted to the black man; but Smuts and his lieutenant Hofmeyr differed from the Nationalists in that they looked on the Negroes as children to be taught rather than as serfs to be exploited. Under those two the crisis in Africa might

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not have come for a generation. Under the Nationalists it may flare up at any time.

Smuts is now an old and aloof man. He thinks the world is moving slowly out of darkness into light, but not "the beloved country." Retirement? "There is work to be done." An autobiography? "How can I tell a story before I know the ending?"

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